



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

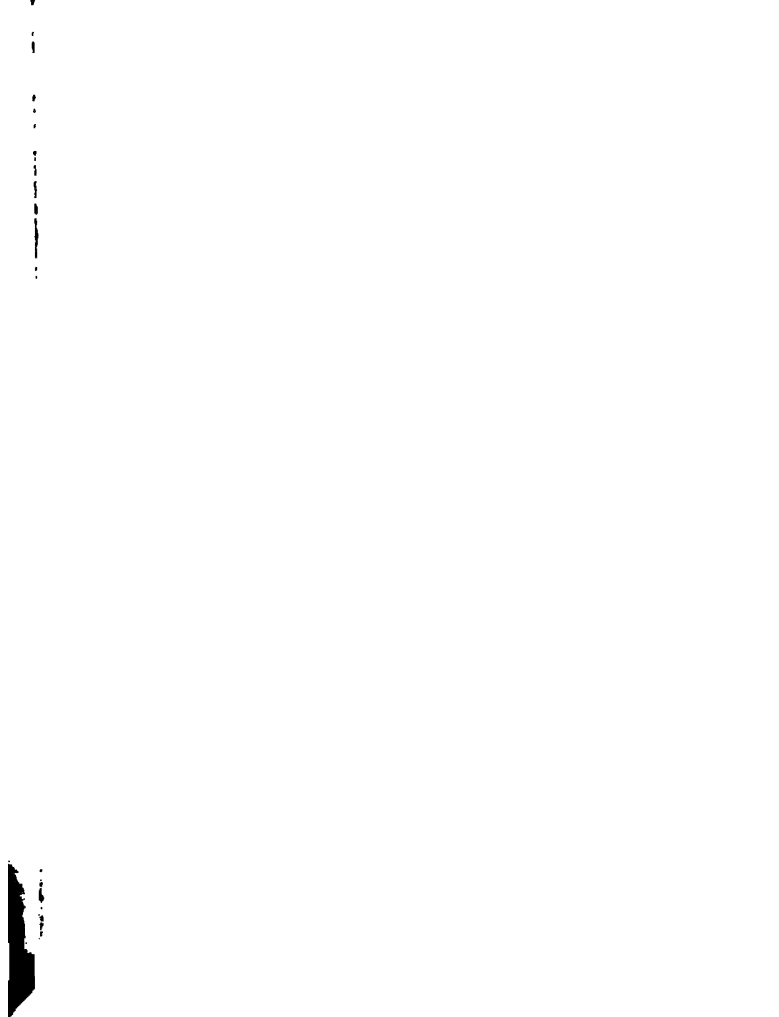
Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



AL 1136.5.20



HARVARD
COLLEGE
LIBRARY



IRENE

THE MISSIONARY.



BOSTON:
ROBERTS BROTHERS.

1879.

40



1
2
3
4
5
6
7
8
9
10
11
12
13
14
15
16
17
18
19
20
21
22
23
24
25
26
27
28
29
30
31
32
33
34
35
36
37
38
39
40
41
42
43
44
45
46
47
48
49
50
51
52
53
54
55
56
57
58
59
60
61
62
63
64
65
66
67
68
69
70
71
72
73
74
75
76
77
78
79
80
81
82
83
84
85
86
87
88
89
90
91
92
93
94
95
96
97
98
99
100



125637

Sturgis Library.

BARNSTABLE.

Feb. 23^d 1880

HARVARD COLLEGE
LIBRARY

~~AL 1136.5.20~~

HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY
FROM THE
STURGIS LIBRARY, EARNESTABLE
JULY 10, 1903

AL 1136.5.20

Copyright, 1879,
BY ROBERTS BROTHERS.

By John William Dr. Forest

UNIVERSITY PRESS:
JOHN WILSON AND SON, CAMBRIDGE.

IRENE THE MISSIONARY.

I.

TO a young person of Irene Grant's studious and imaginative nature, it was probably a developing and educating providence that she had grown up in the bookish tranquillity of a country parsonage.

At all events, she had reason to be thankful that the loneliness and quietude of her girlish life had led her to pass much time in her father's library, and to read there more of history than most young ladies know. The result of this poring over Plutarch, Rollin, and the Classical Dictionary was that now, as she sailed through the *Ægean*, with the sable mountain shores of *Ionian* on one hand, and the many-hued, abrupt *Cyclades* on the other, she saw far more than was visible to the naked eye. She saw races and kingdoms and glories of famous ages; she saw the grace and splendor and power of *Hellas* and *Persia* and *Rome*; she saw the sublime past brooding over the beautiful present.

Ever since she had sighted the Old World it had been a magic voyage. All the way from Gibraltar to Smyrna, in the dear old bark Sultana, and then from Smyrna onward hither, in the steamer Imperatore, it had been a cruise through the marvellous, the venerably ancient, the sublimely illustrious. The young woman — this rather unusual young woman — was in a continual tremor of enthusiasm. I mean what I say: it was no pretence of interest and excitement; it was honest and profound feeling. Even her sedate friend, Mr. Wesley Payson, veteran Orientalist and zealous classical scholar as he was, occasionally smiled at the emotion which she showed when he pointed out to her some site which great deeds or thoughts had made honorable forever.

"Halicarnassus!" she had exclaimed, looking reverently up the deep, solemn bay, at the head of which once stood the mother of historians. "Was Halicarnassus *there*?"

"Yes, and truly," he replied. "There Herodotus was born, and Dionysius. It is very impressive to be reminded of it. What does the world not owe to those narrators of the origins of the two greatest of uninspired peoples!"

Then he watched with grave and kindly interest to see how steadily and reverently she gazed toward the seat of the vanished city, shrouded among the funereal mountains of the Ionian shore.

"We are such butterflies!" she said at last. "I am such a mere fleeting insect compared with these names which will last so long!"

It was the old complaint of the individual human entity over its own unimportance and ephemerality. Mr. Payson remembered with sympathy that in his youthful days he had often secretly indulged in like bemoaning.

"Everything here is so old and so great," Irene continued, turning to him with a smile, — a smile which was sad, and which yet apologized for being sad. "The mountains look like giants who will live forever. And we are so little, — the very steamer is so little. It seems as if these headlands and islands might step out and trample it into the sea."

"The Maker of these great scenes must be very great," said Mr. Payson, with a beautiful expression of loving reverence. "I would, Irene, that my dear friend, your wise and devout father, could have looked upon this majesty. He would have found a noble joy in it."

The young lady turned slightly away, leaned her elbows on the high bulwarks, and pressed one hand against her face. It was evident that her father had been taken from her, and not long since. When she removed her hand and lifted her eyes once more toward the Asian mountains, she had an air of enforced

composure and resignation which was full of tragic dignity. A young man who stood not far off, furtively but earnestly gazing at her, thought that he had never seen a more noble and touching expression.

It must be explained that, even in her ordinary moods, she was handsome enough to attract notice. Her figure was a little above the usual womanly height, rather slender than otherwise, and very graceful in carriage. Her eyes and hair were dark brown; her features fairly regular, and the face a plump oval; her complexion a clear, healthy, medium brunette, without color. Her smile came infrequently, and as it were shyly, but it curled her upper lip in a peculiarly engaging way, and it was not only arch but very charming. Her dress was a plain black travelling suit, with trimmings which indicated a late bereavement. In short, she was so attractive that the young gentleman above mentioned felt drawn to approach her travelling companion and engage him in conversation.

"I see that you are an American," he said. "Will you allow me to introduce myself as a countryman? My name is DeVries, — Hubertaen DeVries, of Albany."

"Dear sir, I am delighted to see you," replied Mr. Payson, shaking hands with a cordiality which evidently surprised the other. "Are you related to Mrs. Killian DeVries? Her son? I am most happy to

meet you. I stayed at your mother's godly house last summer for two weeks. I was at the meeting of the American Board of Foreign Missions, and I had the good fortune to be her guest. She told me—I remember it now—that she had a son in Europe. What a providential circumstance that I should be led to find you! You must be my guest in Syria."

But we will pass over the dislocated and wandering conversation of a first interview, and state at once that DeVries promptly became an intimate acquaintance of the Payson party. In twelve hours he learned all their simple histories, and told them something of his own unimportant adventures. It appeared that Mr. Payson had been for twenty years a missionary in the Levant, and that Mrs. Payson was but a late addition to his sedate circle of interests.

"I had striven for a long time to follow the example of a far worthier than I," he said, referring of course to St. Paul. "But," he added with a smile, "the brethren in Syria thought it would be better for the mission if I would take a wife. I neither assented nor refused. But, as I had not once been home, I agreed to ask for a year's absence, leaving that other matter in the hands of Providence. It was well—it was every way well—that I did so. It was best for me, although I had no right to claim that. I was led to meet and to admire and to seek a person who

has greatly increased my happiness, and who is dearer to me than any other visible object in this most beautiful earth. But I am talking of myself," he subjoined, with his sweet, childlike smile, tinted now with an expression of apology. "It is a very unworthy subject, even for myself."

"No, you were talking of Mrs. Payson," replied DeVries. "And that is not an unworthy subject."

"We are one," said the missionary, still smiling. "I am thankful for it, but I must not prattle about it. We are all like children, bragging of our own toys. To keep my tongue off from mine requires a struggle. Up to a certain point I think the Arab is right in begging your pardon if he has to mention his wife. His defect is that he does it in a spirit of scorn for woman, instead of modesty as to his own affairs and belongings."

It is difficult to say whether DeVries, a handsome fellow of not more than twenty-six, was most puzzled or amused by this simple-hearted devotion, which found it difficult not to boast of a wife who was well past thirty, whose comeliness was already a little too plump and matronly, whose amiable discourse was shy and hesitating almost to stammering, and who was so doubtful of her own power to interest that she frequently broke off her sentences with an apologetic giggle. (Mrs. Payson was clearly a very earnestly

good and very sweet-tempered lady, with a strong instinct toward caring for others at the expense of her own repose and comfort. But she was not the kind of creature — so our pretty and wealthy young gentleman thought — to excite a husband to sinful vain-glory. He decided that the subject was to be dropped, not merely as a forbidden one to Mr. Payson, but also as an uninteresting one to himself.

"And you are taking out Miss Grant as a missionary," he said, turning to a more alluring topic. "It is too bad."

"How so?" asked the clergyman, with a gentle glance of surprise.

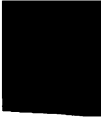
DeVries colored as the young do when they become conscious that they have committed a blunder. "Excuse me," he apologized, "I spoke absent-mindedly. But, really; isn't she too young to be buried away in these savage lands? I want to say, too nice; but then I don't mean to insinuate that you are not nice."

"No, — no, — no," slowly returned the missionary, with touching solemnity, his eyes meanwhile resting on the coast of sublime mountains. "We are none of us too good or too fair to labor for the Maker of this most beautiful world."

"Exactly!" DeVries bowed, with both politeness and embarrassment. "I admit that, of course. And yet —"

"I understand you," said the missionary. "She is very young and very engaging. She would be a grace and a pleasure to any society. It seems at first glance wrong to drag such a fair and happy young thing from civilization down to the companionship of semi-barbarism. But consider what she comes for, what her errand is in these regions. However, I will not enlarge upon the worthiness of mission work; I presume that you will concede that. She conceded it. I did not urge it upon her. Far be it from me to lay such a duty upon any young head! The dear child came with the full purpose of her own sweet soul. So I trust."

He paused, sighed deeply as if over some painful recollection, and then proceeded: "Moreover, this is her refuge; this venture is her flight from sorrow,—from deep sorrow enhanced by poverty. I must tell you a little of her story. It will explain to you how she came to leave her native land, and how I was brought to share the responsibility of her great step. She is a child of my old college room-mate and dear friend, John Grant. He was my best earthly friend. Let me tell you what a friend he was: he was my guide to Calvary. I passed twenty years of my life without a knowledge of the Saviour of men," he added, with an expression of self-reproach which almost amounted to horror. "That these eyes ever looked



up to the cross is owing, under Heaven, to John Grant. Do you think," he asked fervidly, his grave light-blue eyes filling with tears, — "do you think that I, under inexpressible and eternal obligations to that precious departed friend, would do one thing or say one word which would lead his child to take up a load which, for aught I knew, might be too great for her? I did not dare to counsel her. I neither said come nor stay. I left it all with the Master of all. I laid it before him incessantly with secret prayers, and I am not ashamed to say with tears. She was his creature. What right had I to say what she should do? Well, she came. I hope and venture to believe that it is for the best."

DeVries was profoundly awed. Here were thoughts, here was a life of beliefs and feelings, with which he had naught whatever to do, and which seemed sublimely and even fearfully above him. He remained gravely silent, as men are apt to do who see quite another world open, and who feel that they are not worthy to enter therein.

"Ah, my poor friend!" resumed Mr. Payson, after a pause of reminiscence. "What a struggling, anxious, sorrowful life he had of it at the last! It is wonderful how even the choicest gold of earth must be tried for its more complete purification. But I am intruding this subject upon you."

DeVries, who felt reverentially subjugated by the topic, as well as compassionately interested in it, begged him to go on.

"I shall be short," said the missionary. "Grant lost his health, and as a consequence lost his parish. It seems cruel thus to abandon a pastor who has fallen in watching his sheep. But let us not judge. I do not perhaps know how much another pastor was needed. It was all done in my absence; and in my absence, too, he died. There was no money. He had had five months to fill, and he had sought to educate his three girls thoroughly, and so had laid up nothing in this world. I reached home to find him in his grave, and his family in sore destitution."

He paused a moment, as if dwelling upon sorrowful scenes, not to be rehearsed. The piteous suppression, the decorous reserve of his manner of narration, made it the more affecting.

"I hope something was done for them," said DeVries, with the impatience of strong sympathy.

"Kind friends, who became informed of their case, came to their aid," replied Mr. Payson, still keeping back much,—his own help. "The mother has now a position, the matronship of a hospital, for which she is fitted admirably. When I last heard from her she was evidently finding consolation in her labor. Thanks be to that mercy which has turned the curse of toil into a blessing!"

"I am glad that Miss Grant is with you," said the young man, looking up with reverence, and with a strange sense of gratitude also, into that worn, grave, sweet countenance.

"I hope and I trust that it will be for her good and for the good of many. The mission has rarely been endowed with so fine an intellect. I do not speak of her conversation; she is young, and shy yet. But there is the making of a scholar in that girl; and a woman who can educate her sex is needed among us: educated woman are the great need of Syria."

"And what has become of the two sisters?" inquired DeVries, who could not hear enough about these Grants.

"They are still at school,—the one eighteen, the other sixteen. They are being supported while they study and ripen for teachers."

DeVries wondered if they were as pretty as Irene, and if he should ever meet them. He would have been glad to win some interest from Miss Grant herself, but in the sanctity of her chosen career she seemed removed from him, and almost beyond his ambition. Yes, somewhat to his surprise, and perhaps a little to his annoyance, it appeared to him that this poor clergyman's daughter was above him, and had been so adjudged by one of the saints who are to judge the earth.

II.

IT is curious how formidable a person may be to other people without suspecting it, and while, in fact, holding them in awe.

Any one who has the least knowledge of human nature will divine that Irene Grant was much more afraid of Hubertsen DeVries than he could be afraid of her. I think that country youth is almost always shyly humble, or else shyly defiant, in the presence of city youth.

I suspect also that in our American society there is no young gentleman so grand and so redoubtable in the eyes of a poor girl as the young gentleman who has a great deal of money. No matter for native dignity, for conscious worth of character, for noble or even sacred purposes in life. They all seem to fail, alas, and to hide diminished countenances, in presence of a fact which appeals to the natural desires and strong needs of feminine nature. Money is power, and therefore aristocracy; moreover, it means decoration, beautifulness, and the gratification of vanity; finally, it shields one from bitter labor and the world's rough-

nesses and scorns. Even when a girl does not distinctly state to herself any one of these things, and will not harbor a purpose to appropriate whatever fortune walks incarnate into her presence, she finds it difficult not to be vaguely oppressed by it. Society aids the magic; elder ladies cast meaning glances; young comrades whirl around the golden candlestick; the drift is toward the glitter.

I wish it to be perfectly understood that Irene was merely afraid of her wealthy young travelling companion. (She had not a desire nor even a thought of fascinating him.) On the contrary, she had a painful belief that even to interest him, to make his time pass agreeably, was beyond her power.

But this embarrassment in his society, this despondent shyness which almost amounted to aversion, rapidly melted away under his persistent gentleness and courtesy. DeVries had been affected by the pathos and simple eloquence of Mr. Payson in rehearsing the sorrows of the Grant family. The imagination and magnanimity of youth had been aroused in him. He had day-dreams on the subject. He pictured himself as belonging to John Grant's parish, and as preventing him from being turned away homeless. He had plans in his head for endowing the orphans, and for relieving the widow from her enforced toil. As to Irene there present, he longed to be a consola-

tion to her, and was tenderly glad when he could make her smile. He was so kind, and above all he was so delicately courteous, that she marvelled at his sweet manners, and marvelled, too, why he should be so good to her. The result was that in a day's acquaintance she not only lost her sense of embarrassment and her shy defiance, but gained confidence to prattle with him as unconstrainedly as if he were an old friend.

The motley deck-load of passengers, consisting largely of Moslem pilgrims bound to Mecca, and a few Christian pilgrims bound to Jerusalem, was an inexhaustible source of amusement and conversation, and afforded small adventures which seemed very great to this novice in travel.

"It is like Noah's ark, leaving out the animals," she said, glancing over the variously vested huddle of humanity.

"Yes, the descendants of Shem and Ham and Japhet are here," replied DeVries, whose favorite science was ethnology.

At this moment a dwarfish old pilgrim, with a long silver beard and a wonderfully white, wilted visage, his lean little figure attired from head to foot in sheepskin raiment, stepped up to the young man, bowed down almost to the deck, and made him an address in some Hyperborean tongue.

"What *does* he say?" exclaimed Irene, her brown eyes sparkling with wonder and curiosity.

"I wish I knew," answered DeVries, looking about him for an interpreter.

A slight, dark man, badly dressed in European costume, raised his hat, and asked, "Parla lei l'Italiano? Do you speak Italian?"

"Si, signore," said the young man.

Irene glanced at him with respect and admiration. Her education and the opinion of the society in which she had been reared caused her to reverence learned people, and such she held linguists to be. Moreover, she had studied Italian a little; and she thought it most beautiful of all languages, and looked with envy upon those who could speak it.

"I have been in Russia," explained the swarthy , handling the *lingua Toscana* like one foreign to it, at least in its purity. "This pilgrim says that you look like the prince to whom he belongs, and he wants to know if you are the prince's son; for he says the prince has a son who is travelling, and he thinks he is going to Jerusalem."

Irene understood the word *principe* and the word *figlio*, and she guessed therefrom the meaning of the sentence. She looked up at DeVries again with a smile of satisfaction. He was tall and blond and handsome, and surely he had a very noble bearing.

It was quite natural that he should be taken for the son of a Russian prince ; and to the young lady who leaned upon his arm it was somehow very agreeable.

" Tell him, if you please, that I have not that honor," said the American. " Many thanks for translating."

There were a few words in Russian between the dark man and the milky-faced patriarch. Then the latter turned to DeVries, and uttered another lengthy discourse, speaking to him directly and with a composed volubility, as if he could not believe in any barrier of language.

" He apclogizes for speaking to a prince," explained the interpreter. " He says he hopes that you will get to Jerusalem and see his young lord, and that he will see him also."

The patriarch listened with turned face to the strange speech, shook his capoted head sadly over his failure to comprehend, and then, with another wonderfully low salutation, moved away. The patience in his ancient, withered face, as he took his stand by the bulwark, and settled his pale-blue eyes southward,—this simple, ignorant, long-suffering patience of waiting for the sight of the Holy City,—was something truly pathetic.

" What wide countries he has traversed, of which he knows nothing!" said De Vries. " Will he ever get back?"

up to the cross is owing, under Heaven, to John Grant. Do you think," he asked fervidly, his grave light-blue eyes filling with tears, — "do you think that I, under inexpressible and eternal obligations to that precious departed friend, would do one thing or say one word which would lead his child to take up a load which, for aught I knew, might be too great for her? I did not dare to counsel her. I neither said come nor stay. I left it all with the Master of all. I laid it before him incessantly with secret prayers, and I am not ashamed to say with tears. She was his creature. What right had I to say what she should do? Well, she came. I hope and venture to believe that it is for the best."

DeVries was profoundly awed. Here were thoughts, here was a life of beliefs and feelings, with which he had naught whatever to do, and which seemed sublimely and even fearfully above him. He remained gravely silent, as men are apt to do who see quite another world open, and who feel that they are not worthy to enter therein.

"Ah, my poor friend!" resumed Mr. Payson, after a pause of reminiscence. "What a struggling, anxious, sorrowful life he had of it at the last! It is wonderful how even the choicest gold of earth must be tried for its more complete purification. But I am intruding this subject upon you."

the old Russian ! He is still gazing toward Jerusalem. I begin to think that a people with such enthusiasm will get there some day."

"They reached Jerusalem once," observed DeVries. "They may reach it again."

"I don't remember that they ever reached it."

"The Skythians," explained the ethnologist. He was on his favorite science now, and could not help talking of it. It must be remembered, moreover, that he had a high respect for Miss Grant's intellect, and that he wished to secure her respect and admiration for himself, even at the risk of seeming pedantic.

"Herodotus," he continued, "says that the Skythians who pursued the Kimmerians out of Europe penetrated as far as the frontiers of Egypt. It is almost certain, in my humble opinion, that the Skythians of Europe were Sklavonians. The later Greek writers say that in their time the Skythians or Skoloti of Herodotus were called Sklabenoi. What is that but Sklavonian ?"

Irene was at least as much confounded by his scholarship as will be the ordinary ignorant believer in the Turanian origin of the Skythians. She looked up at him with pretty, reverential surprise, and judged that he could answer any query which she knew enough to propose.

"And the man who translated for you ?" she asked.

"I thought he stammered a little in Italian. What is he?"

"A Maltese, — a descendant of the Carthaginians," said the ethnologist. "Don't you believe it? The Arabic of Malta is the same with the Arabic of Tunis, and they are neither of them pure Arabic. They are quite as much like Hebrew; and Hebrew, as we know from the Phœnician inscriptions, was the Punic tongue; it was the language of Canaan, spoken by the Jews as well as by most of their neighbors."

"How much more interesting the East is for knowing its history!" said Irene, full of a bookish girl's gratitude for such lessons, and not in the least questioning their soundness. "I should think you would stay here for years and investigate everything."

"I mean to investigate something. I am going to Philistia to dig up the old Philistines."

"What! to prove that they were not nine feet high? Oh, Mr. DeVries! you might be in better business."

"You are thinking of the Anakims," he smiled, glad to have her scold him; it seemed so intimate. "Please excuse me for being so particular and sensitive about my pet subject, and for being so long-winded as I shall be. I am like Coleridge's Ancient Mariner; I know the man who must hear me, and the young lady also. No, I don't propose to settle the stature of the Anakims, who were quite another people from the

Philistines, though for a time under their rule. What I want to decide is whether the Philistines proper — the race sometimes called Cherethites — were of European origin. Some German scholars are now of that opinion. There is a little proof of it. It seems to be reasonable to identify them with certain broods of pirates and invaders who appear on the Egyptian monuments as making landings from their ships on the coasts of Egypt and Palestine. Those broods, it is supposed, came from Crete, from the Grecian islands in general, and even from continental Hellas. What if I could dig up ruins, pottery, ornaments, and inscriptions, showing that the little people which enslaved Israel and slew Saul was a colony of the same people which destroyed Ilium! Why, there is a possibility that young warriors who fought against Hector may have fought as middle-aged men on Mount Gilboa. The idea sets my imagination in a blaze, and positively keeps me awake of nights. I want to prove it."

"Oh, dear, I wish you could; I hope you will!" answered Irene, enthusiastically. She too loved the Greeks, and wanted to trace them into Bible history, which she also loved.

Then there was a cry of interest on the densely populated fore-castle of the steamer. Hands were seen pointing over the shining sea, which stretched placidly

ward, and the word *land* was repeated from mouth to mouth in many languages.

"It is Rhodes," called Mrs. Payson, who was tottering eagerly toward them through the motley groups, now likely to fall upon a sprawling Christian, and now to crush a true believer. She came up out of breath, smiling in her amiable, shy way, and a little spasmodic about the corners of the mouth. "It is really the famous island of the Colossus," she added, and then giggled a little, as if apologizing for her enthusiasm. "Mr. Payson says so," she added, quoting her husband, — a common habit with her.

"Oh, why doesn't he come on deck and see it!" exclaimed Irene, rustling toward the cabin gangway in such haste that she nearly upset a Cossack's dinner of black bread crumbed in a wooden bowl of water.

"Don't call him," begged the considerate wife, reverent of her lord's slightest occupations, — a wife of the old school. "He is talking Hebrew with a Jewish rabbi. He never misses a chance to practise Hebrew. But he will go on shore with us."

"Oh, on shore!" cried Irene. "Among the knights!"

"And among the Romans!" echoed DeVries.

"And the Greeks!" laughed Irene. "Perhaps you will find a Philistine. Every day is more wonderful than the last."

"And the to-morrow more wonderful than all."

"I should think you were both mad," said Mrs. Payson, confounded by what she had perhaps never known, the animal spirits of youth.


"It is much learning which has made me mad," returned Irene, quoting Scripture with freedom, as ministers' children do.

Here she looked at DeVries, and they both laughed again, sorely puzzling serious, amiable Mrs. Payson. Then they mounted settees, the young man holding the girl by the arm, and strained their eyes over the glassy, gleaming sea, and pointed out to each other a low mound of hazy azure.

III.

THAT afternoon of Irene's in Rhodes, could it only have been preserved and put away like choice wine, would be such a draught of happiness as any of us might rejoice to purchase. It was a gladness merely to look around upon the little magic cup of a harbor, illustrious with memories as numerous as its ripples of bright sea-water, and crowded with spectral galleons and argosies. How eloquently the small surges babbled of ancient freedom, commerce, art, and valor, as they tossed along the sides of lateen-sailed coasters, or foamed against the base of ruinous moles and fortifications !

It was a sort of pocket haven, quite wonderfully small for its age and glory, and quite surprisingly bare of anything that deserved the name of shipping. Irene could scarcely believe that here memorable navies had sheltered themselves, and that here valiant men and great captains had won at least imperishable renown. The common notion that the Colossus bestrode the whole of that straitened entrance seemed hardly an extravagance. Black, venerable, weather-beaten



stones, dislocated by unnumbered tempests and adversities, received their feet at the landing-place. Lean, yellow, ragged Jews cringed and whined to them for alms, and supple, fawning, smiling Greeks offered them bronze coins and statuettes. Mr. Payson distributed a few piastres among the mendicants, gently waved away the hawkers of doubtful antiquities, and led on into the depopulated, silent little city. Irene had never before seen nor imagined such an architectural wilderness. Its bareness of men and its tomb-like stillness were inexpressibly solemnizing and pathetic. When the begging and the huckstering had fairly dropped away from the travellers, they were as much alone as if they had been threading a country lane. And yet they were in a solidly built street of a capital which had for ages teemed with life and movement and riches, and had more than once been dreaded for its warlike power.

It seemed to Irene that she was walking through a cemetery. She felt as if it would be indecorous and unfeeling to tread here with hasty feet. Almost unconsciously she lagged behind Mr. and Mrs. Payson, accompanied only by DeVries. "How *can* they go so fast!" she said to him. "I wish they wouldn't."

"We shall not lose them in the crowd," he smiled.

"It is pitiful," she continued, glancing about the untenanted, sombre streets. "I want leisure to pity

this forsaken city. I have hardly ever in my life seen anything so mournful."

"What a government it must be that can reduce such a country to such a condition!" was the comment of the male republican. "How much longer will the civilized world have patience with it?"

Irene, who was not a voter and a statesman, remained in her mood of sentiment. "Oh," she said, "shall you ever forget this day?"

He looked at her, thought she had a very lovely poetical expression, and replied, "I shall have more than one reason for remembering it."

He supposed that she would understand his allusion, and his heart beat a little quicker than usual, veteran young beau as he was. But Irene was meeker and more innocent than he thought, and did not easily divine a compliment or suspect a flirtation. Moreover, the sight of ruin was newer to her than to him, and had not yet lost any whit of its melancholy magic. In reply to his speech she sighed, "Yes, indeed," and continued to gaze about the decayed city. Her air of tender and reverent possession brought DeVries back to a sympathy with fallen Rhodes.

"It reminds one of a bit of Persian poetry," he said. "The spider spins his web in the palaces of Kaiser, and the owl stands sentinel on the towers of Afrasiâb."

"How could a Persian write anything so beautiful!" exclaimed Irene.

"They have had misfortunes and glories enough! It is a noble race, which has suffered unnumbered calamities, as well as done great deeds."

At this moment they heard a call in front, and perceived that their companions were awaiting them.

"We are about to enter the Street of Palaces," said Mr. Payson. "You will see, over many of the gateways, the blazonries of the grand masters and the chiefest nobles of the Order of St. John. They were earnest men, great in soul and deed; they spent their lives for the faith in which they believed. No doubt they had their errors of doctrine and of practice; but the world is a nobler world because they lived. I would that the Christianity of to-day had more of their self-sacrifice and singleness of purpose. Even their enemies and the haters of their religion revered them. Three centuries and a half ago they were driven forth by the Turk, and yet he has left their carved blazonries undefaced."

A gently curving street, of considerable length, and perhaps twenty-five feet in width, stretched before the sight-seers. On either side of it rose a massive wall of noble mansions, all the more dignified because the hewn masonry was gnawed by time and blackened neglect, and clothed as it were in solemnity by the uniform aspect of desertion. Excepting two or three open doors and a few shattered window-shutters fl

ajar, there was not a sign of habitation. The chance passer-by, or the doleful creatures of the wilderness, might have entered in and dwelt, without disturbance. One was tempted to say, "These are palaces built by Jinns for the abode of the princes of the air." They could hardly have been more destitute of all sign of humanity if they had stood in the midst of a desert. The ancient, well-worn, dust-mantled street was also a solitude; as far as eye could reach there was not a man nor even a beast visible. Down upon this scene of desolation looked the lordly blazons of the knights and grand masters, as if the ghosts whom they memorialized held full possession of all.

"Don't you half wish that you had lived in those days?" said Irene to DeVries.

"Just now I quite wish it," he replied.

They were bewitched, as young Americans are apt to be, by the spectacle of nobility in ruins.

"You would have had nothing to do here, Irene," said Mrs. Payson. "The knights were bachelors, I believe. Ladies had no career under them."

"I don't see that their bachelorhood would have hindered. I could have been a nurse in the hospitals."

"You are to be a nurse, I trust, in the great hospital of souls," remarked Mr. Payson. "We can all be nurses in that, wherever we are. It is a hospital which covers the earth."

“ Ah, yes, I am satisfied,” the girl answered.

DeVries could not help feeling aggrieved over her expression of satisfaction. He was a little aggrieved, too, by Mr. Payson's devout conversation, which was perpetually flashing in like a chariot of fire between him and Irene, and lifting her beyond his own possibilities of soaring. Once more he said to himself that it was a shame such a lovely girl, so attractively rich in personal charms and intellect and feeling, should be rapt away into the desert of mission-ground. There was one comfort under these trying circumstances: the young lady occasionally looked to him for sympathy with her emotions concerning the earthly great and beautiful; it indicated a chance that they might yet come to a broad and satisfactory understanding with regard to — to things in general.

Slowly, and for the most part in silence, they wandered on through the Street of Palaces. At the upper end its monotony of solitude was broken by the advent of a muleteer driving an overladen donkey, whose tiny hoofs fell noiselessly on the unclean pavement. The presence of these two creatures, the sole reminders and survivors of a once flourishing activity and pomp, made the wasteness and mournfulness of the princely avenue more striking than ever.

“ What a contrast ! ” said Irene. “ Is he carrying food for the ghosts ? ”

"I will send a fire on them that dwell carelessly in the isles," quoted Mr. Payson. "Be still, ye inhabitants of the isle, thou whom the merchants of Sidon have replenished."

Emerging from the palatial desolation, they came upon lofty, venerable ramparts, shaken and tarnished by centuries of the hostility of nature. It seemed strange and almost unearthly to discover a wall of defence around such a city of death. Was there peril that an army of ghosts from the outside would deliver an assault and drive out the inhabiting spectres? Along the summit of the fortifications were scattered ponderous globes of granite, the cannon-balls of perished ages, as if in preparation against supernatural forlorn hopes. It required but a slight effort of the imagination to see, aloft there, gleaming suits of mail and the red-cross banners of the Hospitallers. Only with them mingled irrationally the great shields and plumed helms of heavy-armed Greeks who fought against the dull batterings and clanking assaults of Demetrius Poliorcetes. It was an incongruous picture of too many heroisms and too many departed cycles.

"To think that the knights remembered the Greeks as we remember them!" said Irene. "Oh, the world has lasted very long."

"And it will last when we are gone," commented Mr. Payson. "We are bubbles on the surface of an ocean. We vanish, and it remains."

DeVries admired the man and respected his solemn meditations, but rather wished that he would keep them more to himself, at least when Miss Grant was in company. He almost felt jealous of this middle-aged, married, devout gentleman, because of his obvious influence over the mind and feelings of that attractive young person.

The four paused for a moment to look out through the arched gateway upon the sun-burnished, magical lands beyond. The two Turkish soldiers who guarded it were squatting in the vaulted alcove which served them for quarters. All was silence and solitude before and behind the travellers. It seemed as if they stood in the portal of some enchanted city. There was a doubt if they had a right to pass through it.

"We need not be afraid, Irene," smiled Mr. Payson, guessing at the feeling within her, for he was a many-sided man and very sympathetic. "The dead and the living alike have no objection to your making a pilgrimage. You and Mr. DeVries can take a run up to that green hill yonder, and see what you can discover. The young always imagine that just beyond them there is something wonderful. As for Mrs. Payson, who looks like the hart that panteth for the water-brooks, she had better stay with me in the shadow."

The two juniors set forward on their Lilliputian adventure. Once outside of the solemn city and away

From her almost equally serious guardians, the youthful d in Irene broke forth in a cry of joy and in a leafy run toward the verdant acclivity. DeVries was also, heartily glad to see this jet of human frolic in her, and wishing that he could race her clean out of her missionaryhood. They went nearly two hundred yards in this style, really making something like a struggle of it, laughing and panting like children.

"Oh, dear! I can't go a step farther," gasped Irene, coming to a walk. "Besides, what will they think of me?"

"Never mind," counselled DeVries, the worldly creature!

"Oh, but I do mind. However, they won't reprove. Mr. Payson is the most cheerful good man that ever was. You wouldn't guess it, but he is really fond of a joke, and he loves to see child's play. Only I don't want them to fear that I am too kittenish for a missionary. I don't want to trouble them."

"I don't see how they can criticise," said DeVries, looking at her with undisguised admiration.

Her brown eyes were very bright, and her usually pale complexion was hot with color, and she was really beautiful.

"Oh, see!" she exclaimed, all absorbed in the sublime sweetness of landscape and ocean.

They were on the brow of the gracious eminence.

Only a little below them, at the base of a gentle and sunny slope, was the miniature city of silence, surrounded by its sombre and time-stricken ramparts, and lifting against the sea its few domes and minarets. Beyond stretched the great splendor of the Mediterranean, gleaming without limit into southern distances, a silver sheet of eternal summer. On the left, and only twelve or fifteen miles away, towered the huge black promontory of Southern Caria, — a noble sweep of stern, bare, infinitely picturesque mountains, striding fiercely into the waves, as if in menace of the beautiful island. In the opposite direction rose the long green slopes of Artemira, the pine-clad highlands of Rhodes, and the parent of its coolest breezes and brightest rivulets.

"I don't wonder that the knights fought hard to keep such an Isola Felice," said Irene.

"Wouldn't you like to live here?" asked DeVries, with pointed emphasis. The beauty of the scene and the intoxicating fact of sharing its beauty with this charming girl had quite turned his sagacious head for the moment, and made him feel that they two could make of Rhodes a Paradise.

"I am going to a lovelier land," was the uncomprehending, but still discouraging response.

With a little sense of pique the young man drew himself up to his full height, and resumed a study of

the landscape. Indeed, he was able within a minute or so quite to forget his impulse toward a Rhodian Eden, and to discourse of the glorious spectacle around him as became a man of the world and a scholar whose forte was ethnology.

IV.

IRENE gazed longest at the magnificent Asiatic coast, and especially at the iron-browed cape which reached out toward the island.

"I think that the old Rhodians must always have been afraid when they looked toward that grim mainland," she said. "Who lived there in the most ancient times?"

DeVries smiled at her confidence in his antiquarian knowledge, and replied, with an air which was an imitation of one of his university professors, "The brazen-shielded Carians sought refuge there after they had been driven from the Cyclades and the seas by Minoa."

"How glibly you say it off!" she laughed. "But who, exactly, were the brazen-shielded Carians?"

"Oh, dear!" he replied, becoming serious again, as such a subject demanded. "If you only knew and would tell me, I would fall down and worship you. I could settle the great controversy as to whether they were Hamites or Europeans."

"And why don't you dig there, as well as in Philistia?"

"I want to. I want to dig everywhere. The whole of Asia Minor ought to be excavated. But I must attend to the Philistines first."

"I do hope you will find a very long inscription, and be able to read every word of it."

"I would rather find such a thing than find a great hoard of money."

"Ah, you don't know what it is to need money. I am sometimes foolish enough to have reveries about discovering treasure."

"I wonder if she would drop missionarying," thought DeVries, "if I should offer her my fortune, and myself, of course, with it."

But he was not prepared to utter the proposal. It takes many such random thoughts to make a set purpose. I suppose that a young man often feels that he wants the pretty girl who happens to be near him, without at all wanting to give his life and love in payment for the possession. Still, with all his vagueness of feeling and intention, DeVries was sufficiently interested in Miss Grant to catechise her concerning herself.

"Do you think you will like it in Syria?" he asked. "Do you think that after a year or two you will be glad at having gone there?"

"I haven't looked so far," she replied, shaking her head energetically, as if to expel the idea of a pos-

sible regret to come. "I must go, and, for all I can see, I must stay. Besides, I have seriously decided to go, and to make Syria my place of work. I don't think I shall repent. I want to be there. I believe I shall like it. Why shouldn't I? I love the society of such people as Mr. and Mrs. Payson. I love that man dearly. We are under great obligations to him. You could hardly guess how much he has done for my mother and my sisters and myself. We should be in a very unhappy case, I fear and believe too, but for him. Besides, I love him for himself; he is perfectly sweet and lovable; everybody loves him. And it is a kind of excellence that I am accustomed to. You must know that I am a minister's daughter, and have been brought up among clergymen and grave people. Well, I shall be surrounded in Syria by just the society that I know best, and shall be scarcely more apart from other society than I was in my native village. Then there will be my work, — I hardly know what, but good work. What I feel most is separation from my mother and sisters. We never were broken up before," she added, struggling to keep her voice clear. "But in a year or two, perhaps," and her face brightened again, "I may be able to get one of them out to me. Then why shouldn't I be contented?"

"I see," answered DeVries, with something like a sigh. "I presume you *will* be contented." And!

had a great mind to add, "I am sorry for it," — this selfish young gentleman with a sympathetic imagination.

"Well, we have looked as long as we must, perhaps," resumed Irene, who had drunk in the landscape all the while that she talked of herself. "We can see the home of the brazen-shielded Carians again from the steamer. I like that fine-sounding adjective. Only they ought to have been iron-shielded like their mountains. Let us go back."

"We will imagine that we are the army of Suleyman charging the city," said DeVries. "But we will spare the lives of Mr. and Mrs. Payson."

"Yes, but I am not going to run. One run in this sun is enough. Who would imagine that it was winter?"

They rejoined their companions, and then the four climbed the ramparts by a disjointed stairway of stone, and sat down upon the huge granite cannonballs to overlook the famous little city. There was some dreamy talk again about the Rhodian ages of gold, and then a burst of indignation over the beggarly Ottoman present. It was easier, by the way, to realize the latter than the former, so much mightier are the senses than the imagination.

"Let us depart," said Mr. Payson at last. "The steamer leaves in an hour. We shouldn't like to see it sailing away from us."

Erelong they were ploughing southeastward, leaving behind the green slopes of Artemira and the sombre battle-fronts of Caria, and catching dim sight toward evening of the lofty coasts of Lycia, the land of Glaucus and Sarpedon.

"Do you remember the beautiful story in the Iliad?" said Mr. Payson to his young people. "After Sarpedon had been slain by Patroclus, his father Zeus caused Apollo tenderly to wash the body, and then had it borne by Sleep and Death to its native Lycia. It seems to me a most touching parable of the care of the Great Master for his fallen children. He gathers them up from their fields of battle, cleanses and purifies the poor wounded souls, and has them carried by his angels to their own country. Oh, those Greeks, those marvellous Greeks! I think that they were often inspired, like the Hebrew prophets, to say things greater than they knew. Probably, too, every religion, however false and fallen, has some reflections, some feeble reminiscences, of the true one."

"I think, Mr. Payson," said Irene, "if you had no Bible, you would make a Bible out of the Iliad."

"Perhaps I should, my dear," he smiled. "I should have to have one. But what a poor Bible it would be, with its fighting and thieving deities! It is very hard there to disentangle the true from the false. Thank God for the clear light of the Scriptures!"

"That is a very curious story about Sarpedon being the son of Zeus," observed our ethnologist. "I suspect it to mean that there was already a Pelasgian or Hellenic colony in Lycia. It was a mixed people. Sarpedon the son of Zeus represents the Hellenic element, and Glaucus the aboriginal race."

Then there was an abstruse discussion concerning prehistoric times, ending of course with a spiritual "application" by Mr. Payson, to all which Irene listened with deep interest, as became a bookish and good girl.

Four hundred miles of sea were traversed before they set foot on land again. It was the sweetest of weather, although the season was winter. The unclouded sunshine and the brisk purity of the always gentle breeze reminded of magic voyages toward Isles of the Blest. There was never movement enough to disturb the poorest sailor among that diverse multitude of passengers. If at any time the vessel keeled a few inches to leeward, the watchful *capitano* had a carronade or two rolled to windward, and restored a perfect equilibrium. The Orientals who strewed the deck smoked and slumbered and ate and cooked at their ease. A cheerful murmur of all the tongues that went forth astonished from Babel always filled the air from forecastle to taffrail.

Not the least persistent of these prattlers were the

female satellites of a pasha who was on his way to some Asiatic province. They had a low, improvised tent, gayly patched up out of Turkish rugs and carpets, under which they crawled on their hands and knees, or sat cross-legged by the hour and smoked bubbling nargilehs, generally keeping their waxy features veiled, but sometimes forgetting that stifling decorum. It was surprising how little interest they seemed to take in the many-tongued, various-vestured array of human-kind about them. They did not bestow a second glance of curiosity, nor perhaps a first, upon Jew or Greek, Arab or Muscovite. So long as they had their pipes and coffee, and their idle communications concerning harem matters, they appeared to care for naught beside. From childhood they had been accustomed to see a hundred types of race and costume. From childhood they had been drilled to believe that women should confine themselves to purely womanish affairs.

Not so with our young lady from a land where man and woman alike are as free as perhaps it is best for them to be. Every one of these picturesque fellow-beings was to her an object of curious and almost audacious interest. They were entertaining and absurdly queer and irrationally unaccountable. They were *foreigners*; no matter if they were under their native skies, they were foreigners; she alone, the Amer-

ican citizen, was a native and possessor everywhere. What were these singular creatures bent upon, and did they even know where they were going? Had they definite purposes in their strangely attired noddles, and were those desires and plans really of a sane nature? She had (though she laughed at it) the Anglo-Saxon feeling that only the Anglo-Saxon knows fully what he is about, and that the other denizens of earth are grown children who need Anglo-Saxons to direct their ways. Something of this sort she smilingly confessed to Mr. Payson.

"You are not so far wrong, at least in this part of the world," he said. "If you could understand the talk of these Orientals, you would be pained by their ignorance and shallowness. I would almost as lief listen to the observations of dogs about their bones, or of ducks and geese about their puddles. Just imagine the lower animals with the gift of speech. How tired we should get of their restricted and egotistic communications! Who would like to answer all the questions of a cat? It is not much better here. God has removed wisdom and knowledge from the East. It has turned its back upon him, and he has withdrawn from it his light,—the intellectual light as well as the moral. Its counsels are turned into foolishness."

Thus in constant sight-seeing, improvingly interpreted to the soul by Mr. Payson, two Hesperidean

days fled away. Then Cyprus rose out of the deep in long slopes of yellow and green, terminating in a lofty, wide-stretching crest of blue and purple highland. At the head of a shallow bay, with no haven but an open roadstead, lay the scattered, shabby little town of Larneca, its deplorable circumstances visible a cannon-shot out to sea, and offending even the olfactories of those who set foot on shore.

Here our quartette of travellers landed, and spent two hours in discovering the well-known. It was a woful exposure of poverty, filth, sickliness, and depopulation. Nearly every human being whom they met was in rags, and stained to a ghastly yellow with malaria. DeVries looked about him in vain for a Cyprian maiden who would be fit to welcome the sea-born Aphrodite.

"It makes me furious," he said. "This island once contained nine kingdoms. It had a great population — some say three millions — under the Venetians. The Turk would ruin Paradise, if he had it. In fact, he *has* ruined the earthly paradise."

Irene walked by his side without reply. She was cast down by this spectacle of wretchedness, and perhaps a little withered by the malarious atmosphere.

"Wouldn't you like to see green, flourishing New England?" he asked, recurring to an old subject, though he knew that it pained her.

"Oh, don't speak of that again," she begged. "I am sometimes very homesick. I mustn't be."

They were quite confidential by this time, as two young Americans are apt to be when they meet familiarly in strange regions, especially if they are of opposite sexes. Irene had begun to cling a little to DeVries, and to entrust him with a knowledge of her emotions, much as if he were an elder brother.

How could she well help it? He showed an interest in her, sought to surround her with little comforts, and clearly wanted her to be happy. I doubt whether anything is more surely fascinating to a right-minded young woman than the respectful, obliging good-will of a young man who is strong enough to protect and wise enough to counsel. Very grateful also is the flattery of perceiving that one has been judged worthy of such honorable favor; and so, before we know it, we are entangled in the delicate snares of vanity, thankfulness, confidence, and perhaps love.

"I shall see you from time to time," DeVries resumed, perceiving that she could not talk of her own expatriation, at least not in desolate, malarious Larneca. "I shall stay a year in Syria, and perhaps more. It won't do to dig in the hot plains during the summer, and I shall probably look you up on Mount Lebanon."

Irene was glad and grateful to hear this, and impulsively said so.

"Thank you," he replied, and really *was* thankful. Perhaps there would have been further talk of this ensnaring nature, but just then the Paysons turned short upon them, and terminated the dialogue.

"My wife has had enough of Cyprus," observed the missionary. "How is it with you two young people?"

"It's very easy to have enough of this badly perfumed place," answered DeVries. "I think we are quite ready to go aboard."

"To-morrow we shall be in a lovelier land," said Mr. Payson. "We shall be in the country of countries. There is nothing like Syria."

V.

IT was morning, but not yet sunrise, when our party came on the deck of the Imperatore to gaze upon the coast of Syria, and to watch for their haven, the city of Beirut.

"Do you see?" demanded Mr. Payson, with an air of elation and love, waving his hand toward an immense wall of sombre mountain which barriered the whole coast. "I have travelled far and seen many glorious things, but nothing anywhere more stately than that. There is the great chain of Lebanon, stretching eighty miles or more north and south, and rising two miles in height from the very edge of the sea. It is the sublimity of loveliness."

"Why didn't Jehovah give it to his own people?" marvelled Mrs. Payson, who idealized the chosen race, and had read the novels of Charlotte Elizabeth.

"I have often thought of that myself," replied her husband, with his curious smile, half shrewd and half childlike. "Why, indeed, should Israel have been excluded from this goodliest of mountains by the Phœnicians? However, my dear, they did help to

build the Lord's house, and they taught Europe its letters. Something fine was surely due them."

Meantime, Irene and DeVries were gazing in silence upon the magnificent panorama of shadowy mountain bars, sweeping beyond the view both to north and south, crowned along the summits with a dim paleness which was snow, and rolling down into mellow obscurities which were forests of pine, mulberry, orange, and olive. In a few minutes a shimmering radiance stole softly over the depressions of the lofty crest, streamed broadening along vast saddles and hollow ways of upland, ripened into gold where it edged the loftier peaks, and meanwhile slowly tinted the western slopes with faint violet and rose. In a little while the lavish sun of the East had risen over Lebanon, and was pouring its dazzling wealth athwart the Mediterranean. Tender miracles of illumination and iridescence were wrought all over the mountain. The alpine visage changed swiftly; delicate sweet colors slid after each other down its long declivities; bright ridges, sable valleys, and then villages came into view: it was a sublime waking from sleep, a glorious resurrection.

"I don't wonder that the old peoples of these lands worshipped the sun," said DeVries. "What transformations and marvels they saw it work daily! Just imagine Punic mariners returning from far away, to be

greeted by this glory on their own mountain. It isn't strange that they should look no higher for a deity."

"It was more godlike than an image of Moloch," Mr. Payson conceded. "But, alas, they had the image of Moloch also. Why should the early men have departed so quickly everywhere from the idea of an invisible divinity?"

DeVries, young as he was, had learned to doubt with courtesy; he merely said, "Do you hold that that was their original belief?"

"Yes, I believe it; I believe it firmly. Oh, I know that I cannot prove it; there are so few things that *can* be proved! But have you read your Plutarch carefully? You will find in the life of Numa that he permitted no idols in the temples, and that the Romans had none before his time, and none for long afterward. How many idols do you discover among the remains of the hunting tribes of North America? Zeus was the firmament, and I cannot suppose that the old Pelasgians tried to image him in stone or clay; I must believe that they simply looked upward when they cried Heaven-Father! Well, it is easy to come to the end of one's proofs, I admit. They lie, of course, back of history, and back of archæology also."

"It will always be a debatable question," said DeVries, who did not assent, but did not wish to dispute.

"Yes, and not essential to salvation," added the clergyman. "Thanks be to the Giver of truth that he has made his truth so simple,—so much simpler and more comprehensible than his infinite self! But I am wrong to draw off your attention from Lebanon. You had better be looking at the wisdom of the Creator than hearing me babble forth my ignorance."

They were thrumming swiftly over the glassy sea toward the illimitable mountain, and could begin to distinguish an undulating lowland which crept on from its base.

"That is the cape of Beirut," explained Mr. Payson "and that yellow spot on its northern edge is the city. It sits in the seat of the gods, and is far from worthy of it. I am often reminded of a beggar in a king's raiment."

As they drew nearer to the great landscape picture it gained distinctness and delicacy of finish, while losing little or nothing of its vastness. The broad peak of Mechmel receded behind brother Lawrence, but Sunneen, ten thousand feet in height, came forward with wondrous majesty, and beyond it Keneasy and Jebel ed Druz. There was yet any certain verdure; the alpine colors had changed from faint violet and purple to sunny and pale rose; but the ghostly sweetness of the evening tints was something magical. The night was

ing away from its high resting-place with a fitful glcy which reminded one of the old simile of a dying dolphin. Tender lights of liquid gold, diluted as it were with silver, clothed the juttings and crests and high-perched villages.


Far below, the diminutive tawny city, built solidly out of cream-colored limestone and surrounded by a venerable, blackened wall, rose swiftly out of the waters. Erelong it seemed very beautiful, as well as very picturesque, to the eyes which surveyed it from the sea. Its position alone lent it a striking charm. Behind it lay a semicircle or amphitheatre of gardens, dark green with the rich gloss of orange and mulberry groves, through which glinted dots of yellow, the fronts of stone dwellings. Farther back was a mass of verdure not yet distinguishable as a forest of pines; and behind all rose the gracious sublimity of the dells and spurs and crests of Lebanon.

"I shall not regret that I have come," said Irene, her eyes full of wonder. "I shall be very, very willing to stay."

DeVries had a feeling that her content was a wrong to himself, and immediately shook hands ironically, saying, "Just my sentiments."

"What do you mean?" stared the young lady, completely puzzled by college wit.

"I always did like the idea of living in the earthly



paradise," he explained; "and now that I've found it, I propose to stick by like a martyr!"

Irene understood now, and endeavored of course to laugh, but looked so abashed that he grieved for her.

"I am sorry I tried to be funny," he said. "It's an old vicious habit which I have nearly broken. You mustn't think that I believe you don't sacrifice anything," he added. "Of course it's a sacrifice to leave friends and relatives. You'll forgive and forget, won't you?"

"I'll forgive," promised Irene, "but I won't forget. Your fun is a lesson."

"I protest against your remembering it."

"I think she had better," put in Mr. Payson. "Young people must learn to digest good-natured jokes, and missionaries in Syria must learn to hear that they are not martyrs. But there is the Nahr el Kelb," he added, pointing to where the mountain cliffs strode boldly into the sea. "The ancient Lycus foams down through that black ravine. There is the road, hewn in the rocks, along which unnumbered armies have marched, and where Titus led away the captives from Jerusalem. A little way up the gorge are the triumphal tablets of Egyptians, Assyrians, and Romans. What a cemetery of empires this Orient is! and of faiths, also! Each of those conquerors returns thanks there, on the stone of Lebanon, to his own god."

DeVries quoted, —

“‘I know that age to age succeeds, —
Blowing a noise of tongues and deeds,
A dust of systems and of creeds.’”

“It is an almost inspired verse,” said Mr. Payson.
“But there is one creed which will outlast those stones. There is only one.”

“The mountain is turning white,” observed Irene.
“I expected to see something evergreen.”

“Lebanon — leben — curds,” interpreted the missionary. “It is the Milk Mountain. At present we see chiefly the light limestone faces of the cliffs and the terraces. But the raiment of Lebanon has two colors, like changeable silk: from below it is white, from above it is green.”

After an hour or so of this eager sight-seeing, — this throbbing approach to the sublime present of nature and the sublime past of man, — they found themselves motionless in the roadstead of Beirut. There was a moment of swaying tranquillity, and then the East deluged them with its turmoil. Gay skiffs gathered swiftly about the steamer, bringing a horde of bright-garmented boatmen and porters, who set up such a loud and seemingly fierce clamor as if they meant to carry the vessel by boarding and put all the passengers to the edge of the scimitar.

“Did you ever hear such screeching?” smiled Mr.

Payson. "I sometimes think that the Syrians must have inherited part of their language from the jackals. Nevertheless, the Arabic is a noble tongue; and these poor people only want to work."

Presently the deck was invaded by these deafening laborers, seizing hungrily on pieces of baggage with their dark, lean fingers, and scolding each other furiously as impudent interlopers. On every side there was an uproar of bargaining, conducted in fragments of twenty lingoes. Wild strivings at English, crumbled up with bits of French and Italian, reached the understandings of our Americans.

"Me take you to best albergo," yelled a gaunt brown youth in a greasy red fez and begrimed white raiment. "Me always show signori to albergo."

"Go shore! Go shore!" bawled a white-bearded man in blue cotton, with a vehemence which seemed to say, Now or never!

Then a swarthy person in ill-fitting European clothing slid up to DeVries and murmured confidentially, "Come with me, English gentlemen. Don't you notice those Arab noisy fellows. I take you to Hotel d'Europa. I am the commissario."

"You may safely go with this Italian," said Mr. Payson. "He is the agent of the principal hotel, and it is a very comfortable abode. In a day or two, as soon as I get into my house, I shall send for you."

You must not say me nay. I desire to make return for your mother's hospitality."

DeVries accepted the offer with sincere thanks, partly, it is to be suspected, on account of the graces of Miss Grant. Then he bade good morning to the missionaries, longing much, by the way, to bestow a significant pressure on the hand of the junior one, but deciding, under her serious, innocent gaze, that it would be best to omit that audacity. Next he pointed out his belongings to the commissario, got into one of the gay skiffs, and rippled shoreward.

"What a lovely young man!" said Mrs. Payson. "I shall be so sorry to part with him."

"He is profoundly kind-hearted," replied her husband. "He is more considerate of other people's opinions and feelings than youth generally knows how to be. I have seen repeatedly that he did not agree with my views of life, and that he would not argue with me for fear of giving me pain. Such a young man must have better than our arguments. He must have our aspirations for his good."

Irene remained silent. Was she too shy to speak of the perfections of the departing one? Or was she spiritually occupied in his behalf, according to Mr. Payson's devout suggestion?

Then a skiff appeared with messengers from the mission, — a dark, grave, pensive young man in blue

broadcloth, and a grinning old fellow with a long stiff whisk of gray mustache.

"There is Butrus," said Mr. Payson, joyfully. "Irene, that is one of our chiefest helpers and ablest native scholars. And there is my old cook, Yusef. Well, I am glad to see the friends once more, and glad to be here."

Ere long the travellers, with their multifarious luggage, were on their way to the landing-place.

VI.

THE boat was oared into what might be described as a watery alcove, imperfectly fenced from the strength of the sea by a shapeless and half-ruinous jetty, and shadowed by blind walls of sombre and massive edifices.

It struck our untravelled American girl with immense astonishment to discover that the wharf on which she set foot was composed partly of columns of Egyptian granite, while others were lying at hand in the clear sea-water, their polished gray looking blue and very precious. She had never seen above a dozen granite columns in her own land, and probably not a single one that was polished. The pillars of her father's tabernacle were pine beams fluted with clap-board casings.

"Why don't they pull those out and use them?" she asked hastily. "What a waste!"

Before this great question could be settled she was in the principal thoroughfare of the Beirut of that time,—a narrow and crooked alley, broken into all sorts of angles by irregularly placed buildings, and so

obscured by their lofty stone-walls that she thought of a dark closet. It was very dirty, too, and haunted by odors of decaying vegetables and refuse, and none the sweeter for the generally shabby Orientals who lounged through it. There was a gutter of running water down the middle, which seemed merely to waste its time and labor there, effecting no purification. Passing a glum, ugly edifice, which Payson said was a public bath, they had to pick their way among runlets and puddles. Here and there was a café, with a slender array of nargilehs and copper coffee-pots; or a manufactory with one room, where turbaned men were weaving a carpet; or a cuddy where some squatting creature was boring a pipe-stem; or a shop gay with red shoes and yellow slippers. Then, while Irene supposed that she had just entered the city, she saw a little in advance a tall arch of light, and perceived that she was near the outer gateway.

Here an Arab awaited them with horses, which had not been brought into the town on account of the pavements, too uneven and too slippery with refuse for safe riding.

Outside the gate was a flat glare of sand. Beyond rose on all sides a large, gently sloping amphitheatre of greenery, flecked abundantly with yellow, flat-roofed stone houses, some of them exhibiting graceful Saracenic arches. It was a most beautiful spectacle,

and very surprising in its contrasts. The sand seemed as barren as sand could be, and yet out of it sprang a mass of the richest and brightest verdure, bedecked with luxuriance of blossoms. To look at the dry, drifting yellow sand, you would have said that naught could grow in it. To look at the gigantic cactus hedges, the dark-green groves of lemons and oranges, the multitudinous mulberry-trees, and the profusion of flowering plants, you would have judged that they must have been charmed out of one of the richest soils of earth. Yet, by some magic of nature, the sand was the sole mother of this plenty.

"You see what the ocean moisture and a very little irrigation can do," said Payson. "A cactus leaf stuck into the sand makes a huge plant, and a row of leaves makes a rampart. What could you raise on a sea-shore drift in New England?"

They mounted their horses and rode on at a walk through a winding lane. On either side were hedges of prickly-pear, the contorted, leaf-built stems measuring four or five yards in length, and the leaves themselves ten or twelve inches. Within these thorny barriers orchards whispered to the breeze and gardens poured their oblations of perfume. Yet at every step the horses sank in deep sand, unstained by a single blade of herbage, and apparently as unfruitful as snow. Where naught was planted nothing grew, and where aught was planted everything grew.

Early as it was in the day, the natives were up and out. Springy mountaineers, who had left their eagle-nests of villages two hours before, saluted the travellers with a deep-toned *naharkum saieed*, or a cheerful *subhac bel khia*r. The grave, dark men in striped overcoats, who held their heads so high and looked so unconquerable, were Druses. The gayer, fairer, gentler-voiced fellows in blue or scarlet jackets and blue muslin trousers were Maronites, or Greek Syrians, the descendants of the ancient Phœnician population. A jaunty horseman, armed with dagger, scimitar, and pistols heavy enough for bludgeons, belonging probably to the *howaleeyeh*, or mounted constabulary, passed them in silence, with an insolent Moslem stare. A muleteer, whose comical bare legs stuck straight out across the huge load of his beast, drew forth his purse from his girdle with an air of munificence, and tossed an invisible coin into the lap of a hideous beggar.

"That was the muleteer's mite," smiled Payson. "He gave a *pard*, or the tenth of a cent. But he accompanied it with a benediction, and the beggar returned him another. If these Syrians meant half the religion they talk, they would be the salt of the earth."

Five or six hundred yards from the city gate the party turned into a narrower road, or lane, also hedged in with cactus and bordered by gardens. At the end of this lane rose a plain, massive, and rather imposing

mansion, built, like all the Beirut houses, of large hewn blocks of yellow limestone, and lifting its flat roof to the height of three tall stories. An open gallery in the second story, faced with a graceful Saracenic arch, gave its severe front sufficient ornament.

"That is the principal mission-house," explained Mr. Payson. "There is the chapel, the printing-press, and the family of Brother Kirkwood, our moderator, as we call him."

"What a noble building!" exclaimed both the women, obviously delighted with this promise of comfortable homes.

"Dear me! so it is," said Payson, looking up with an air of surprise. "I am almost afraid that we shall yet be visited with judgments for our luxury. The good people at home talk about us as martyrs; but that is far finer than an American parsonage. St. Paul didn't do his missionarying in such wise."

"But St. Paul didn't have a printing-press," argued Irene. ("He didn't have to teach civilization as well as Christianity.") He preached among nations more civilized than his own."

"To be sure," chimed in Mrs. Payson. "And I do think that when we go among half-civilized people we deserve a cosy home."

The missionary smiled at the feminine epithet "cosy," but did not scoff at it.

"There is something in that," he conceded. "Nevertheless, too much of the Church's money is spent on the machinery, and too little reaches the spiritual field of tillage. I am sometimes reminded of a scheme of mine, when I was a farmer's boy, for collecting maple sap. To save the trouble of going from tree to tree and bringing the pails, I built an immense system of troughs, running all through the grove like a monstrous spider-web, and terminating in a main trough which emptied into my boiling kettle. Then I waited for my sap to come, and I never saw the first drop. Not until nightfall did I fully discover and concede that it took all my sap merely to wet the troughs."

"Oh, Mr. Payson!" begged Irene. "Do be careful where you tell that story."

By this time they were near the rude gateway of the little enclosure which fronted the Mission House. Down a narrow stairway of stone, which led from the second story to the ground, ran a dozen or more of eager people, some in European and some in Oriental attire, all exhibiting the glee of welcome. They were "Brother" Kirkwood, his pale and pensive wife, his two pretty daughters, three or four pupils of the female school, a bearded native assistant or two, and three Beirutee servants.

There was a simple, warm-hearted greeting, very pleasant to look upon. It was such a greeting as one

might expect between two men of sweet character and purpose in life, who had held for years a companionship of elevated sympathy and benevolent labor, and had never yet seen occasion to withstand each other to the face.

Kirkwood, by the way, was a very different apostle in appearance and manner from the pale and gently grave Payson. He was large in body, and had a broad, high-colored, farmer-like face, a voice fit to call the cattle on a thousand hills, a merry eye, and a ready smile. He shook hands with the two ladies in a style which made our bookish Irene think of the oak which closed upon the fists of Milo. His miscellaneous household he introduced, with compendious humor, as "My wife and daughters and happy family."

"You will find that some of them are foreigners, and speak nothing but tongues," he said to Irene. "But we get on as sweetly together as if there had never been a misunderstanding at Babel, — and in fact a little more so. There is something in learning another man's language which seems to make a bosom friend of him. I positively fear that I should be quarrelsome in a population which all spoke English."

Irene exchanged kisses with gentle Mrs. Kirkwood, as well as with the two willowy brunettes, her daughters. It seemed to her that they were hardly countrywomen, so marked were they by a certain Levantine

softness of bearing. Then she was startled and almost shocked by the fact that the servants and the two youngest pupils only took her hand to kiss it.

"You will get used to that," smiled Mrs. Kirkwood. "We cannot introduce new manners, and we have given up trying."

Irene scarcely replied. She was staring with astonishment at the regular features and magnificent eyes of one of the elder pupils.

"Isn't she pretty!" she exclaimed, quite forgetting that the young person had saluted her in English. "Is she a Greek?"

The girl's clear, pale cheeks filled with roses, and the tortoise-shell colors in her dark eyes sparkled.

"Not a scrap of a Greek!" shouted Mr. Kirkwood. "A native of Mt. Lebanon. I suppose you expected to find us all as black as Ethiopians. We'll show you prettier girls than Saada," he added, perhaps anxious to counteract the unspiritualizing effects of Irene's compliment. "Isn't that so, Saada?"

"Yes, sir," meekly replied Saada, but meanwhile glancing at her admirer with an expression of wondering thanks, as at a queen who had given her pearls and diamonds.

"You will find many interesting people here," said Mrs. Kirkwood. "The Syrians are very engaging, as well as very pitiable; they have the graces and vices

of a fallen aristocracy. Beirut is the choicest of all the mission stations. I have learned to feel that there is hardly any other place in the world so contenting. I fear that if I should go back to America, I might be homesick."

Meanwhile Mr. Kirkwood was leading the upward way into what he called his rookery.

"I suppose, Miss Grant," he said, "that you think I live here like a nabob in a bungalow. Well, it is rather nabobish. But there are a good many people under my big roof, and a good deal of hard work goes on here. Hallo! here I am waiting on the young lady, like an old-bachelor beau. Where's Mrs. Payson? My dear good friend, let me pull you up this stone ladder, and thank you meanwhile for turning our Paul into a Peter. I must say that, to my mind, that is one of the prettiest things in Peter's history, that he would lead about a wife and a wife's sister."

Irene noticed with pleasure that the Kirkwood girls, the school pupils, and even the servants followed close on Mr. Payson, and seemed to catch at opportunities of touching him, as though the hem of his garment wrought miracles. Evidently all young people, and the humbler sort of folk also, loved this thoughtful sympathizer with human nature as she herself loved him. Saada alone diverged from the majority, and inclined toward her newly found admirer. Irene passed

an arm about her as they mounted the stairway together, and was almost startled to find the young Syrian heart beating with excitement.

"How old are you?" she asked, as if querying how mature that heart might be. "Fourteen," replied Saada, responding to this small token of interest with a look of gratitude brilliant enough to reward an offer of marriage.

"Fourteen! I thought you must be eighteen," said Irene, staring at the fully developed little figure.

"No, Miss Grant, only fourteen."

"Why do you call me Miss Grant? We are going to be close friends. I want you to call me Irene."

"I think I had better call you Ya Sitty," returned Saada, shyly.

"But I am not a city, — not even a village," laughed Irene.

"Not city," said Saada, puzzled by the pun. "Ya Sit-ty," she repeated, sounding both the t's. "It means Oh My Lady."

With a laugh at the magnificence of the title, the Lady Irene entered the cool spaciousness of the Mission House.

VII.

THE massiveness and roominess and breeziness of the Mission House pleased a young lady accustomed to wooden dwellings of a Nuremberg toy architecture, such as we build and admire in America.

She even liked the careless simplicity with which it was finished, and the truly Oriental plainness and inexpensiveness of its few movables. There was a great saloon, thirty feet by twenty, and some fifteen feet in height, which seemed to her little less than princely, although it had scarcely any furniture besides a cushioned settee running around three sides of it, while its ceiling was made of rudely carved slats resting on huge rafters of Lebanon pine, also slightly carved and touched in black along their edges.

Then there was a wide hall, almost as lordly as the saloon, closing at one end in an alcove for the reception of visitors, into which flamed the light of an ample, triple-arched window. The floor of the alcove was raised six inches above the rest of the hall, and along two sides of it ran very low settees, or sofas, covered and cushioned in colored muslin. The alcove was the

leewan (Turkish, *deewan*, or *divan*); the window was the *comandaloona*; the sofa, the *mukaaa*. A dining-room, a single large guest-chamber, containing little beside an iron bedstead, and a wing which included the kitchen and the servitors' rooms made up the rest of this story.

In the solidly vaulted basement were the printing-rooms, a chapel of respectable dimensions, and a stable. In the upper story were the bedrooms of the family and of the girlish Syrian pupils. Above all was a terrace of solid cement, two feet or more in thickness, and sloped slightly, to shed rain. The floors everywhere were of large squares of limestone, very sparingly provided with heavy and coarse mattinga. It was all simple, strong, dignified, breezy, and agreeable. Irene, a little disposed toward patrician tastes perhaps, looked about her with pleasure. Mrs. Payson admitted that it was comfortable, but secretly added that it was not cosy.

The atmosphere was a luxury. There was a sybaritic softness about it which made one feel that merely to breathe was pleasure enough. A languid breeze flowed through the pointed arches of the *comandaloona*, and brought with it a very faint perfume of fresh vegetation and of flowers. Presently there was a much-needed breakfast of coffee, eggs, chicken, dried fruits, and bread. Then came a chance for that cleansing

which the passenger just off a steamer longs for as one of the chiefest of luxuries.

During the forenoon visitors dropped in to welcome the new arrivals. First appeared the wife and daughter of a Syrian neighbor,—the mother, a dark and somewhat worn woman of forty; the girl, a willowy yet nicely rounded figure of eighteen. Irene took

special note of this damsel's delicate waist, and of the fine way in which its slenderness was set forth by a large shawl, twisted loosely into a girdle and barely hanging on the hips. Her complexion was very dark, her profile strongly Oriental, and her black eyes languishing. She had a sauntering, simpering, fine-lady air, as though her tarbooshed noddle harbored not a little vanity. The salutations of this pair were many, and their compliments (when translated) sounded so much like gross flattery, that Irene hardly knew how to keep her countenance, and was relieved when they turned their supple backs and dawdled away.

The next caller was a great surprise to a young American who had expected to be a rarity of whiteness in Syria.

"Come into the parlor and see a real Beirut lady," said Amy Kirkwood. "She belongs to the people who have to be received in the great room. She has her Syrian ornaments on, and I think she is lovely."

What was Irene's wonder to find a thorough blonde, and a charming one! This Syrian belle had those clear and sweet gray eyes which one is most apt to look for in a certain species of Irish beauty, only, instead of being vivacious and frolicsome, they were full of gentle and pensive dignity. The profile was not aquiline, but straight and Grecian. The whole expression was refined, gracious, and thoroughly lady-like. It was not merely a handsome face; it was also a very attractive one.

The lady had on the usual raiment and finery of wealthy Beirutees. Her golden-brown hair, braided in many little strands, was almost hidden by a network of gold coins, weighing a pound or more, which glistened down to her shoulders. On her head, worn jauntily to one side, was the universal crimson tarboosh, swinging its long silken tassel. Her short robe and loose trousers were of heavy silk stuffs, striped in gay colors. Her curiously little bare feet were in pointed slippers of yellow morocco. Yet in spite of the barbaric pomp of her attire, she was a lovely and interesting young woman. It was hard to understand how she could have acquired, amid the ignorance and restrictions of Syrian female life, that bewitching expression of intelligence and sensibility.

Against her knees leaned a child, a shy and wilful-looking girl of five or six, also costumed in silk and bedizened with gold.

"This is a lady of the Beit Keneasy, or House of Keneasy, or Church family," said Mrs. Kirkwood. "It is a rich mercantile family, and very respectable in every way."

Then she said a few words in Arabic by way of introducing her dark-eyed countrywoman to the Syrian blonde. A few civilities, such as pass between people of diverse tongues, were translated to and fro. The Arab lady's voice was a sweet soprano, at least as pleasant as Irene's mellow contralto. It was a very pretty dialogue to hear, even though one understood but half of it.

"I want to look at her head-dress," said Irene. And Mrs. Kirkwood turned the request into Arabic.

The lady of the House of Keneasy smiled, and gracefully bowed her gilded and tasselled head.

"What a lovely white neck!" whispered Irene, as she studied the network of golden circlets. "This is the blood of the Crusaders."

"Older than the Crusaders," said Mr. Payson, who had just entered the room. "The Semitic race was, I verily believe, a white race of old. The Egyptian monuments paint the peoples of Chaldaea, — a related stock — with blue eyes and yellow hair. I hold that the tribes of Shem, before they descended into the plain of Shinar, and for centuries afterward, were fair-skinned mountaineers. You will find

more golden heads and blue eyes when you get on Lebanon, Irene. Nearly all the men of this Beit Keneasy are light, and two or three of them have sandy beards like Scotchmen. But it is not Crusader blood."

Irene turned to the child and kissed its apricot cheek. The coy little Oriental shrank back, and hid her face against the maternal shoulder. The Syrian mother bent slightly over her shy cherub, and then looked up with a smile of angelic sweetness.

"Tell her," said Irene, "that I should love to see her often."

"She asks you to call on her," replied Mrs. Kirkwood. "She says your coming will fill her house with blessings."

Irene returned the most florid thanks which the imagination and conscience of an American clergyman's daughter permitted. Then the Lady Mariam, of the House of Keneasy, arose, and with many final compliments took her tinkling departure.

"I hope you have no more beauties to show me," said Irene. "My mind is getting worldly."

"Just one more," laughed Amy Kirkwood. "Mirta is in the leewan waiting to see Miss Grant."

"Mirta is one of our own girls," explained Mrs. Kirkwood, as they turned into the hall. "She is of a poor Beirut family, but reared and educated in our house. She is married to one of the best and ablest of our Prot-

estants, a man of high character and scholarship. Her appearance is very striking. You will think of Cleopatra or Queen Esther."

In the broad light of the comandaloon Irene found still another Syrian who was indisputably handsomer than herself. Although Mirta Saboonie was scarcely of middle height, her aspect was nothing less than that of a sultana. Like the generality of Syrian women, she was slender and supple of person and very graceful in carriage; and her costume set forth the pliable beauty of her figure, as well as the regal beauty of her face, in a manner which was almost startling.

Around her tarbooshed head and crossing over her breast was a cloud of white, gauzy drapery, contrasting vividly with the rich brunette of her complexion. A dark figured shawl, twisted loosely into a girdle, just hung upon her hips, and called attention to the delicacy of her waist. The skirt of her close-fitting dress hung low, in a fashion devised by the mission ladies for their scholars, concealing the Eastern *shintyun*, or trousers, and barely exposing the pointed yellow slippers. The sleeves of the dress fitted to the arm and were fastened about the wrist with a row of silken loops and buttons, while a pointed scallop, edged with braid, reached nearly to the knuckles. The coquettish jacket of blue broadcloth had scallopings of blue braid down the front, and a low standing collar stiff with

gold embroidery. The body of it was short enough to show Mirta's slender waist, and its sleeves stopped at the elbow so as not to hide the braiding of the undersleeves. The whole costume was a very pretty missionary compromise between the fashions of Orient and Occident.

Mirta's face was of the purest Syrian type, slightly aquiline, like that of a model Jewess, and yet distinctly not Hebraic. Its color was very much that of a handsome brunette from Louisiana or Cuba, and it was enriched to real magnificence by a glow which reminded one of crimson roses. Her hair was nearly black, and hung in ripples along a low forehead, while long black lashes shaded her brilliant, tranquil hazel eyes.

But the chief beauty of this Syrian houri lay in her noble, her really queenly, her almost tragic, expression. Whoever has seen the great Rachel in the part of an empress has seen a face and air worthy to be compared with Mirta's. You would have supposed that only the most patrician thoughts and the grandest emotions were known to her. You would have guessed that she had suffered and triumphed over some majestic anguish worthy of a Rispah or a Vashti. She seemed an incarnation of the sorrowing and yet imperially beautiful Orient.

"I am very happy to welcome the lady to Beirut," said this sultana, extending her hand in European

style and speaking in English. Her utterance had not a trace of foreign accent, barring a somewhat marked deliberation, and even that seemed but an expression of Eastern repose, or of natural dreaminess of temperament.

"And I am truly happy to see your beautiful country," returned the young missionary. "I mean to remain in it many years, and perhaps all my life."

"Oh, you like Syria!" smiled Mirta, flushing with pleasure. "It is very kind of you to tell us so. We are a poor people now, but we are proud of our country. We know that we were once a great people. You will find that the Syrians are very vain."

"I like the country and the people," declared Irene. "They surprise me exceedingly. I didn't expect to find such sweet manners."

"Oh, you thought us savages," laughed Mirta, in a mellow, purring tone, for her voice was a contralto. "Mr. Kirkwood says that the Americans suppose we are all Bedaween, living in tents and caves and ruins. I used to believe that he meant it as a joke, or to make us humble. But perhaps it is so."

"I don't know precisely what we think. We think a good deal of ourselves, and not much of others."

"It is the custom of every country, I presume," moralized Mirta. "But I must not forget to tell you that my husband sends you his salaams, and will call upon you this evening."

Irene expressed her thanks, and Mrs. Kirkwood added, "Why didn't you bring your little Lulu?"

"She is so little, and she is cross with teething," said Mirta, just as an American mother might have said it.

There was more feminine talk, all curiously domestic and commonplace, that is, when compared with Mirta's queenliness; and when the visitor went her way, Irene had a disappointing sense that some romance, or tragedy even, had been concealed from her.

"What is she?" she demanded. "What has happened to her? What does that face mean?"

"Nothing has happened to her," replied Mrs. Kirkwood. "She has been quietly brought up with us, and has married a good, wise man, and makes him a good wife. I don't know how she came by that expression. My husband calls her a type of the race. He says she represents what this people would be if it should ever recover its ancient soul."

"I wish I could paint her as an emblem of Syria," said Irene. "Why don't I know how to paint? How few accomplishments we have in America!"

At this moment a man of twenty six or eight entered brusquely, and was introduced as Doctor Macklin, the physician of the station. Irene received him with that slight reserve and interior embarrassment which a young lady often accords to a young gentle-

man who is made known to her as a bachelor. The doctor had a shy and constrained air, also, for there was much modesty under his brusqueness.

"Welcome to Syria," he said loudly. "I hope that your life among us will be a pleasant one. We will do our best."

Then, as if he had done his best, or rather as if he found it easiest to talk to an old acquaintance, he turned to Mrs. Kirkwood.

"I had a hot ride from Abeih," he went on, pointing to his face, which was of a flame color. "I was goose enough to wear a tarboosh, and I shall be in misery for a week. My epidermis wasn't made for a missionary."

"You are always doing something wrong and getting punished for it," said Mrs. Kirkwood in a motherly tone of reproof. "How is your ague?"

"Bad. I took ten grains of quinine before starting this morning. I saw the steamer out at sea, and I wanted to welcome the Payson family. The shakes are nothing. I learned all about them in Aleppo."

"You shouldn't have come down," said the good lady. "You are so reckless!"

He looked reckless, even to his coetume. He had on Frank clothing, such as one buys ready-made in Beirut, with a crimson tarboosh over his long brown hair, and a large silken girdle around his waist. His

face was kindly, but his dark-blue eyes had a strongly masculine and almost combative expression, and his manner was abrupt, a little noisy, and, in short, utterly unconventional.

Irene contrasted him in thought with the gentle and polished DeVries, and could not help saying to herself that she should not like the doctor.

VIII.

LET us see how the gentle and polished DeVries was occupying himself during his separation from Miss Grant and the Paysons.

When he left them on the steamer his feeling was that he had been turned out of a sort of Eden into a barren and rather wicked world, and that the expulsion, while it was undoubtedly a liberation from strong influences, was nevertheless a depressing and saddening circumstance. On the way to the hotel, merely to alleviate his melancholy, he sought conversation with a stout, high-colored young American whom he had noted on the steamer, but to whom he had not hitherto spoken. The result of the interview was that they took adjoining rooms and ordered a breakfast together.

"Coffee first, Antonio," suggested Mr. Fred Wingate, the new acquaintance, in the cheerful tone of a good liver. "Then the best fruit you have, with your best white wine. Then a couple of courses of meat and vegetables. Lastly chibouks and nargileha."

"Very good," said DeVries. "I don't mind a *déjeuner à la fourchette*, though I was only thinking of bread and fruit and coffee."

"You have been in ascetic company lately," smiled Wingate. "I never afflict myself with anchorites, and seldom go to the joss-house. A fellow might like to flirt with that young lady, though. Was she susceptible?"

"No," replied DeVries, gravely; and Mr. Wingate perceived that he had given annoyance, and changed the subject.

"I believe that there are only two things to do in Syria," he observed. "You go to Jerusalem, and then you go to Damascus, Baalbec, and Palmyra."

DeVries came near mentioning his project of excavating in ancient Philistia. But he checked himself; there was a possibility that this Wingate might be the sort of fellow to jump another man's claim,— might dig up all the Philistines himself, and so carry off the glory of proving that they were or were not Pelasgians.

"There are objects of interest everywhere," he said, with the comfortable feeling of a man who can give information. "You can't get far away from antiquities. The north of Syria is full of ruined cities."

"Anything in Beirut, or near it?"

"Not much, except a few fragments in the city and some Roman cisterns on the cape."

Then it was agreed that after their déjeuner à la fourchette, they should take horse and ride to the Roman cisterns.

Just as breakfast appeared the American consul was announced, and of course was admitted. He proved to be a tall, hard-featured, butternut-bearded gentleman of near forty, newly appointed to the station, speaking no language but his own powerful English, and half-starved in soul for American company. Mr. Wingate, a jovial youth of social temperament and hospitable habits, promptly had him seated at table.

"I assure you, gentlemen, this is a very delightful occasion to *me*," said the consul, with an air of really pathetic gratitude. "I have breakfasted, but I am glad to remain. You can't imagine, gentlemen, how much I love to see my countrymen, and how confoundedly tired I am of this out-of-the-way district."

DeVries, to whom any land full of ruins was fascinating, thought what a shame it was that such a dunce should be there. However, he was just as polite to Mr. Porter Brassey, of West Wolverine, as though he sympathized with his tastes and held his intellect in high respect. Mr. Fred Wingate, who was equally a man of the world, bent his dimpled smile upon this fervent American, and made haste to turn him inside out, evidently with the purpose of telling about him afterward.

The breakfast was an exceedingly hilarious one. Before they had done with all the sauterne which Wingate ordered, they were at a height of spirits

which would have cast a gloom over a teetotaler. Even the castaway official, as he drew back from the table and accepted a chibouk, seemed to feel that the venerable East might be made almost as pleasant as the abode of the setting sun.

"You see a man needn't die of a broken heart, even if he is afar from West Wolverine," said Wingate, with that jolly smile of his which would pacify a cavalryman.

"That's so," returned the comforted consul, quite willing to be laughed at for his homesickness, so long as his dear countrymen would let him stay with them. "I assure you, gentlemen, that I have had a most delightful morning. I never shall forget it. And I've learned a new trick, — a trick worth remembering. This is the first time in my life, gentlemen, that I ever saw wine for breakfast. I tell you it won't be the last, if this consulate understands itself, — and it thinks it does."

"Wingate," said DeVries (they were quite intimate by this time), "we shall find this position vacant when we get back here."

The functionary laughed as loud as the others, and indeed several times louder.

"No, no, DeVries," he haw-hawed. "You're out of your reckoning there. I can stand a power of drink. If I couldn't I shouldn't be here. It takes a pile of

whiskey to get atop of politics up our way. Hullo, my shebang is out," he added, referring to his chibouk. "Here, boy, give us a match," addressing the Italian waiter in English. "A match—lucifer—locofoco," he insisted, making a sign of drawing one on his pantaloons.

Either the gesture or the polysyllable "foco," so like to the word "*fuoco*," illuminated the Tuscan, and he brought a coal of fire for the official pipe.

"I can't get a grip on the lingo," proceeded our representative, referring to the Arabic language with its hundred thousand words, or possibly to all languages whatever outside of English. "Hands slip every time I catch hold. It leaves me rather mum here, except when a traveller from the land of freedom happens along, or I run up to jaw with the missionaries. But a man can have too much missionary, as the New Zealand chieftain said. They're good fellows,—real good-hearted, honest, *white* men; by George, I respect 'em. But an ordinary man of the world don't want missionary in his'n all the time. Let me tell you what happened when I was breakfasting, quite in the family way, with one of 'em. He's a good man and a learned man,—as smart in spiritual things and scholarship as a steel trap,—but rather stiff and devout in his manners. Well, this man,—his name is Pelton, the Reverend Pelton,—

as I was sitting at his hospitable board and assailing his chicken fixings, he whips out a little book, a kind of pocket volume of Scripture Promises, and reads a text aloud. I didn't quite understand, — thought it was one of his own remarks; and so says I, 'What?' Well, gentlemen, that man wasn't flabbergasted a particle; he just read the promise right over again from top to bottom. I tell you, gentlemen, it didn't seem to have any comfort for *me*. I think I never was so upset, and rolled in the mud, before or since."

DeVries, who was no longer the serious creature known to us heretofore, laughed as heartily as the convivial Wingate over Mr. Brassey's misadventure.

"It's a way they have among themselves, I expect," continued the consul. "Or perhaps they hankered to do *me* a good turn. But it's embarrassing to have a text touched off under your nose in that way, when you ain't looking. I respect the missionaries very much, and want to see 'em — once in a while."

"Fuoco, Antonio, se vi piace," said DeVries, whose nargileh needed a fresh coal.

"Do you know his language?" asked our representative with respect.

"I speak a pretty fair foreign Italian, — *Lingua toscana in bocca Americana*."

Mr. Brassey sighed. He felt keenly, as he had

never formerly imagined that he could feel, the inconvenience and humiliation of his linguistic ignorance.

"There ought to be a seminary for our foreign civil service," he declared. "It's a ridiculous shame to see the representatives of a great country walking around as mums as so many deaf and dumb idiots. You can't much wonder, gentlemen, that I sometimes wish I was back in West Wolverine."

"Consul, do you keep a horse?" asked Wingate.

"Yes, two of 'em, — pretty fair Ayrabs, as common Ayrabs go. Got a mounted dragoman, too, — or dragoon. I can let you have the whole outfit."

"Suppose we take a ride to the antiquities."

"There ain't nothing of the sort in the neighborhood," declared the consul.

"I beg your pardon," said DeVries. "There are the Roman cisterns at the Ras el Beirut."

"What's the Wrastle Beirut?"

"I mean the head of the cape."

"Oh, all right," returned Mr. Brassey. "I don't mind taking a skitter over there."

So the official outfit was sent for, and steeds were ordered for Wingate and DeVries, and the trio set off for Ras el Beirut, guided by the consular *karcass*.

They had a spirited, and in fact a downright furious gallop over the sand and rocks of the desolate cape. DeVries jumped into the largest cistern, measured it

carefully with his tape-yard, calculated the cubic capacity, and put all in his note-book.

"As a spectacle, I consider it a failure," said Mr. Brassey, staring thoughtfully into the coarse excavation. "It's not up to what I expected of the Romans. Why, we could beat it all hollow in West Wolverine, if we only had the rock."

The cape thoroughly investigated, DeVries and the *kawdas* had a break-neck race along a rock-strewn sea-beach, while the consul whooped like the Last of the Mohicans, and bet a good many piastres on the result with Wingata.

"I thought I should win," said DeVries, when he got in first on the home stretch. "I knew this horse had the right kind of hind legs to him. Sorry I beat you out of your money, Mr. Brassey."

"By George! it serves me right for laying against my own countryman," declared our patriotic functionary. "You can give me my little revenge, gentlemen, in our national game of poker."

So, on their return to the hotel, they played not a little poker, and Mr. Brassey pocketed a very handsome balance, as he called it.

"To make all square, gentls, I stand the dinner," proclaimed this fair-minded gentleman. "Now, no objections, I beg and insist. I shall take it mighty hard if I ain't allowed to stand the dinner."

He was so nobly eager about it that the two young millionnaires let him have his way, and the national game was followed by an excellent repast, with abundance of French and Oriental wine.

"Cyprus, Antonio," the consul recommended, with a generous wave of his huge hand. "Good, old, thick Cyprus wine. It's the best counterfeit they've got on solid, intrinsic whiskey," he explained. "You shall have Borducks, too. But I don't myself fancy the inky taste."

"Whiskey is all very well at home, Mr. Brassey," said DeVries. "But when a man is abroad, he should take to foreign drink. Otherwise, what does he learn?"

It will be perceived that our young gentleman, so delicate and almost spiritually gracious when he was with devout people, could entirely change his deportment, and apparently his sentiments, when he was among worldlings. Are we to suppose that he was a hypocrite, whether intentional or unintentional, who had played a demure game with the Paysons? Not at all. He had been sedate in their company, because he sincerely respected their purity and piety, and was for the time colored in spirit by their companionship. The fact is that up to the present day we have had but an incomplete view of DeVries. It is much as if we had seen a landscape through green

glasses, or examined a turbot only from his under side.

This rich and favored youngster had two faces, if not many more than two faces, to his character. He had a nature which reflected the serious education of his childhood, and another which consorted with the freedom of his life in college and in Europe. When he met a sainthood like that of Payson, or a maidenhood like that of Irene Grant, he behaved, and almost felt, as if he had never quitted his mother's fireside. But when he fell in with a wine-colored Wingate or a poker-playing Porter Brassey, he was easily and comfortably one of them. A very weak character, the men of regular habits and strict principles will say; and the young man himself sometimes remorsefully held the same opinion of it. Well, perhaps so, and perhaps not. (Whether a nature is weak because it has various sides, because it is capable of vigorous movement in more directions than one, is surely a question open to argument. At all events, the trait is common enough, and more so in real life than in romance.)

They had a fine dinner; at least, they all said so. There were a dozen courses, between European and Syrian. And there were more bottles of Bordeaux and Cyprus than I choose to mention. After dinner came further poker, for the two rich, good-natured young-

sters were sorry for the bestranded politician, and did not care how much they spent in gilding his homesick existence. At last, when he had pocketed a thousand piastres (\$45) and felt that it would be wrong to win any more, he himself closed the game.

"Young men, go West," he said, with a smile. "When you have graduated in West Wolverine, I shall feel it right to play with you. Excuse me for seeming to brag on poker. I am not proud, but ashamed."

Wingate, who could have gambled the consul out of his wardrobe, flung a sly smile at DeVries and pushed aside the cards.

"What can I do for you, gents?" demanded Mr. Brassey, rising to depart. "Don't you want my dragoon to bully somebody? Let me help you about your outfits. Borrow my horses, and make me happy."

Wingate replied, with thanks, that he had already engaged a travelling outfit; and DeVries explained that he was to make a brief sojourn with the missionary Payson.


"The dickens!" stared Mr. Brassey. "You're a queer fish for the Pool of Siloam. However, I'll come up and have a jaw with you, and we'll read the promises together. Good-by, Wingate. You make me sick to be home again, where they raise such men. Good night and good luck to you both."

Then Mr. Wingate, who was a very polished wine-bibber, begged DeVries to excuse him for setting about his preparations for the morning's start. Thus left to himself, our hopeful young Janus remembered his missionary friends, and decided to make an evening call on Miss Grant.

IX.

TOWARDS the close of Irene's first day in Syria, she began to wonder whether Mr. DeVries would come to see her, either that evening or ever. The query and the frequency with which it returned upon her caused her some humiliation and compunction. How absurd and wrong in a poor minister's daughter to long thus for the entertainments of earth, and to have so little power of self-absorption in the work of missions, even here on mission ground! How small-minded to think and think of one "darkling man," when a sunset of purple and rose and gold sat enthroned upon Lebanon!

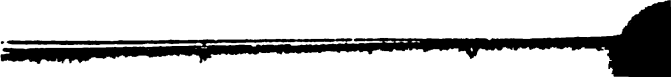
What did it mean? Did she "care for" this lovely young man with great possessions? She hoped not; it would be both wrong and silly; it would be perilous to piety and peace. It must be that she was homesick; that she thought of him so much because he was a part of her home, because he was to return to her country, and she not. In truth, homesick she was; how could she well help it? At last she was really in Syria, and the whole question of coming was settled,



and the question of staying, also. Her gloom of spirit was manifold and profound, and not to be dispelled by a sunset on Mount Lebanon. A sunset on the rail fences and whortleberry bushes of a Connecticut hillside would have been more effective.

She tried to "lean upon" Mr. Payson, as she phrased it in her interior language, the speech of Bible-classes. Indeed, she did find soothing, as well as support and guidance, in the presence of that cheerful and sympathetic sanctity. At tea, when he took out his well-worn little volume of Promises, and read two or three such texts as he thought would profitably direct the family conversation, she was not confounded, as the consul had been at the Pelton table, but sustained and comforted.

"I am a poor, tottering pilgrim," he said apologetically, as he pocketed the book. "My life has been an incessant struggle to remember the unseen world, — the only world of any note to a sane person. Every means and appliance has to be used, or I am lost. I sometimes doubt whether there ever was another man with such a bent toward worldliness. The idea of death, for instance, — the idea of being withdrawn from this small and perilous earth, — has always been peculiarly dreadful to me, and is so still. Ah dear, if I had been with Peter to the hall of Pilate, I should have denied the Master with him! It is an immense



mercy to me that my soul was not called to run its earthly career in the ages of the martyrs."

"Mr. Payson, I don't believe you are fearful," replied Mrs. Kirkwood. "You saved several persons in that dreadful collision on the Mississippi. We read it in the New York Herald."

"Ah, yes, I was wonderfully helped on that occasion," said Payson. "It seemed to me that I had the strength of ten men when I saw those poor, shrieking people hanging on the verge of an eternity for which they were perhaps not prepared. But it was not my strength: it was mercifully lent to me."

Irene had never before heard of that scene of peril and rescue, although she had been travelling for months with the hero of it. She was greatly moved by this humility and bravery, and longed at once to do something useful to her kind. "How soon can I get to work?" she asked. "You will have to find me a teacher. I ought to learn Arabic in the next six months."

The Kirkwoods smiled to each other over a burst of zeal and hope which they had seen before in novices.

"Yes, Irene must have a teacher at once," assented Mr. Payson. "She must be allowed to see what she can do, and what she is fitted for. It is not every one, to be sure, who can master this most difficult language, and become acceptable in it. But she may be, and I think she is, one of those who have the gift of tongues.

She shall begin Arabic to-morrow morning, even though she should go but a little way in it, and eventually occupy herself mainly with teaching in English."

"Is it so difficult, then?" said Irene. "I want to master it. However, if I can't, I'll teach English."

Then they had to hurry their tea a little in order that the men of the party might go to the great saloon and receive three influential Druses from Mount Lebanon.

"Can I see them?" asked Irene, who was fervently interested in everything Syrian.

Mrs. Kirkwood led her to the long reception-room, and they sat down at one end of the mukaad, or cushioned sofa, where they could watch the mountaineers without seeming to court their acquaintance. They were dark, black-eyed, upright men, singularly dignified and grave in aspect, looking all the more severe and ascetic because of their huge white turbans and cloaks of black and white stripes, so unlike the usual florid raiment of the Orient. One of them seemed to be eighty years of age, and had a truly patriarchal expression of command, enhanced by a long, wavy beard of silver.

"That is a famous sheikh, or holy elder," whispered Mrs. Kirkwood. "He is of the chiefs of the Okkaal, or Enlightened. There must be something important stirring, or he would not be here."

"What are they saying? Do tell me," begged Irene.

"They are saying that they and the English are brothers; that they have the same religion with us; that they want to learn it more perfectly, — want us to send them teachers. The man with the long knife in his girdle says they are all determined to become Protestants."

"Oh, isn't it wonderful!" murmured the novice. "To think that I should get here to see this!"

A serious smile came over the sallow and patient face of the elder lady. "My dear, there isn't a word of truth in it, I am afraid," she responded. "The Druses are always of the religion of the company they are in. If we were Catholics, they would speak the same things. They are commanded in their Scriptures to conceal their belief. The door is closed, they say, and nobody can become a Druse, and so it is useless to preach, as well as dangerous. I wouldn't attach any importance to the talk of these men, only that I don't understand why they should come down from their mountains to utter it, apparently for no other purpose. And the old sheikh, too! I can't help suspecting that there is something important at hand."

Just here the discourse of the Druse spokesman, the white-bearded Okkaal, descended to a guttural murmur, and Mrs. Kirkwood could overhear no more.

"Perhaps they are in earnest this time," hoped Irene. "They seem so very serious."

It was at this moment that Hubertaen DeVries dropped in upon the valued friends who had been so much out of his mind during the day. Our youthful missionary rose to greet him with a blush which indicated that he could at least make her forget all about the conversion of the Druses.

"I am so glad to see you!" she confessed impulsively. "Why, it seems to me as if I had been here a year, and you were a friend just arrived from home. And yet," she laughed, "I didn't know you at home."

It occurred to DeVries that if they had known each other at home, she might not have been here, at least as a missionary. For the moment he was all back again to the content which during three days he had found in her company. To him, as well as to her, it appeared that they were old friends, such as fate could not easily disunite. He was almost equally glad to see Mr. Payson, and the two met with the effusion of womankind.

"My dear young friend," exclaimed the clergyman, "I am rejoiced by your coming! I have had a foolish fear to-day that you might get into trouble during your explorations."

"I got into nothing worse than a cistern," replied DeVries, with a slightly guilty recollection of poker and Cyprus wine.

"Sit down and talk with our sisters," said Payson. "I have some important business with these mountaineers. I will join you in a few minutes."

Then DeVries listened a long time to Irene's enthusiastic account of the wonders of the day,—the courteous and attractive manners of the Syrians, the blond graces of the lady of the Beit Keneasy, and the tragic queenliness of Mirta.

"I wish I had been with you," he said, remembering with some disgust the rustic, gambling consul, and that polished roisterer, Wingate.

"Oh, but you shall see it all," she promised, of course not understanding him, and unable to imagine that he had been on a frolic. "We will have Mirta to dinner before you go. And I can take him to the Beit Keneasy, Mrs. Kirkwood, can't I? There, I said Beit Keneasy properly, didn't I? It is almost my first Arabic. Mr. DeVries, I am going to learn the whole language, or at least going to try."

"I don't imagine that you will find much difficulty in getting a fair reading and talking knowledge of it," said DeVries, one of those happy linguistic souls who can pick up a smattering of a strange tongue in six months, or so.

"Ah, but I want to master it."

"I am afraid you won't. The French is a very simple, lucid language, but how few foreigners really

master it! It isn't an easy matter to master one's mother tongue."

"Oh, dear! I know it. How you discourage me! It will end in teaching English and caring for woman's matters, perhaps. It seems so feeble to come four thousand miles to do what I did in America."

Mrs. Kirkwood laughed good-naturedly. The girl was sketching her own history, but she was not annoyed by the picture. She had learned long since to be contented with the humble and monotonous sound of the domestic threshing-floor.

At this moment the three Druses arose, murmured a deep-toned salutation, and stalked gravely out of the room, with an air of ill-concealed displeasure. Kirkwood and Payson attended them courteously to the door, and then turned, with serious faces, to join in entertaining DeVries.

"What is the matter?" Mrs. Kirkwood presently asked her husband, speaking, however, in Arabic. "What is the sheikh of the Okkaal here for?"

"There is going to be trouble in Lebanon," he answered in English. "It is no secret now, and we can talk of it."

"The slayer is to run to and fro in that goodly mountain, and all its high places are to be stained with blood," echoed Payson.

He was really pale and tremulous with anxiety and

sorrow. His face was naturally a very manly one, and all the more noble because of an habitual expression of ascetic sweetness, the result of many an hour of spiritual conflict and many a victory over himself. It was quite pathetic to see this far-away gaze so clouded, and this martyr-like serenity so shaken.

"Those men were deputies from the great Druse house of Abd el Melek," continued Kirkwood. "They came to say that the Maronites are going to rise, and that the Druses will shortly be fighting for their lives. The Abunekeds and Jemblots are ready for war, but the Abd el Meleks desire peace. This is their story, — perhaps true, perhaps not. These envoys wanted us to beg the English consul (you know they consider us as English) to provide them with money and arms. We had to tell them that all that sort of thing was beyond our power. They didn't believe us, and went off in a grim humor. I trust, however, that they will come to reason, and won't trouble our outlying missions."

"The results of the painful work of many years will be brushed away like a few drops of dew," sighed Payson.

"Brother, you are always looking at the Egyptian chariots," smiled Kirkwood, cheerfully. "Israel will get safe across."

"At all events, nothing can happen but the will of the Master of earth," bowed Payson. "And how much better he knows what is best for his world and his

church than a poor, short-sighted creature like me! But I shall go to Hasbeya. I must be among our people when their hour of trial comes."

"And take your ladies with you?" stared DeVries, anxious for Miss Grant, we may suppose, rather than for Mrs. Payson.

"No, no. They will stay here."

"And how will your wife like that?" asked Mrs. Kirkwood.

"Ah dear! I don't know. I trust that she will like what is right."

"Well, you needn't pack your saddle-bags to-night," observed Kirkwood. "Even according to the Druse story the Maronites are not to break out for eight days, which may mean eight weeks or eight months."

"I shall stay on here awhile," said DeVries. "I should like to see some Oriental fighting."

The two clergymen looked pained, and Mrs. Kirkwood horrified. Even Irene turned upon him a glance of amazement, like one who has got new light upon a familiar character, and light of a startling nature.

"Ah, you don't know war," answered Payson, in a tone of apology rather than of reproof. "You are thinking of the combat, and not of the vanquished. A mountain massacre is a fearful thing."

"I must seem rather brutal to you," said this surely considerate and civil youngster. "Excuse me for being so thoughtless."

"I can understand you," returned Payson. "Our Anglo-Saxon race loves to fight. It has been fighting ever since it came out of its German forests, and probably for long before. The gates of its temple of Janus are never shut except when the wind of Providence blows them to."

DeVries was not troubled, but Irene supposed that he must be, and wanted to relieve him from this conversation.

"Let me take you up to the terrace," she said. "I want to show you the lights of the city and of the villages on the mountain."

As the two young people stepped out of the saloon they met Dr. Macklin, and the traveller was presented to him. There were a few words of embarrassed, insignificant conversation, and then Irene rustled away with DeVries to the secluded, sombre house-top.

"Who is that dandy?" demanded the doctor, in a very glum tone, when he entered the parlor.

Mr. Payson told what he knew of DeVries, and of his excellent parentage.

"I don't like him at all," said Macklin. "I wonder our young lady should go off alone with him."

"She asked you to go," observed Mrs. Kirkwood, gently. "Why didn't you?"

"I didn't like him," explained the doctor, savagely. "I didn't want to be with him."

X.

DR. MACKLIN continued surly over Irene's expedition to the house-top, and was indeed about to set off glumly for his own lodgings, when the chance of a mountain war was mentioned.

"I shall go to Hasbeya myself," he broke out. "I shall take a musket and fight for our people."

Then, as his nature was very bellicose, and as the elder men really feared lest he might so do, there ensued an argument on the impropriety of such a method of conducting missionary operations. In the midst of it DeVries returned from a properly brief sojourn aloft, merely stepping into the parlor, however, long enough to say good evening, and then departing in a quiet, graceful fashion, which somehow confirmed Macklin's evil impressions of him.

"I don't like such smooth-spoken people," he declared, bluntly. "A man as young as that, who has that kind of oily self-possession, always makes me think of a gambler. As far as my observation extends, polish and corruption go together. Look at the Italians and Levantines! They are a set of sweet-spoken reprobates."

"I saw Adolphe Monod, the great Huguenot preacher and saint, when I was in Paris," said Kirkwood. "He had the manners of a—well, I should say, a perfect lady. We have no such gentlemen."

"Mr. DeVries is very nice, Doctor," added Miss Grant, warmly. "He seems to be as good as he is pleasant."

"Oh, I suppose you must believe in him, or you wouldn't walk with him," answered Macklin, not at all aware that he was hard upon the young lady.

Irene, who was not accustomed to combat, colored, and dropped into an embarrassed silence. Mr. Kirkwood turned the conversation by asking about the doctor's patients in Abeih. Next there was some further talk on the prospect of war in the mountain. But the mind of Macklin, who was really a most tender-hearted creature, was all this time dwelling on Irene, and on the pain which he at last perceived that he had given her.

"Miss Grant," he said, "would you like to take a ride with me to-morrow to Ras el Beirut?"

"Oh, thank you, Doctor," answered the surprised Irene. "But not to-morrow. We have got to move into our own house, and I must help Mrs. Payson."

So sensitive was the doctor that he looked disconcerted over this refusal, proper and even unavoidable as it obviously was. While he was meditating whether

he should extend his invitation to some other day, Mrs. Payson entered, and began to talk about the new residence.

"I have been there with Saada and Rufka," she said. "The rooms are all ready, I suppose, though they don't look furnished. It's a nice little stone house, with a great arched alcove in the front which looks very pretty, though I really should like to take it in and make a room of it. Our one guest-chamber seems dreadfully small for a rich young gentleman like Mr. DeVries."

Here was pretty news for the suspicious and, one may already say, jealous doctor. He cast a glance of indignant amazement at the unconscious Payson, and was so stirred up concerning Irene that he could not trust himself to look at her. The headlong, fervent man felt quite sure that "that young dandy" was no fit inmate for a mission circle, and no fit companion for the lovely but over-confiding girl who had come to brighten missionary existence. After sitting for five minutes in surly or sorrowful silence, he started up with the air of a person who needs to brood undisturbed, and went off to his lonely little box in the gardens.

In order to understand his aversion to wealthy and delicately mannered people, it must be made known that he was the child of profound poverty, and that he

had won his subsistence and education only through hard labor and bread-and-water frugality. He was not of that temperament which asks favors, or wins them without the asking. No solid man or lady of means had ever been moved to found a scholarship for him, or to lend him a dollar. In college and in the medical school rich students had unconsciously ignored him, as one who could not share in their amusements, and who probably disapproved them. His comprehension of it was that these children of luxury held him in contempt because of his empty purse and threadbare clothing. Of course he studied them, and that with no kindly eye. He noted the vices to which they were tempted, and passionately inferred that all gilded lives are alike, although he knew to the contrary. It was a case of a naturally sweet heart imbittered by undeserved severity of fortune, and no doubt also by a pretty strong dose of pride. There has seldom been a more sensitive man, or one who oftener wounded the feelings of others, or who more fervently repented of such wounding.

In the morning, all good-humor and zeal to oblige, he appeared at the Mission House, and worked like a tiger to get the Paysons into their home. He brought his own horse for Miss Grant's use, and put the Kirkwood side-saddle on to it with his own hands, alleging loudly that Arab servants knew nothing about side-

saddles. Then, in his fear lest she should catch a fall, he walked by her side through the deep sand and strong sunshine, though the heavy sweat of ague was rolling from his forehead. She saw that he was ill, and begged him not to weary himself on her account; but he would persist in offering her his toils and sufferings: he was, as it were, doing penance.

It was curious to note how unconscious he was that his appearance did not favor him. His skin had been burnt scarlet by his ride from Abeih, and little flakes of scorched epidermis were peeling from his nose, and the whole face was streaked with dust and moisture. But he kept close by Irene, and lifted up his inflamed countenance to her without disguise, and looked quite happy through all his distress and disfigurement.

It is very seldom that a woman is not touched and favorably impressed by suffering devotion. Irene thought that he was very ugly, at least for the moment, and for the moment very attractive. She was almost glad when he broke down with a chill at the Payson house, so that she could help roll him up in blankets on a sofa, and furthermore show gratitude in the way of capsicum tea.

"It doesn't matter about me," he said, shaking the while like an aspen leaf. "I hate to have you give yourself the slightest trouble on my account. It will pass off in a couple of hours. Do your own work, and let me quake it out."

"But why do you run such risks? How could you tire yourself so, and then take that hot walk?"

He came near confessing that he had done it all to make amends for his rudeness of the previous evening, but was checked by a vague feeling that that would be setting up a claim for especial consideration and tenderness.

"It is my reckless way," he chattered out. "I have broken my health by unnecessary exposure. I never think. You must be warned by me. This climate is a Delilah. Promise me that you will be careful of our Syrian nights and noontides."

"I will promise, if you will."

Then, seeing that it wearied him to talk, she unwillingly left him to his malady. In two hours the fit was over, and the victim of recklessness was about again, tottering on his legs occasionally, but as restless and helpful as ever.

"Oh, I feel quite encouraged," he said, when remonstrated with for his pulling and hauling. "If my dumb-ague will only change permanently into chills, I can handle it. Besides, a doctor who grunts and lies up for a shake is no man at all, and deserves to be exterminated."

"A doctor who violates the laws of health is pretty sure to be exterminated," smiled Payson. "Besides, consider the evil example of the thing, and the scorn

it heaps on your precepts. You are like a preacher who points out the narrow way, but walks in the broad one."

"Where is that lazy Habeeb?" shouted the doctor. "I want him to give me a lift with this box. I was made to like work, my good friends, and I can't help working."

It was all well with him, physically and morally, during the rest of the day. He lunched and dined with the Paysons, taking his seat where he could best look at Irene, and hardly able to stop speech with her while the host said grace.

"This is lovely," he declared. "It is as jolly as a picnic. By the way, I never went on a picnic in my life, except a Sabbath-school one."

"Do you disapprove of them?" stared Irene.

"My pocket disapproved," returned the doctor, scowling back at his youthful poverty. "Miss Grant, I have known what it is, when I was a senior in college, not to be able to send a letter to my mother, until I could get a job at sawing wood."

"I know quite enough about that sort of thing," said Irene.

The doctor rejoiced to hear it; it made a companion of her.

"This is lovely," he repeated. "It is better than a picnic. I think our mission is now complete," he con-

tinued, staring full at Irene. "We don't want another helper of any sort, man or woman."

Mrs. Payson tittered a little, and Miss Grant could not help blushing. She had never been so claimed, or rather so taken possession of, before. Whether the man looked upon her in a brotherly way, or as a lover, she could not say; but in some fashion or other he seemed to feel that she belonged to him; he fairly chuckled over his ownership. Then came a vague feeling upon her that she should have to give up to him and let him make good his pre-emption, no matter what might be its nature. Not knowing how to behave under his appropriating smile, she was relieved when Mr. Payson entered into the conversation with one of his characteristic solemnities.

"I fear we have one gap in our synagogue. I think we could squeeze up and make room, with advantage, for St. Paul."

"I sometimes think we have one," replied Macklin, glancing at the clergyman with such affection and reverence that Irene almost loved him for it.

"No! nor the whole earth, either!" said Payson, evidently understanding the allusion, and as evidently shocked by it. "Does the man live who could make that speech to King Agrippa? Does the man live who could write the eleventh chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews? Besides all the sanctity and the martyrdom, what an orator he was!"

For a few seconds the doctor's burnt face had an air of humility; then his animal spirits and boyish loving-heartedness broke out again.

"I *must* do something for our young friend here," he declared. "I can't take her to picnics, and she doesn't want to be bled. Why shouldn't I see her through the first steps in Arabic? Mr. Payson can't be spared from preaching, and Butrus is busy with his translations, and the rest all have plenty of work, except me. Miss Irene Grant, I'll teach *you*."

Miss Grant colored again, and secretly desired to object, being already vaguely fearful of courtship, and not quite knowing what to do with such a lover. Payson looked at her with an air of fatherly inquiry, which seemed to say that she was free to decline, if she so preferred. But Mrs. Payson, the usually shy and submissive lady, broke out with a delighted giggle, "Why, certainly! I think it is just the best thing to do. I think it is very kind of you, Doctor."

Irene felt that she was being directed for a purpose, but she did not see how she could kindly evade the plan, and she smiled assent to it with the best grace possible. The sanguine Macklin was so boisterously elated that he made himself a discomfort to his pupil. He began at once to make her say *Ya subhac bel khia*r, and other common Arabic phrases. He ordered her to hold up her head, open her mouth wide, and speak

out loud. In short, he bullied her considerably, and filled her cheeks with a flush of embarrassment. Meantime, he did not mean to bully her, and could not see that she was worried. He was happy to think of those coming lessons, and quite made himself dreadful with his spirits.

But things greatly changed with the doctor about sundown. He was on the roof of the little house with Irene, — yes, actually alone on the house-top with a young lady; it was altogether proper in a missionary. The sun was sinking in the golden shimmer of the Mediterranean, and sending iridescent glories up the mighty slopes of Lebanon. He was pointing everything out to his pupil, his monopolized and pre-empted daughter of Zion, when, looking down into the cactus-hedged lane below him, he saw DeVries ride up on horseback, followed by a donkey laden with baggage. The tall young man sat his steed finely, and made a handsome appearance. The doctor could perceive that Irene watched him eagerly and was anxious to hasten down and greet him. He tried to make her go on admiring the sunset, but it was clearly a job against nature, and he gave it up.

"Well, Lebanon must wait, I see," he said sulkily.

"It will be there to-morrow," replied Irene, gayly gathering her dress to descend the stone stairway.

"And he will be here," muttered Macklin, with a face of undisguisable discontent and despondency.

The behavior of DeVries increased his annoyance. The young fellow looked glad to be with the Paysons, and greeted Irene with special cordiality. Moreover, he shook hands cordially with the doctor, and said he remembered him with pleasure.

"Thank you," replied Macklin; but he bowed in a stiff and antagonistic style, much like an iron-clad bowing to a seductive billow. The man didn't know him, and had no right to be glad to see him, and wasn't glad. He considered that polite speech mere fashionable hypocrisy, and disapproved of it from the bottom of his rude, honest nature.

Indeed, DeVries's catholic urbanity of manner was sincerely displeasing to the doctor, and in more ways than one. It reminded him so vividly of certain rich college classmates, scions of the New York aristocracy, that he felt as if he were once more in the presence of their civil indifference, understood by him as scorn. He could not talk, and drifted away from the sociable group in the comandaloon, sitting gloomily by himself in a rocking-chair and rocking nervously. It was rather a warm evening for the season, and Irene bustled about and brought a fan to DeVries.

"Who would think," said the doctor to himself, "that that is the same girl who made me my red-pepper tea? They are all alike."

Unable to bear the scene any longer, he made a despondent adieu, and moodily went his way.

XI.

ABOUT nine o'clock next morning the doctor was boisterously on hand, full of forgiveness and good-humor and good-will, to give his lesson in Arabic.

What was his astonishment and indignation when he learned that his pupil had gone off with DeVries and Saada to make a call on the blond lady of the House of Keneasy!

"I call that outrageous!" he broke out. "Here I got up at daylight to clear off my sick-list, so as to give this young person a lesson in Arabic, and I find her flying about on a round of fashionable visiting."

"She didn't expect you so early," pleaded Mrs. Payson. "Why, Doctor, I supposed myself that you would come later. Mr. Payson said you were generally busy with your patients till lunch-time."

The good lady had that liking for physicians which is so common with the sex of guardian angels. Moreover, she had noted his undisguisable fancy for Irene, and, again like a woman, wanted to see such preferences rewarded. Finally, she knew that her husband not only loved but admired the bright fatherless girl,

and looked forward to her being one of the most useful personages in the mission. For all these reasons she fervently desired to keep up a good understanding between the two young missionaries.

"I thought she would wait for me," grumbled the doctor so surlily that Mrs. Payson feared lest Mr. DeVries would yet be too much for him. "She ought to consider that her Arabic is of far more importance than the small duty of amusing that young loungee."

"He won't be with us long, and Mr. Payson wanted him to see all he could," said the lady, laying much stress and responsibility on her husband, as is perhaps usual with newly wedded wives. "Of course we want to interest him in the field —"

"Well — of course," assented Macklin, remembering that Madame DeVries *mère* had the repute of being generous to missions. "But is this the way? Must our young ladies use their charms to interest men? Is that the best way?"

Mrs. Payson could hardly help smiling at his innocence. She had been not an active, but a watchful member of society, and had sometimes seen feminine charms more potent than male demonstration and appeal.

"Well, I'm sorry, — I'm exceedingly sorry," the doctor continued to fret. "I had hoped to commence these lessons to-day. I am exceedingly disappointed

He hurried out of the house, and in the next minute hurried in again, all with the same air of final decision.

"I'll wait for her," he said. "I won't be balked in this style. Can you give me a snack, Mrs. Payson? I feel a bit like a chill. I should have one for certain, if I hadn't had one yesterday."

Full of admiration for his manly endurance of physical ills, she joyfully got him an overflowing regale, including a goblet of the beverage of capsicum. Before he had finished the meal Irene came in alone, and received his reproof while sharing his figs and raisins. She treated him with that wondrous patience which some young ladies can accord to exacting gentlemen, on the supposition, possibly, that their exactingness is a symptom of fervent preference, and so to be received as a compliment. And when she made known that Mr. DeVries had gone off alone to the Nahr el Kelb, and proceeded to repeat with a pretty accent three or four Syrian salutations which she had learned at the Beit Keneasy, the doctor not only forgave her escapade, but approved of it. Then the lesson was administered, and the novice showed much talent for linguistic study, or her teacher grossly flattered her.

The habitation of DeVries with the Paysons was not so incessantly harrowing to Macklin as he had expected. The "young dandy" had his antiquarian

sense of duty, and labored diligently in the barren field of local discovery. He made two or three equestrian excursions, with note-book and measuring tape about his person, and with a *kawass* galloping fiercely behind him. He was apt to come in late of evenings, disappointed as to Phœnician inscriptions, but always urbane and chatty. The doctor, although still suspicious of his suavity, had to concede some points in his favor.

"Employs his time better than many young fellows," he said. "I respect this passion for ruins and ethnic riddles. College did him more good than it does some rich fellows."

"I wish he cared as much about his own future as he does about the world's past," sighed Payson. "He is a lovely young man; but it is an awful snare to have great possessions, and I fear he finds earth too satisfying. Yet I will not despair for him. His mother is one of those who can claim the promise. To some are accorded both the treasures of this life and of the next."

"It almost seems unfair, doesn't it?" said the doctor. "By the way, that was rather mean,—that thought. I certainly ought not to grumble. Poor as I am, I am happy enough."

Indeed, he would have been ashamed to confess how happy he was in these days, and especially to

state exactly what it was that produced his content. He saw a great deal of Miss Grant, and trusted that she received him gladly. He gave her a lesson every morning, rode with her nearly every afternoon, and called on her every evening. It seemed to him that he was having everything his own way. That he was the only young man who ever saw her alone he believed with unsuspecting faith, and of course with great satisfaction.

Yet not a day dawned that Irene and DeVries did not rise with the lark to enjoy in each other's company the morning freshness and glory.

"It is such a fascinating sight, the sun coming over Lebanon!" said this young lady of the house-top.

"I am so glad you think so," replied Mr. DeVries, looking down on her with a quizzical smile.

"Of course I do," insisted Irene. "Don't you like to see the sun rise?"

"I like it in good company."

Irene tried not to smile, and failed; the result was that she burst out laughing.

"I suppose that means me," she said. "I do hope that all this getting up betimes is not on my account. You ought to be ashamed of such a reason for such a virtue."

"I'll promise not to be ashamed of you, if you won't be ashamed of me."

"What nonsense! I don't understand it a bit."

"I wish you would think of it a great deal, and do your best to understand it."

"I don't mean to think of it at all. What a way you have of spinning cobwebs around my poor intellect! I won't take any notice of them. What was it you said?"

"I said I wouldn't be ashamed of you as a reason for doing anything, if you wouldn't be ashamed of me as a reason."

"As a reason for getting up at sunrise? Do you mean to hint that I got up to see you? Conceited, saucy man!"

"I meant that I hoped we were pleased to meet each other here. Isn't it so?"

"I won't answer you," laughed Irene, blushing as much as a brunette could.

"I think it is your duty."

"I consider that a misuse of a great word. There are some words which are sacred to me."

"Please get the dictionary, and let us look them out together. I want to learn them by heart."

Then Irene, after glancing sidelong at his pleasant face, had to break out laughing again, and so of course had to forgive him.

There was much of this kind of discourse. Now and then a little shock came to the young lady in the

thought that it was wrong thus to prattle on mission ground and in the house of her dear, grave friend, Mr. Payson. But it was impossible to get away from the charm of DeVries when he chose to prattle. He did it so easily; it was mere familiar college-flirting with him; he might be said to flirt and prattle automatically.

Once there was a dialogue between them of a much more serious nature than the above.

"I shall stay at home to-day," DeVries said. "I want to see exactly how you pass your time from morning to night."

"Ah, but I don't know that I want you to. I shall be nervous to have you listening to my stutterings in Arabic."

"Suppose I stutter Arabic myself? Wouldn't the doctor be glad of another linguistic patient?"

"Perhaps he would," hesitated Irene, who had already noted that her teacher was somewhat given to jealousy.

"Oh, I won't sponge on him for a recitation," said DeVries, noting her misgiving. "But I should really like to follow out one of your Arabian days' entertainments."

"There isn't so very much to it; in fact, there is shamefully little. I help Mrs. Payson a bit about sewing and housekeeping. Then I pick up my Arabic

grammar, say over the alphabet and my sentences aloud, and try to commit a verb. When the doctor comes I go through it all again, with him correcting and scolding, — I mean reproving. Next we have lunch. If visitors come in, — lady visitors, — I try hard to talk Arabic with them. In the afternoon I call on some of the families of the native Protestants and talk more Arabic. Or, I go to the Beit Keneasy and stammer Arabic there. Or, perhaps I am taken to ride. Then comes dinner, and then visits to the mission families, or visits from them. But you know all about that. I go to sleep repeating Arabic. In short, the day is one long fight with that dreadful language; and I see already that it will be months before I shall learn much of it. I sometimes think that I ought to give up moiling at it so constantly, and take a class of English in the girls' school."

"Well, are you contented?"

"Yes, Mr. DeVries."

"Are you satisfied with what you are doing? Is it all you expected?"

"Oh, dear! I thought I should accomplish something right away. I thought I should see a gate of usefulness open, and should tear right in."

"Do you like being here?"

"Yes, Mr. DeVries. I have told you so a dozen times. I am resolved to like it. I do like it very much."

"I had thought and hoped that by this time you might want to go back to America."

"Oh! how could you?"

"Look!" said DeVries, pointing to the vast mountain, whitening and glistening now under the full sunrise. "It is very fine, but it is very strange. Wouldn't you like to see the low green hills and the long green forests again?"

"Please don't try to make me homesick."

"I want to make you homesick."

"But it is unkind. I don't believe you know what homesickness is, or you wouldn't thrust it upon me. If I give way to it I can be really unwell. And what is the use? My duty is here, and here I have volunteered to live, and here, if I have any character, I *shall* live. Why should you want to break down my sense of duty?"

"How about the duties at home? There is your mother, and your sisters."

"Please don't, Mr. DeVries! Oh, I found it so hard to leave them! But I gave them up, and I must not turn back. Besides, they are taken care of, and if I go home I must be taken care of. I should perhaps be a burden to somebody."

"When you want to turn back, let me know."

"What? Why —" asked Irene eagerly. "Oh, I wish you wouldn't puzzle me and make me uneasy. I *can't* turn back."

"I shall bring this up from time to time. When I see that you want to go home I will tell you how it can be done."

He was thinking that he could afford to settle an income upon her, and that it would be a romantically satisfactory thing to do. Through the medium of the missionary board, or some other churchly corporation, the money could be placed in her hands without her knowing whence it came. It would support her as well as her present meagre salary, and would restore a bright, handsome girl to appreciating society.

"Oh, you are a very tempter," exclaimed Irene, after a moment of tumultuous thought. "I ought not to listen to you. Why, if there were nothing else to keep me here, how could I desert Mr. Payson? I not only love him,—the dear, sweet, perfectly excellent man,—but I am bound in honor to him. We might all have starved but for his help. And I am obliged to him otherwise,—I am obliged to him for guidance and comfort; you can hardly understand what I owe him. And I have promised myself that I would show honor and gratitude."

"I don't believe he wants a bit of gratitude."

"But my own self-respect?"

"Ah, yes; that of course. Shall I suggest to him a way of getting you home and making it pleasant for you there?"

Then it occurred to Irene (for what else could she make of it?) that he was hinting at marriage. Such a mighty throb went through her heart, and through all her blood down to her very feet, that it seemed as if she would quite stop breathing. For a moment she was as helpless before this young man as if she already loved him to devotion, and had loved him for a long time. Next she remembered that there was a part of her life which he could not share, and that there was a text which warned against "yoking with unbelievers." She was in great perplexity of mind and in great turmoil of emotion.

"No—no," she said in a whisper, for her voice would not obey her. "I don't think I could let you. I mustn't let you. I mustn't want to go home."

There was a dreadful suspicion in her mind that he had meant to offer himself, and that she had practically refused him, and so given him pain. Of a sudden she sat down, and put both her hands to her face, for the tears were coming. DeVries stepped forward quickly and seated himself by her side; and there is no telling what he might not have said in his desire to comfort her: but just then they heard the singsong voice of Habeeb below, summoning them to breakfast.

"There—go!" gasped Irene, quite regardless of the golden chance she was missing. "Do go! I will come as quick as I can."

He hesitated, but Habeeb's shrill Arabic call resounded again, and Irene, springing to her feet, hurried down the stairway to her room. Then, drawing a long sigh, and thrusting his hands into his pockets by way of composing his mind, DeVries slowly stalked after her, and appeared tranquilly at the breakfast-table.

XII.

IT was surely very imprudent in our missionary girl to give way to her feelings on the house-tops.

Of course Mount Lebanon would be silent on the subject; and the grunting muleteers who were kicking their patient beasts onward toward Beirut, were not likely to mention it in any circles whose comments were of importance to her; and the staring of some composed, long-robed, red-capped children in the next garden was of no more consequence than the gaze of two equally tranquil storks who seemed to belong to the same family.

But it so happened that Dr. Macklin was out early that morning on a medicating tour, and that it pleased his fancy to pass along the cactus-hedged road near which stood the Payson dwelling. He had not the least idea that his attractive pupil would be up, but he wanted to look at the shuttered window which he knew to be hers. To his amazement and wrath, he saw her on the terrace, her hands clasped to her face, as if she were weeping uncontrollably, while "that dandy," "that

rich worldling," was leaning over her in an attitude of tender consolation.

The doctor had a frightful impulse to shout at him, as he would have shouted at a boy robbing a bird's-nest. Then came a spasmodic fear that all was lost, and a sickening desire to creep away from the field of defeat. Meanwhile, his horse ambled quietly along the deep, dumb sand, and soon carried him under cover of a gigantic line of prickly-pears, where he could neither see nor be seen. We will not try to analyze the dreadful anarchy of his thoughts, nor the various anguish of his feelings, except so far as to note that they were compounded in equal parts of grief, wrath, love, and jealousy, making a very obnoxious dose indeed.

That forenoon Irene had no lesson in Arabic. Instead of the glowing, turbulent, good-hearted doctor there came a lean and bronzed horse-boy named Moos who explained that the hakeem had a chill.

"A bad chill?" asked Irene, very sorry for her teacher, though she had been thinking much of her Vries. "Can't we do something for him?"

"Many blessings," returned Moosa, in Arabic. "Peace be upon the lady's fingers. The hakeem charged me to bring blessings many [which was a Syrian fib]. He trusts in God that he will soon recover, and bids me kiss your fingers, O my lady."

Which last duty (surely not imposed upon him by the angry hakeem) he went at immediately with an air of keen satisfaction, and then strode away in his broad slippers with a withered grin like that of a monkey.

During the forenoon Mrs. Payson sent some arrow-root and a dose of her superior red-pepper tea to the invalid. But these restorative luxuries did not find him until he no longer stood in need of them. The moment the vehemence of his chill had passed by, he mounted his horse and rode off to the city. His idea was that Irene's happiness, earthly and spiritual, was in peril, and that he would be justified in taking almost any measures to save her. She had been beguiled into meeting that artful worldling alone, and had perhaps met him thus more times than it was endurable to think of. The worldling had troubled her; he had obtained some tormenting influence over her; he had made her weep in the sight of earth and heaven. The dear, innocent young creature must be delivered; yes, and smartly lectured, too, the doctor added to himself. He, her best friend, would make inquiries about DeVries, would unveil his true character, or want of character, and would lay all before the mission fraternity. Then, armed with a flaming sword of exposures, he would drive Satan forth from Eden.

This he would do himself. In his boisterously con-

fidest way, he said it over and over, "I will do it myself." He was an extraordinary fellow for laying his hands on a business without asking the help of others, much less their advice. In his opinion energy is the chief of virtues, especially that kind of energy which shuts its eyes and catches a firm hold, though it be upon the hottest end of the poker.

His noble purpose was (for he had not a doubt that he was doing the duty of a Christian gentleman) to pump the landlord of the Hotel d'Europa, and also the American consul, as to DeVries's behavior during his short stay in the city. In all his quivering and inflamed being, heated with indignation as much as with fever, he felt sure that he should uncover a sink of iniquity. The young dandy had undoubtedly drunk wine, played at cards, inquired for almeh (dancing-girls), and used "bad language."

The first onset of this roaring lion in a fox's skin was made upon the French hotel-keeper.

"You've had a man here by the name of DeVries," he said in a loud, angry voice. "What sort of a fellow was he?"

Now the landlord had his own view of humanity: he held that guests who ran up large bills and paid them without murmuring were the salt of the earth; and by this opinion he was willing to stand, even when bawled at.

"DeVries?" he repeated. "Ah, yass. I ramaymbre 'im. Beau jeune blond cendré. I ramaymbre 'im. A parfait gentleman. Mos' quiet, nice yong man dat ayver is come to my hotel. A parfait gentleman."

The doctor was astonished and confounded. It was not what he had expected, nor, I am afraid, what he wanted to hear. Moreover, the scene was embarrassing from the fact that the Frenchman had inferred from his loud voice that he was deaf, and had answered him in a high-pitched Gallic shout. So, after pondering a moment, he answered, in a very low tone, "Are you sure?"

"Sure?" cried the other, still at the top of his voice. "He is living now with the missionarees. That show vat sort of yong man he be."

The doctor thought not, but he was disgusted with the interview, and marched off without further words. On his way to the consulate, it occurred to him that perhaps the landlord had a different notion from himself as to what elements of character go to make up a gentleman. He decided that he ought not to have been so blunt and brief, and so easily satisfied. He would be more artful with the consul, hateful as artifice was to his honest soul, and wrong as it was except in the cause of virtue.

In his interview with Mr. Brassey he certainly did conduct himself with more of the wisdom of this world

than he had shown hitherto. Furthermore, he was helped by a favoring circumstance, of which he took advantage almost without meaning it. In the Beirut custom-house at that time there were several cases of Arabic Bibles, printed in Malta and forwarded for the use of the mission. The customs officers had demanded the duty, and as this was a new thing on their part, and was considered a piece of Moslem discourtesy, the missionaries desired to argue them into withdrawing the claim. To the doctor, who was the factotum as well as the physician of the station, had been confided the labor of managing the affair.

"I must begin about the Bibles," he said to him. "It would seem strange to mention mission business last."

The result was that the consul failed to suspect that his visitor had come with the purpose of inquiring into the department of DeVries, and that the doctor was able eventually to lead the conversation up to that subject in quite an unostentatious and sly fashion.

"Have you had any decision about our Bibles for those numskulls?" he began, meaning the customs officers.

"They hang to the duty, Doctor," replied B. poking a six-foot chibouk toward him. He inclined it with a disapproving shake of his head. The interpreter told me a long lockrum of it.

gist of it is that this is the law, and they're bound to execute it, and ought to done so before."

"Well, have we got to pay that scoundrelly imposition? A mere piece of Turkish insolence!"

"I reckon not," drawled the consul, stroking his long tan-colored beard. "I reckon a hundred piastres will clear out all their scruples. So the interpreter says. 'Tain't much."

"I call it a good deal!" shouted the doctor.

"Look here; tell you what I'll do," said Mr. Brassey, kindly. "You're a lot of people whom I respect, and I'd like to stand treat to your cause. Suppose I hand over the money out of my own pocket?"

"You don't understand me," returned Macklin, almost angry. "I mean that any bribe, no matter how small, is a good deal. We can't pay — can't afford to pay — one piastre as a bribe."

"Oh, exactly," grinned the politician, highly approving of the moral point, now that he saw it. "Bribery ain't right, is it? Well, there's another way, and a neater one."

Here he laughed outright over the fun that there evidently was at the far end of this other way.

"Would you mind," he giggled, — "would you sternly object to sparing a few Bibles for the family reading of the Grand Signor and his intimate friends?"

The doctor was disgusted with this uncultivated joking, and scorned to reply.

"And didn't you know it?" continued Mr. Brassey, still laughing. "Didn't you think of this little game?"

"I don't understand what you mean."

"You can pay in *kind*!" shouted the consul, bringing down his shovel of a hand on his bony knee, and sending forth a war-whoop of merriment. "Yes, *sir*, that's the *law*; you can pay in *kind*. Offer the Mahometans ten Bibles on a hundred, and you can wagon off the rest of your cargo. I'll bet you what you please they'll be satisfied with one on a hundred. I'll bet you they'll let the whole consignment through for nothing."

It did seem a first-rate joke upon the grasping enemies of the faith, and even the conscientious Macklin could not help assenting to it with a smile. So it was settled that the turbaned excisemen should be paid in Bibles, and that the consular dragoman should attend to their evangelization.

"They won't take a volume," said the doctor. Then, remembering that he had further important business with Mr. Brassey, he added, "We are very much obliged to you."

"Not a bit," nodded the official. "Delighted to do anything for gentlemen of your character and objects in life. Delighted to do anything for anybody, if he'll only show himself and speak English."

"Very few travellers from our country, I suppose."

"Nary one since DeVries and Wingate."

"You liked those gentlemen, I believe?" inquired Macklin, with the wisdom of the serpent.

"Liked them!" exclaimed Mr. Brassey, his lonely heart warming as he remembered that breakfast, that dinner, and those consecrated hours of draw-poker. "The two most genial, gentlemanly, high-toned, true-blue young Americans that I've seen in many a day! I was prouder than ever of my country to see that it could produce such fellows. And they were not only good, they were smart. They could crack a good joke, and sing a good song, and speak languages, and ride. But"—and here the consul smiled superior—"they couldn't play poker. No, sir, they couldn't play poker," he repeated, his smile softening into something like pity.

The doctor was throbbingly interested, and also completely puzzled. He did not understand whether DeVries played poker badly, or whether he could not play it at all. He was very anxious to get at the exact facts, and his honest countenance was injudiciously expressive.

Of a sudden it occurred to the functionary that a repute for even the most unskilful poker-playing might hurt his admired young friend with a set of men who could think it wrong to bribe a custom-house

officer. It also occurred to him that Dr. Macklin there, a man who had never been inside politics, was trying to pump him, Porter Brassey, an old war-horse and ward-manager.

"No, they didn't know anything about cards," he continued, with an imperturbable countenance. "I got 'em to try an innocent little game, just to while away an hour, you know, and I positively had to give it up. They couldn't handle the papers. DeVries acted as though he'd never had 'em in his fist before."

He paused, and looked his visitor tranquilly in the eye. The doctor's countenance fell, and his gaze wandered. The consul said to himself that he would make a mighty poor politician. It amused him to delude a missionary who was trying to play an artful game, just as it amuses a jockey to swindle a deacon who endeavors to be sharp in horse-flesh. In an easy tone, with a faint sparkle of fun in his brown eyes, he went on to magnify the asceticism of DeVries.

"Pretty stiff against strong drink, too. I got him to taste a drop of Cyprus wine, just as a curiosity, you understand, a sort of Greek antiquity. But"—and here he wanted to laugh aloud as he remembered the youngster's strength of head—"but I saw that he soon had enough of it."

"Oh, indeed," returned the doctor, completely deceived by the consul's humorous equivocation, and

ibly cast down by what he understood. Then, somewhat ashamed of himself because of this feeling, he added, "It is a pleasure to hear so much good of him."

"Give him my regards when you see him," said Mr. Brassey, still suspecting that Macklin was unfriendly to DeVries, and willing to make him a little uncomfortable therefor. "Tell him he hasn't returned my last call."

"I will," nodded the doctor, briefly, and with a slight frown, recollecting what a bone he had to pick with the young man.

"And my respects to Parson Payson. He is a trump, ain't he? I tell you that man will have his pick in the heavenly mansions, or the accounts we have of the other world ain't to be trusted."

Then the doctor said good morning, mounted his horse in deep thought, and rode swiftly homeward. Evidently there were no open scandals to be raked up against DeVries; and he did not at all know how to drive such a decorous serpent out of his Eden.

XIII.

THE first thing that this strange doctor did, on getting back to his own dwelling, was to shut himself up and pray that his heart might be freed of all selfish feelings and aims with regard to this business which lay so near it, and that he might be guided to bring the same to a right issue, whatever that issue should be.

When he had finished this petition, and had brought himself, as he believed, to have no will of his own in the matter, he felt so much more composed in spirit, and also (alas for our human weakness!) so much surer of a happier issue, that he wondered why he had not prayed before. "I am like Christian in the dungeon of Giant Despair," he thought, "who forgot for days that he had a key to open the iron gate. How many times have I forgotten thus, and how soon shall I forget again!"

He was still in this gentle and hopeful mood when he went about midday to give Irene her lesson. It was something of a set-back, therefore, to find her talking with DeVries as though they had been at it ever since

sunrise. They were not on the house-top, indeed, nor was she weeping with covered face. But she was alone in the comandaloon with him, the two being curled up on the same broad mukaad; and she was in the most comfortable state of mind, prattling and laughing as though she had never known tears. How could she be so inconsistent,—so almost sinfully irrational? How could she let the same man make her cry at sunrise, and make her giggle like a school-girl at noontide? How could a self-respecting young lady thus forgive a heartless tormentor, and continue to him the boon of her companionship, and even obviously make much of him?

This, then, was the result of that prayer which to him had seemed to penetrate the lofty abodes. He was in a state of solemn and, as he imagined, righteous indignation. Alas, my worthy, well-meaning brethren and sisters, for our finite egotism and impatience! We come down from Mount Sinai with the glory thereof, as we hope, on our countenances, and with the tablets of the law in our hands. But lo, our friend, whom we had expected to draw or convince at a glance, looks at us as indifferently as at other mortals, and tranquilly goes on worshipping his or her golden calf, or perhaps wants us to fall down before it also. Then it is that our conceited sinship puts on an air of divine anger, and proceeds to break in pieces all the commandments.

1

"I have no time to listen now," said the doctor sternly, when Irene told him that Mr. DeVries had a very funny story to relate. "I don't myself find so many humorous things on mission ground," he added, stalking toward the table on which lay the lesson books.

Glum as he was, he was weak. When he differed with other fellow-mortals he stared them straight in the eyes, and had his say out like a piece of artillery, which looks where it fires. But it was impossible for him now to gaze at this girl while he scolded her. He must get behind his own back, as it were, and deliver his volley from under cover.

Irene rose promptly, with a flush of surprise and humiliation, and followed him to the study table. Then the doctor's heart bled over the thought of his own roughness, and, after a glance heavenward, he began the lesson in his gentlest tone. No doubt, if Irene had been left alone with him, her obedience and sweetness would have melted him to apology.

But DeVries did not go away. This urbane young gentleman was at bottom a high-feeling, pugnacious creature, who blazed inwardly under the first discourtesy, and would rather fight than endure a second. He now said to himself that Macklin was an unmannerly fellow who ought to be made to respect his superiors. Rising from the mukaad, he came quietly forward with his hands in his pockets and took a chair

near the table. For a minute or two the conjugation of Semitic verbs proceeded, but in a stammering fashion. Irene, who felt that there was wrath between the two men, and feared lest she herself were the cause of it, was nervous and recited badly. At last Macklin decided that he could not, and as a gentleman should not, endure this annoyance any longer.

"Do you propose to qualify yourself as a missionary?" he said, looking up sharply at the listener.

"My dear Doctor, how do I disturb you?" replied DeVries, with his usual suavity of manner. "Please consider that your copious Arabic won't suffer any diminution if I catch a few phrases in passing."

The mellifluous utterance and the elaborate civility of diction only increased the irritation of Macklin, who hated everything that savored of what he called artificial society.

"You don't disturb me at all," he retorted, which was an unmeant fib, spoken in haste. "You disturb Miss Grant here."

"Oh, not a bit," pleaded Irene, not knowing what else to say, and at once fearful lest she had said the unwiseest thing.

But her face was uncomfortably flushed, and DeVries saw that she was worried. Moreover, she gave him an unintended glance of appeal, which flattered him as a confidence, while it moved him by its pathos.

"I see," he said, smiling at her and turning his back on Macklin. "I don't perceive your slips, but you think I do. Excuse me for making things awkward. I'll take a gallop among the pines."

"Good-by,—a pleasant ride," Irene called after him, very grateful, and desiring that he might feel content with her.

The doctor uttered no word, not because he was still in angry mood, but because he was pleading mentally that he might be forgiven for his petulance. When they were left alone he put his elbow on the table, leaned his head on his hand, and said, "I would give ten years of my life to have Mr. Payson's temper and manner."

Irene glanced sidelong at his face, now full of compunction and tenderness, and thought for the first time that he was handsome. He was certainly a very different man in appearance from what he was at his entrance into this story. His baggy, seedy, slop-shop raiment had made place for a new suit of gray, which fitted well and did justice to his stoutly built but well-proportioned frame. The scarlet of sun-scorch, which then disfigured him from chin to forehead, had vanished and left him a fair, high-colored complexion quite wholesome as yet, in spite of malaria. His hazel eyes, generally too combative in expression, were now very sweet and attractive with humility.

tremor like quicksilver.

But that isn't all; wrath is my besetting sin. I know it and hate it. I would give ten years of my life to be like Payson."

To a modest and even shy young lady, who is not accustomed to masculine unbosoming, it is an awkward thing to play the part of confessor to a bachelor. Irene murmured something about every one having his weakness, and turned her face somewhat wistful toward the Arabic grammar.

"I can't go on with the lesson," said the doctor, in answer to the look. "I can't go on with it till I have said something."

What he meant was — the inexperienced, headlong suitor — to ask her to be his wife. He had known her for years, and he had paid her scarcely a

A vague surprise and anxiety in her gaze made him fear that she was not prepared for his message, and might not receive it as a voice from heaven. The idea paralyzed his powers of speech, and there ensued a moment of most distressing silence. Irene, meanwhile, was querying in great perturbation whether he was going to scold again about Mr. DeVries's attempt to join in the lesson.

"What is it?" she finally asked, unable to bear this suspense and the fixed stare of his anxious eyes.

"I saw you on the terrace early this morning," blurted out the doctor, driven to say something, and not daring to say what he wanted. Quarrelling is sometimes marvellously near to love-making.

"We were up there to see the sunset, — I mean the sunrise," replied Irene in great confusion.

The doctor thought she looked guilty, and feared lest she were in some awful peril, and blundered on through his catechism.

"Was it the sunrise," he asked in a sepulchral voice, "which made you weep?"

Irene did not stop to consider that he had no business to put the question. She was so overawed, she was so exactly in the spirit of a docile child who is being reprov'd, that she answered with the frankness and eagerness of a child.

"We were talking of America. We were talking

“my mother and sisters. Oh, I was so homesick!”

And here, like a truly homesick young woman, she suddenly laid her head down on the table, between her hands, and cried anew. Then the doctor felt that he had been a stupid, heartless brute ever since he entered the house, and would have found it comforting to abase his own noddle and soak the dictionary with his tears.

“Ah, those ties!” he said. “What have I been about! It was all none of my business. My dear friend, I beg your pardon. I wish you would forgive me. I never shall forgive myself.”

His penitent voice was very sweet and consolatory, and he was obviously sorrier for her than DeVries had been. She regained her self-control in a half-minute or so, and astonished him by raising her head with a smile. Unaccustomed to groping among the various and alert emotions of womankind, he could not understand such a swift leap to cheerfulness, and inferred that she had not been much affected, after all.

“I didn’t think of homesickness,” he resumed, rallying again to duty. “I was afraid that this young man, — in whom, by the way, I have very little confidence, — I was afraid that he — had hurt your feelings.”

“And haven’t *you*?” asked Irene, with a touch of feminine roguishness.

"I didn't mean to," gasped the doctor.

He seemed to be beaten, and in spirit was beaten; but at the last moment an accidental phrase gave him the victory; by mere chance he blundered into the bottom facts of the case.

"And so it was mere homesickness," he said. "I am glad to know it."

"Oh!" exclaimed Irene, with an air of sudden remembrance. She had called to mind the proposition to send her to America, and the agitating suspicions or queries to which it had given rise. As for the idea that DeVries had intended to suggest marriage, it should be said that, after some reflection, she had given that up. His talk since the terrace scene had all been light and jovial, without a hint of serious sentiment or purpose. What he meant, she now tranquilly supposed, was to procure her a place as a teacher, or perhaps as a companion to his mother.

"I don't know that I ought to tell you this," Irene went on. "But it wouldn't be right to give you the impression that we only talked in a vague way about home. What agitated me was — well, Mr. DeVries had some plan — I don't know what exactly — I didn't ask him about it — some plan by which I can go back."

The doctor slammed the dictionary on the table, and stamped about the room like a wild bull, half

angry with the matting for smothering his footsteps.

"The — the fellow!" he raved. "I knew he was capable of anything. He shan't stay here. I won't have him in the houses of the mission. I'll bundle him out myself."

"He wants to send me to my mother!" cried Irene, raising her voice desperately, to make him hear.

"He doesn't! What if he does!" shouted Macklin. "He has no business to interfere with our families. He has no business to push his dandified advice upon a young lady who is under our care."

"But I told him I wouldn't go. I told him I couldn't leave my work and my friend Mr. Payson."

"Oh, did you?" said the doctor, suddenly dropping his voice and giving her a sweet smile. "I am so glad! I thank you, Miss Grant, with all my heart. But the brethren must know this," he added, turning solemn again. "You must excuse me for advising; but I do think you ought to mention it to Payson and Kirkwood; I think it is your duty."

"I don't want to trouble dear Mr. Payson. Why should I worry him about a thing which is not to be? I am sorry I told you."

"Ah!" returned Macklin, suspiciously. "Mr. DeVries asked you not to mention it."

"He wanted me to mention it. Doctor, what are

you imagining all this while? Mr. DeVries is as frank as he is kind. He asked my permission to speak to Mr. Payson about the plan. I think he wanted to explain it to him."

Macklin stared at her eagerly, and then suddenly sat down like a man who feels dizzy. He had inferred that this proposal to lay all before Payson covered an intent to ask Miss Grant's hand in marriage. If so, and if the offer should still make its way to her ear, would she not be likely to accept a young fellow who was certainly pleasing to the superficial eye, and who could rescue her and her kin from poverty?

Irene remained for a few seconds as silent as the doctor. She was not angry with her obstreperous friend for charging into her affairs and driving her to surrender a cherished and consolatory secret. I believe that a young woman seldom does feel keenly irritated against a man who is on confidential terms with her, and whose every word and deed, however rampagous, breathes a strong interest in herself. Irene was simply puzzled by Macklin's quick change of demeanor, and waited for him to bring forth some dreadful recommendation or reprimand.

"Do you think," she finally asked, "that I had better let Mr. DeVries speak to Mr. Payson?"

The doctor, with a most wretched sinking at the heart, seeming to see her already going off as a bride,

mustered all the nobility and strength of his soul, and gasped out, "Do as you judge best for your own welfare and happiness."

"I want to do my duty," returned Irene. "There is no use in troubling Mr. Payson. I propose to stay in Syria."

Macklin gave her a glance which amazed her,—a glance of inexpressible admiration, joy and gratitude,—and then, with a shaking voice, resumed the lesson.

XIV.

"I MUST get out of this," was the conclusion which DeVries came to after some fretful meditation over his slight but awkward tiff with Dr. Macklin.

"I mustn't marry this nice little Puritan," he brooded on in a vague way. "I think I don't want to marry her, — don't want to marry anybody, — at least not yet. And as to flirting with her, taking advantage of Mr. Payson's hospitality, desecrating mission ground with college coquetry, it wouldn't be the handsome thing, — won't do at all. I must be off. There will be no war in the mountains. I must go and dig up the five cities, and settle the genealogies of the lords of the Philistines."

It was such a hypocritical life, too, this Beirut existence of his, he went on. He would defy anybody to guess his real character from his present walk and conversation. He could indulge in none of the amusements which he best liked, and had not a companion to whom he could say his whole honest say. Here he was talking to himself, like an idiot or a misanthrope for lack of a listener of his own kidney. In a m

of this self-repression he would not have a personality, nor so much as a solitary idiosyncrasy. He must put an end to his lounging and masquerading, no matter what became of that sweet little missionary. The doctor must have her, — and be hanged to him, the snarling boor!

Such at least was the substance of his intelligent and manly meditations as he cantered at random through the pine forest which successive pashas have planted around Beirut as a barrier against the encroaching sands of the Mediterranean. Well on past noon he rode home and took lunch alone, waited upon willingly by Saada of the brilliant black eyes. He was still reluctant to depart, and it occurred to him that perhaps he could forget Irene, or at least keep himself aloof from her, by flirting a little with a Syrian maiden.

"Will you go home with me, Saada, when I go?" he asked.

"Ya howaja!" exclaimed the girl, her dark, pale ? cheek flushing crimson. "Oh, do you surely mean it?"

"I think I should like to have you in America. We must think it over."

Saada was evidently thinking, and perhaps wishing also, with all her maidenly might. Her magnificent eyes dwelt upon the tall, blond young Frank with such an expression of admiration that he thought them more beautiful than ever.

"You will have to wear your veil there, young lady," he said. "You'll have to wear it from morning till night."

"I thought ladies in America walked the streets without the veil," stared Saada.

"Yes, but not with those eyes. There would be too many astronomers after you. They would think they saw stars, and all run with their telescopes."

"Ya howaja!" laughed Saada, perfectly comprehending a compliment so Eastern in its style, and blushing joyously over it. "But you are making merry with me."

"They are dangerously bright," said DeVries, looking steadily between the long ebony lashes. "They are enough to turn a man's head. Ah, dear, I shall have to carry the whole of you to America, just to get the eyes."

"But what will you do with the rest of me, which you don't want, howaja?"

"Well, somebody will marry it, I suppose, — all but the eyes. I shall keep those."

Saada blushed again profusely, and looked very bewitching. Then, hearing Mrs. Payson in the next room, she looked a little guilty, and presently slipped away.

"See here!" said DeVries to himself. "This may turn out a worse affair than the other. This girl — why, of course — she thinks I'm a prince — and I mustn't talk this nonsense to her. The solemn, old-

bachelor fact is that I must be off, and let this missionary dove-cote alone."

At dinner, that evening, he announced his purpose to depart on the morrow. Irene kept her eyes steadfastly on her plate, and made no comment. Mrs. Payson murmured a little surprise and regret, meanwhile remembering that it was all for the best, meaning for her friend the doctor.

"Is not this very sudden?" asked her husband. "I have scarcely seen you. I had many more things to say to you than I have said."

"It is high time that I started for Philistia, if I mean to accomplish anything there."

"Yes, the winter is your season for digging. It is best, I verily suppose, that you should hasten. May the Merciful One follow and preserve you!"

Then DeVries inquired what he could do for the mission, and by dint of close questioning learned that two hundred dollars might be made useful in a certain manner, which sum he handed over in Turkish gold to his doubting and shrinking host.

"I don't know — I don't know about it," said Payson, shaking his head at the little pile of yellow scales, delicately stamped with wreaths and Arabic letterings, — one of the prettiest of coinages. "It seems like extortion to permit it. Will the angels themselves dare to be our guests hereafter?"

"Put it straight into the mission chest and get it off your mind," recommended DeVries. "If there should really be a war in Lebanon, you will want a hospital fund badly enough."

Next Macklin came in, and learned what this abominable dandy had done, coupled with the fact that the wretch was about to vanish sweetly away. He colored to his hair with surprise, joy, and admiration; his shamefaced gratitude and penitence were quite pathetic.

"Ah, you are a happy man!" he sighed. "A man who has money, and a will to give it to the needy, is a man to be envied. I know almost nothing of that luxury. I never had a dollar that I didn't get hardly and need badly. I have been my own pauper."

"When a man gives his life's work to others he gives far more than I do," returned DeVries, with that fluent courtesy of fine society which so often does the work and wins the reward of goodness of heart, and which in reality is no more than the dialect of such goodness carefully committed to memory.

The doctor did not hear the compliment; he was thinking of his sickest patients.

"I am immensely obliged to you," he declared, meanwhile squeezing the hand of beneficence until the owner of it thought of a surgical operation. "Our sick and poor will thank you. I wish I could do something for you."

It seemed just then to Irene that there never were two nobler and sweeter men than these two, who had that morning nearly fought with each other across her grammar and dictionary. I believe, by the way, that few agreeable things are more touching to a right-hearted spectator than a scene of cordial reconciliation.

Was it solely the moral elevation and dazzle of this interview which caused our young lady to turn away from it so quickly? Or did she suddenly realize that Hubertsen DeVries was truly about to depart, perhaps never to return? No doubt she remembered that he had been for two weeks a cheering feature in her life, and foresaw that she was going to feel painfully lonesome and lost without him. Somewhat of her opinions and emotions on this subject came out that evening, as they two chatted by themselves in the moonlight of the comandaloon.

"I should have left Beirut sooner but for a Delilah," he said, though he knew that it was dangerous jesting.

"You can't mean me when you say Delilah," she replied. "I thought you stayed to look for Punic inscriptions."

"You are my Punic inscription. I've found you, but I can't decipher you."

"What is it that you want to know? I have always meant to be frank."

"I want to know whether you are sorry to have me go away."

"Indeed I am; of course I am," confessed Irene, able to be frank because she was merely friendly, or at least so believed. "I feel as if I were losing an old acquaintance. An old acquaintance of ten days! Isn't it strange? But I have lived so much in that time! How many wonderful things we have seen together! What a magic voyage that was from Smyrna here! I shall never forget its smallest circumstances; and you were one of the larger circumstances."

"I am sorry it is all over," said the young man, gratified by the confession of good-will which he had extorted, and wishing for more. "I don't know that it is all over. I shall come back here."

"But not to live, — only to pass through."

"I don't know. Sometimes I think that I want to live here."

"Oh, if you could!" wished Irene, a pleasant future opening before her imagination, — so pleasant that it made her heart beat.

"Ah, well!" sighed DeVries, discovering also a vision of Syrian delights, with a Puritan houri in the centre of it.

They were in that perilous stage of a *lille-d-lille* when words are few and seem to be loaded with meaning.

"At any rate, I shall see you again," he went on.

"I hope so."

"And before I go I want to ask one question: What about your going home? Do you ever think of it?"

"I try not to."

"You don't want to return to America?" he asked, distinctly and gravely.

"Please don't urge me. I hope you don't want to make me cry again."

He rather thought that he did, it was so flattering to have her treat him with the confidence of tears, and so delightful to comfort her. But, after a struggle with his longings, he decided that he ought to be magnanimous, and that he must be prudent.

"Well, I will put that off for a while. When we meet in the spring I shall recommence."

"Ah, dear!" sighed Irene. Then they rose together, for there was a noise of closing shutters, and they knew that it was late. Hubertsen looked at the girl very earnestly as he took her hand and bade her good-night. He had a manly desire to lay a kiss on those rather tremulous fingers; but he remembered that he was a gentleman, and merely gave them a decorous pressure. The pressure was not returned, and that fact he pondered over a good deal in his own room, deciding on the whole that he was glad of it.

"I think she likes me,—a little," was his private opinion. "I think I could make her—if I really wanted to—accept me."

Well, he was certainly half right, and he was probably half wrong. Irene did like him very exceedingly much,—better than she liked any other young man, better than she thought she ought to. But it is not at all positive that she would have accepted his opulent hand at the price of abandoning her mission labors and of yoking her soul to a soul which could not share her inmost and highest life.

DeVries spent the next morning in collecting and organizing his little caravan of men, mules, and donkeys. His plan was to start in the afternoon, encamp for the night a little south of Beirut, traverse by easy marches the lovely Phœnician plain, climb into the green highland paradise of Galilee, study Jerusalem and Judea for a week or so, and then descend, spade in hand, upon Philistia. Sites of Philistine battles, including of course Mount Gilboa, were to be looked up and examined. He must try to settle on which side, whether from the north or the south, those fascinating filibusters attacked Sidon, three thousand and odd years ago. The whole pilgrimage would be dotted with opportunities for strategic and tactical study of topography. In short, he proposed to collect materials for an exhaustive History of the Rise and Decline of the Philistines.

No wonder that nearly the whole mission gathered to wish a pleasant journey to a charming young man who took such an interest in scriptural subjects, and promised to throw so much light upon the enemies of God's people. There was hope, Brother Kirkwood smilingly remarked, that he would yet write a Biography of Satan.

"I don't propose to excavate in his capital," replied DeVries. "It is understood to be too populous."

"Alas!" sighed Mr. Payson, "it is too true to laugh about."

Then DeVries remembered that he did not wear the privileged cloth of a clergyman, and ceased his joking concerning matters diabolical. Meantime, the lacing of burdens upon cringing mules and staggering donkeys proceeded in the leisurely fashion of the Orient.

"You had better camp to-night at Nebby Yunas," loudly counselled healthy and hearty Brother Kirkwood. "Don't be humbugged by your muleteers into stopping short of it; they want to make all the day's work they can out of the trip, of course. Put up at the sign of the Prophet Jonas. There is a khan there for the comfort of travellers, and you will be very well off,—if you keep out of it. Wouldn't you advise him to reach Nebby Yunas, Brother Payson?"

"The Lord be with him!" returned Payson, in his rapt, apostolic way. "The Lord be with our dear young friend!"

"Yes, exactly; but all the same he had better stop at Nebby Yunaa."

Then there was a quiet mission laugh, for Mr. Kirkwood was looked upon as an original who could not help joking, and who might without sin be humored in it. In fact, the farewell was a light-hearted scene, rather than a solemnity. There is something in brisk movement, even when it separates loving comrades, which tends to rouse the blood and give cheer to the heart. DeVries himself, though conscious of a slight pang whenever he glanced at Irene, was mainly in high spirits, and uttered only gay speeches.

"Mirta, what did you get married for before I reached Syria?" he saucily demanded, as he shook hands with the lovely brunette.

"I didn't know you were coming," smiled Mirta, who merely understood that he had wanted to be present at the ceremony.

"Well, don't do it again," he laughed.

"No, sir," promised Mirta, looking the while like a Cleopatra, but failing to comprehend this coquettish joking as the Cleopatra of old would have done.

"Stop that," grinned Brother Kirkwood, "and God bless you."

Mr. Payson was in such a rapt mood of prayer for the youngster's prosperity that he forgot to shake hands until he was reminded of it.

"I have a comfortable confidence that we are to look upon your face once more," he said, holding DeVries by both arms, and gazing at him as if he were a son. "If it is ordered otherwise, may it still be for your good."

"I am going with you for an hour," declared the now loving doctor. "I want to make sure that your loads are well slung. We'll say good-by at least a little later."

DeVries wrung Irene's hand with no uncertain pressure, and hers clung to his for a moment all unintentionally, as if it had a longing and a purpose of its own, quite apart from her will. Their eyes met in a grave gaze of mutual inquiry, as though each asked the other, "What do you wish of me?" But to that earnest, timorous questioning no response was possible there; and they parted in a silence which each thought of and marvelled at for long afterward.

XV.

AFTER the departure of the historian of the Philistines, our young lady found mission-life much more tranquil and sober in color.

Hitherto there had been a hurly-burly of novel sights, of events which at least seemed to her important, and of emotions which verged on the uncontrollable. Now, merely because a pleasing young man had ridden out of sight, the magic of freshness and interest faded away from many things recently strange and fascinating. Irene hardly looked upon white turbans as foreign, or upon a kilted Albanian kawass as picturesque. Syria suddenly became, like New England, a place to do steady labor in; and to work she went with a zeal which simulated content and also tended to produce it.

She soon found that mere linguistic study palled upon her, as it does upon all who are not born Mesopotamia. She asked for employment in the English department of the mission seminary, and kindly Mr. Kirkwood accorded it with an intelligent smile, merely saying to himself that she was finding her womanly

sphere. He was mistaken in supposing that she would soon drop Arabic; there was more staying power and brain force in her than in some pretty girls. But she went into the business of teaching English to little maidens from Beirut, Mount Lebanon, Tripoli, and Sidon, with an interest which was good for her own spirits and health.

"Who would not," she wrote to her mother, "be delighted with such scholars? Their faculty for languages astonishes me, and gives me a feeling of humiliation. Here is Miss Irene Grant, a graduate of a Female College, wearing the costume of one of the *superior races*, who finds it hard work to learn Arabic in Arabistan. And here are small misses in *tarbooshes* and *shintyan* (trousers), who never left their native villages before, and never had a lesson in their own tongue, picking up English in Syria as easily as birds learn to sing."

This same subject she mentioned to Messrs. Kirkwood and Payson when they visited the school one morning. "Are we not mistaken," she asked, "in supposing that we are the people, and wisdom will die with us?"

"Wisdom was certainly not born with us," replied Payson. "Our ancestors thousands of years ago had reason to thank God that the Hebrews existed before

"A person who has learned Arabic can learn any language," said Kirkwood. "It is a curse to have such a vast speech. They are all instinctively glad to throw it off, as David put off Saul's armor. Our students who go to London or Paris come back with the accent of Englishmen or Frenchmen, and can hardly talk their own tongue."

"You must remember that this land gave letters and the germs of civilization to Europe," added Payson. "No doubt the mariners and merchants of Tyre and Sidon knew more or less of all the dialects of the Mediterranean. Perhaps there has been a descent of the linguistic faculty."

"Yes, they gave letters to our ancestors," said Irene, her imagination pleasurably inflamed by the antiquarian fact. "And here we are giving letters to them. How the world turns round!"

"It reminds me," observed Payson, "of a charmingly simple, broad remark of that wise old infant, Herodotus, — 'Everything may happen in the course of ages.' It is a reflection which some of our historical infidels of the present day would do well to bear in mind."

"The time will come when your bringing letters to Syria will be forgotten or denied," said Kirkwood, smiling at Irene.

"It will only remain on record in the eternal books," answered Payson. "The deeds of men pass away, and

are as though they were not. Yet are they written in brass. Moreover, they have their fruits, harvest after harvest," he added, his pale face lighting up. "Many a little acorn, of which no man ever heard, lives on in an oak, or in generations of oaks. The thought cheers me to hope on and work on. Let us not weary in planting worthy deeds because they come to naught in our little lives. But this is not instructing our scholars. We preach too much to ourselves. St. Paul preached to the Gentiles."

Then, turning to the benches of tarbooshed dameels, he delivered a little speech in Arabic, containing very nearly the thoughts of the above dialogue, and dwelling especially on the vitality of good deeds. A benediction closed the exercises of the morning, and sent the young Orientals forth to chatter and play.

"Do you think that I have done one atom of good?" he murmured sadly to Irene. "I never yet spoke to my fellow-creatures without feeling like an archer who shoots an arrow in the dark. If I hit any target I could not perceive it, and it was none of my marksmanship. It is very depressing to work a whole lifetime, and not see the kingdom of glory arrive. If I did not believe that the Master would in his own time show his mastery, it seems to me, by hours, that I should lie down like a coward and die of despair. I am not by nature a combative or an eager man, but

in this battle for the faith I do take a strong interest, and I long painfully to discern victory."

I have sketched the above scene mainly to remind the reader once more of the kind of society which surrounded Irene. Very seldom did she hear any conversation which was not suffused, or at least tinged, with sober philanthropy and devoutness. There was, the worldly reader will probably observe, a degree of moral despotism in this environment. Only when alone, and scarcely when alone, could she indulge in the thoughts and desires of ordinary girlhood. As for its speech, its rattling talk about trifles and its sentimental talk about love and its serious talk about raiment, she heard it about as frequently as she heard the song of the mermaid.

But this solemn spiritual pressure was no hardship, because it was no novelty, and because it coincided with her conscience. From her infancy, all through her life thus far, she had been familiar with just such a grave existence, and unfamiliar with any other. It was in exact accordance with her ideas of what ought to be in all human society. In short, to find a handsome girl better fitted than Irene to become a missionary would have been no easy matter. Mr. Payson, a good judge of such material, believed in her with saintly affection, and trusted that she would grow into one of the pillars of the church in Syria. The only

IRENE THE MISSIONARY.

stacle to her perfected pillardom lay in her own attractiveness. The minions of the world might yet strive to withdraw her from the sanctuary and use her for the adornment of their palaces.

Even devout admirers were liable to address her mostly concerning this existence and its emotions. There was the doctor, for instance, who rarely had anything to say about the battle of Armageddon, and rather produced a feeling that life was largely a matter between her and himself. Now that his rival was gone, and he had Irene measurably in his own hands, he was very considerate and tender with her. Had he been a betrothed lover or a bewitched husband, he could hardly have been more confidential and attentive. He went straight to her arms, as it were, and could not be put aside any more than an affectionate child. He told her all his own history, and catechised out of her the whole of hers, what history there was.

There is a magic in intimate intercourse and unserved communications. The doctor did not know it; he knew nothing about women. He was not intentionally artful in his approaches; he simply confided and questioned out of impulsive sympathy, — perhaps one had better say, plainly, out of love. All the same he succeeded in making a warm friend of Irene, and, as the phrase goes, in getting her head full of him, though not as full as it could hold.

Meantime he sought to be of benefit to her. A missionary, he distinctly perceived, must be a blessing to every one whom he might meet, not excepting the object of his worship. He worked hard to disentangle for her the puzzle of Semitic grammar, so alien and so seemingly irrational to the Indo-European intellect. It was owing to his suggestion, also, that she resumed the study of Italian, and gave three evenings a week to *conversazioni* with Signor Fiorentini, a meagre little martyr of freedom who had found refuge at Beirut.

"We don't know what we may be," said the doctor, who was a man of imagination, and often built strange futures in the clouds. "The time may come when we shall be called to declare the truth in Italy. Besides, Italian is the most common European tongue in the Levant, and will be useful to a missionary or a traveller all along these Oriental coasts. Your readings at your college didn't amount to much, I suppose. College readings in languages seldom do. Learn to speak Italian. Then you and I will commence together on modern Greek."

"You frighten me, Doctor," declared Irene, though at heart she was flattered at seeing how much was hoped of her.

"Oh, you can do it," he affirmed. "Each language makes the next easier. Besides, you have a faculty for tongues: you talk your mother speech fluently,

which is a good sign; your accent is neat and true, which is another. There are people who never in all their lives could learn Arabic, and they show their incapacity the first time they open their blundering mouths in it. Our consul is a harrowing instance."

Then there was a little talk concerning the general nature of the consul, who, it seems, had been instrumental in finding the Italian *macstro* for Irene, and who had been led thereby into making her a call or two.

"He is a good-hearted, simple, honest fellow," opined the doctor, certainly not a shrewd man at reading character. Mr. Brassey himself would probably have denied that he was simple, and perhaps had doubts as to whether he was honest, at least in the game of politics.

"But he is a dull, commonplace, unrefined creature," added Macklin, after a moment's hesitation. "I do hope you won't see much of him."

It must not be unjustly supposed that he was jealous of the public functionary. But, inasmuch as he worshipped Irene, he was delicately choice of her, and wished her to be approached by no vulgar votaries.

"I suppose I must see him if he asks for me," she said. "He has been considerate and useful to the mission. We can't be uncivil."

"I don't admit that he has any right to ask for you," declared the doctor, looking indignant.

But Mr. Porter Brassey continued to call on the young lady, and inquired for her so pointedly that he could not be evaded. We must remember how dreadfully lonesome he was in Syria, and how few chances he had to look upon his own fair countrywomen, or indeed any fair women whatever. There was a small Levantine (European) society in Beirut, but its speech, aside from Arabic, was either French or Italian, and thus it was unintelligible to our representative. Moreover, its few young ladies were held in strict tutelage, and he could not have got at them in a social way even had he talked their "lingo." Consequently, when he at last discovered that there was a pretty American girl at his hand, he was pathetically overjoyed, and dropped in on her frequently.

"I quite hope that our worthy consul is beginning to apprehend the importance of spiritual things," said Mr. Payson, one evening. "He has appeared twice of late at the Mission Chapel."

Mrs. Payson, who venerated her husband, almost wanted to laugh at him, but of course did not. She could not, however, suppress an amused twinkle in her eye, nor keep from glancing understandingly at Irene. That young lady undertook to turn off the matter by remarking that Mr. Brassey looked at Mirta a good deal; and no wonder, for she was lovely.

"I sometimes think that Mirta ought to be can-

tioned gently," said Mr. Payson. "She certainly does attire herself wondrously well. But a daughter of Israel should not be a snare to the eye."

Then he escaped to his study, for there was a sound of a visitor at the gate, and his evenings were reserved, if possible, to Hebrew. It was the doctor who entered, looking more pensive than usual, and also a little pale.

"I have called to bid you good-by," he said. "They have selected me to visit the Hasbeya people. I shall start at daybreak."

"Shall I call Mr. Payson?" asked Irene.

"No, no," replied Macklin, with a nervous eagerness. "I'll just leave a word for him. Don't break up his Hebrew."

Mrs. Payson meanwhile had a knowing and rather guilty look upon her face, and was obviously anxious to get out of the room. An acute observer might have guessed that the doctor had something important to say to the younger lady, and that the elder one had promised to afford him an opportunity for the communication.

"I think I'll go and walk in the garden," said Mrs. Payson, which was such an absurd subterfuge that Irene stared at her in amazement. The garden was an arid rectangle of some thirty feet square, jealously enclosed by a stone-wall as if it grew apples of gold,

but containing only one cactus plant and one small mulberry-tree.

"Irene, you know all about me," said Macklin, as soon as they were alone.

"I know a great deal about you," she laughed, in an embarrassed manner.

"And I have had great pleasure in learning so much of you,—so much to be admired," continued the doctor, his voice trembling.

Irene was confounded and frightened. This thing was coming upon her, or rather had come upon her, by surprise. Of course she had thought, as all young maidens must do, even when they are very, very good, that some time or other some charming body would fall in love with her and propose to her and win her. But she was far from having settled as to who that person would be.

Of the doctor she had never heard in this connection, at least not with any one who had taught her Arabic, and had often heard of him, and in short had shown her much interest. He had not, as she understood it, paid her any money whatever. He had given her quite as many compliments, and the compliments all to the progress in Oriental studies.

Yet here he was, all of a sudden, driving toward a declaration, unless she entirely re-

stood him, which she fervently hoped was the case. Of course, a young lady in this surprised, perplexed, and unready state of mind, who, moreover, was not a coquette nor a veteran of society, would be hard up for a suitable remark. The result was that to the doctor's expression of joy in her character she made no reply, except by turning a little pale and glancing at him timidly.

"We have a common life to live," he continued, not a little daunted by her silence. — "We have the same duties to perform. — I am going to Hasbeya tomorrow."

"Yes," said Irene, glad to think of it, and wishing he had gone that morning.

"I don't know when I shall return," pursued Macklin, as if he were wandering in his mind. "It is a long and severe journey. I may not see you for some time."

Just then there was a murmur of voices in the desert of a garden, and almost immediately a scraping of footsteps on the stone stairway. Mrs. Payson, looking red and anxious, entered the little hall, ushering in the consul. There was humble apology, and there was also a glimmer of hope in the glance which she gave the doctor. Even in that short minute, for aught she knew, he might have given and received a heart. It had taken Mr. Payson less time to

make his proposal and get a favorable answer. But the doctor stared at the public functionary with an injured, surly expression; and then the good woman comprehended with a pang that the interview had miscarried.

"Fine evening, Miss Grant," said Mr. Brassey. "How are you, Hákim?" he added, shaking Macklin's hand with a warmth which was not reciprocated. "I'm learning Arabic, you see, Miss Grant. Took on my third teacher this morning. The first two didn't amount to much."

"It is pronounced Hakeém, — not Hákim," observed the doctor, sulkily.

"Oh, exactly. These medical men are sensitive about their titles, Miss Grant," smiled the consul, affably. "Do you enjoy your Arabic in these days? And what's the last sensation in Italian?"

The doctor got up and stalked directly between them with a demeanor which made the public functionary stare.

"As I was saying, I shall not see you again for some time," he stammered, addressing Irene. "So — good-by."

"Going, Doctor?" asked Mr. Brassey, cheerfully. "Not home? Oh, to Hasbyer. Well, pleasant journey. Anything I can do for you?"

"No," said poor Macklin, suffering himself to be

shaken once more by the official hand, and then getting as quickly as possible out of the house.

Mrs. Payson followed him to the door, and whispered, "I tried to keep him in the garden; he *would* come up."

But the perturbed, disappointed doctor was ungrateful, as the sharply unhappy often are, and gave her no word of thanks.

XVI.

MACKLIN'S absence put an end, for a time, to the direct pressure of his courtship.

Erelong, to be sure, Mrs. Payson read Irene a letter from him, in which he alluded with great interest to "our dear young lady," and sent her his "most cordial remembrances." Moreover, she frequently spoke to the girl of the departed one, and endeavored to make him a subject of confidential discourse, as is the way with ladies who have undertaken to bring two hearts together.

About this time Mr. Payson received a long epistle from DeVries, giving a very entertaining account of the opening of his excavations, expressing a noble gratitude and good-will toward the mission, and closing with special regards to Miss Grant. Mrs. Payson longed greatly to suppress this perilous missive, but did not dare to hint the desire to her best beloved. She knew well that he would not countenance artfulness, nor the slightest appearance of it, even for a good end.

As for herself, she did not mean to be sly, but she

did earnestly long that her bright and attractive young friend should remain in the mission; and with almost equal eagerness she craved that her doctor (word dear to the feminine soul) should have his way and be happy. Of Irene's comfort in heart and success in life she somehow thought less. I believe that many women have a feeling that no particular woman should hesitate to sacrifice herself to manly excellence and devotion.

The letter reached Irene's hands, and remained in her charge for some time. She admired it much, and read it aloud to her now frequent visitor, the consul, not so much to gratify him as to lighten the burden of entertaining him.

"What's he digging at Askelon for?" asked Mr. Brassey.

"He says that he wants to find *something*, — Crusader relics, if not Philistine."

"I'd go to Gath," said the official. "If a man *should* turn up the skeleton of Goliath, — I don't s'pose it's any ways likely, — but if he should rouse out that old chap, it would be striking ile. I'd give a smart sum for the bones, myself, for a great moral show. Wouldn't the Sabbath-schools flock to see it!"

He had a humorous twinkle in his half-shut eyes; and yet at bottom he was not a little in earnest. He would really have been glad to get possession of

the framework of Goliath, and put it on exhibition before a paying public of Bible readers. It might fill a fellow's pockets, and help him work into Congress. For as to the "smart sum" of which he spoke, that was either a mere conversational phrase, or the figment of an imagination trained in politics.

"There might be a good deal picked up at Gath," he continued, his mind already expanding to the idea of an Anakim Museum. "I'll suggest it to the government."

"You mustn't take away Mr. DeVries's chance," said Irene, eagerly.

"Oh, no," he laughed. "Which chance do you mean?"

He looked very roguish over his retort, but she clearly did not understand him, and, seeing that, he pushed the harder.

"Ever think of going home, Miss Grant?"

"I never suffer myself to think of it."

"I *do*," returned Mr. Brassey, with real feeling. "I wish I was going home to-morrow. Only, Miss Grant," and here he sought to smile pleasingly, "I wish we were going in the same ship."

"It won't be," she answered, coloring.

"So you wouldn't like to be in the same boat with me?" he persisted, with an unabashed smile.

"I should neither like it nor dislike it," which was a very severe speech for our young lady to make.

"Indifference is the worst kind of cruelty," commented the consul, with a loud laugh.

Irene blushed still deeper, and the experienced politician understood the sign as favorable to himself, and was annoyed that Mrs. Payson should happen into the room just when he was doing so well.

"That's a smart young woman," he said to himself, as he rode away. "And of course she's got the lead of me just now. But how long will she keep it?"

His comprehension of Irene was that she was an artful coquette who wanted to trifle with him for the purpose of subjugating him, which was about as wild a misjudgment as could be. But I believe that gentlemen frequently misconstrue ladies, especially when they study them with unusual interest and attention.

For a week, now, Mr. Brassey did not call again. He knew that DeVries and the doctor would be away, and that there was no other bachelor in that mission field. His calculation was that if Miss Grant were left without a beau for several days, and were made to realize that the only one at hand could hold himself aloof at pleasure, she would become less tricky and topping than he had hitherto found her. The result of this bit of untutored diplomacy was that the young lady nearly forgot his existence, and was quite surprised to see him stalk once more into the Payson leewan.

"Just dropped in as I was going by," said the con-

sul, persisting in his artfulness, and believing the while that he was meeting cunning with cunning. "How's Father Payson?"

"He is quite well; did you wish to see him?" responded Irene, eagerly.

"No, no!" he promptly returned, rather put out by such obstinate dissimulation and slyness. "Oh, I like Payson amazingly; he's a gentleman and a scholar, — yes, and a saint, too. But I occasionally like to see a young lady quite as well, Miss Grant. I suppose you wonder why, Miss Grant."

"To tell you the truth, I wasn't wondering a bit. I hadn't had time to wonder."

The consul laughed heartily, although not sure that a joke was intended, and also a little fearful that, in case there was a joke, it was at his expense. But he earnestly desired to conciliate her, and so he affected to appreciate her wit. Irene also smiled very slightly, and merely to keep him in countenance. Human intercourse, and especially intercourse between the sexes, is cumbered with many such absurd understandings.

"Have you heard from DeVries lately?" he went on. "I'm a little anxious about that young feller. It's something of a fever hole, they say, that old Philistine country."

"It is healthy at this season," asserted Irene, with interest and positiveness. "We haven't heard from

him since his first letter. I hope he isn't sick. Do you think he is?"

"Don't know; thought I'd drop in and ask," said Mr. Brassey, forgetting that he had dropped in because he was going by. "Knew you took an interest in him, and corresponded."

"I? I never saw but one of his letters, and that was to Mr. Payson."

"I was joking," returned the artful gentleman; but he smiled with honest pleasure. He had conceived a suspicion that Miss Grant was indifferent to himself because of a kindly understanding with the rich young tourist and explorer. "Yes, I sometimes joke, lonesome and sad as I am," he continued. "You haven't, probably, the smallest idea how abandoned I feel out here, and how low-spirited I get. If you had, I think you'd give me a little womanly pity, Miss Grant."

"It seems so absurd to pity a man who has a position."

"But, you see, I haven't any companionship. I could be happy enough, I reckon, if I only had a — a companion. My dragoman is sorry for me. He wanted to know, yesterday, why I didn't take a native wife, and hinted at one of the girls in the mission."

Irene looked up with interest, — a woman's interest in a possible love-affair, — and marvelled which one it might be.

"It turned out to be Saada, your handsomest girl," pursued Mr. Brassey, watching the young lady narrowly, in hope, perhaps, of discovering symptoms of jealousy. Then, after a pause, he added firmly, "Says I to him, Ahmed, says I, I've no objection to a wife, but I want one of my own lovely countrywomen, says I."

Irene's countenance fell into indifference once more; there was no lovely countrywoman for him, — none, at least, that she knew of. The consul studied her with an expression which started with being cunning, but which gradually changed into disappointment and humiliation, smartly flavored with petulance. He was upon the point, as he at all events believed, of taking his hat to go, when Mrs. Payson entered the hall in joyous excitement, and announced the approach of Americans. Mr. Brassey was glad, too, partly because the coming of countrymen was always to him as the coming of the saints, and partly because he was so angry with Irene's coolness that he wanted to retaliate by being gracious to other people.

"Reckon I know who they are," he said. "It must be Mr. Felix A. Brann and family, who came yesterday in a bark from Boston. If you've no objection, Mrs. Payson, I'll stay and shake hands with them, and offer the courtesies of the post."

The strangers entered in single file: portly and rosy

Mrs. Brann leading, followed by two stout daughters of about thirty; then by two remarkably narrow-shouldered sons of somewhat fewer years; and lastly by a tall, shambling, white-headed gentleman, with an absent-minded smile, who was Mr. Felix A. Brann himself. The features and general style of the visitors indicated that they belonged to the simpler and more rustic class of New England squirearchy.

"How do you do, Mrs. Payson?" broke forth Mrs. Brann, who had the large, flexible mouth and animated manner which usually mark a talkative person. "You don't remember us a bit, I suppose, but we saw you at the meeting of the American Board of Foreign Missions, at Albany, sitting among the saints, and told you, don't you remember, that we hoped to meet you next in Syria a-doing God's own special work in his selected land; and here we are, Mr. Brann and myself and the four children, all bound for the Holy City, but as glad as we can be to meet you on the way and give you the right hand of fellowship. And how is good, scriptural Mr. Payson? And this is dear Miss Grant, I presume. And is this one of the good brethren?"

"This is the consul," replied Mrs. Payson, who was always a little flurried in society, and especially apt to stumble in the formality of an introduction.

Mrs. Brann, now for the first time in foreign parts, stared at the official with an air of perplexity, as not

knowing but that a consul should be addressed in Latin.

"Mr. Porter Brassey, of West Wolverine, an American citizen, and glad to see you, Mrs. Brann," said our representative, affably.

"From West Wolverine?" returned Mrs. Brann, her gift of speech suddenly restored in full measure. "Why, you don't say that your name is Brassey, and that you come from West Wolverine! And to think that I once lived a couple of years in East Wolverine, just across the river, though we were all born in Vermont, and reside there now on the old family homestead; for we only went West while Mr. Brann could sell out his wild lands, and got back as soon as we could to our natal spot. But really, you do interest me now greatly, for I had for neighbor and fellow church member a Mrs. Harrison Stokes, whose maiden name, she told me, was Brassey; and perhaps she was a connection by blood of yours, for it seems to me you favor her a little about the eyes, and the cowlick on your forehead."

"My own aunt!" broke in the consul, beaming with joy at meeting somebody who had known his people, and so might be considered a semi-acquaintance. "Wasn't she a queer old lady, though?"

"Oh, I recollect her well, and it was impossible to forget her, for there was something very peculiar about

her," averred Mrs. Brann, smiling with similar pleasure. "Yes, there was something very peculiar about her; she was one of the most composed persons that ever I saw, and her face had no more expression than a sign-board. But she was a powerful good woman, I do verily believe, if there ever was one who never said anything; she loved the sanctuary, and she was good to the poor, and a restraint upon her husband, and her house was like wax-work."

"That's her!" cried Mr. Brassey, fairly grinning his satisfaction over this portrait.

"But her husband wasn't no ways her equal, I used to think," continued Mrs. Brann, smiling away with extraordinary amiability, as though she liked even the inferior Stokes. "He was a positive, contradicting, trumpeting sort of a man, who made me think of the stories I've read about wild elephants; and was mortally opposed to common and Sabbath schools, — which, you know, we New-Englanders believe in, — besides being considerably scrimped, as I used to tell Mr. Brann, in the way of culture."

The consul suddenly stopped smirking. It seemed to him that this last word savored of Boston conceit, and was a little disrespectful to the valley of the Mississippi and its tributaries. He had heard it before from Down East people, and had always felt it to be an obnoxious substantive.

"There's lots of culture in our district, Mrs. Brann," he stated with firmness. "Uncle Harrison wasn't exactly what I call the true Western type. He came of the North Carolina streak of pilgrims, and —"

"Pilgrims," broke in Mrs. Brann, with a genial titter. "That reminds me to say just here, before I forget it, that here we are, pilgrims and strangers on the way to the Holy City; and I don't believe you could guess in the least why we're going there, for nobody ever does, and when we tell them they only laugh, as though they didn't believe it. But the real fact is that when we finally got shut of our wild lands we all wanted to set eyes on Jerusalem, and, what's more, to dwell in it for a season, not out of vain curiosity, but to see if we couldn't lead a more spiritual life there; for it did seem to us that the daily sight of Zion's hill and Siloam's rill, and so on, would help to uplift us, if anything earthly could. And so here we are, bound on a real pilgrimage to Salem's courts, with intent to abide there for a season."

Mr. Brassey's wooden countenance became unusually serious. He had already discovered that religious maniacs sometimes found their way to Palestine, and that the sending of them home was one of the most troublesome features of his duty, involving perhaps the payment of money out of his private pocket. Addressing himself to Mr. Brann, who seemed no

likely to understand financial matters, he observed that travelling with such a family must be very expensive. The old gentleman bowed graciously over his high cravat, and replied, in a tone of elaborate courtesy, "Yes, sir, it is somewhat expensive, sir; but we have lightened the burden by taking ship direct to this port, sir."

"And we might just as well have come through Europe," put in his wife, "only that we were daunted by the diversity of tongues and the confusion of currencies; besides which, Mr. Brann has been so marvellously prospered of late in his affairs by Providence that it seemed as if some recognition was owing, and we could think of nothing better than coming to the Holy Land first of all, and spending there a goodly portion of the overflowing bounty vouchsafed us."

The consul was relieved of his fear that he might have these six people on his hands, and glanced at the two daughters to see if their charms equalled their financial expectations. But one look sufficed him, and gave him a low idea of Vermont beauty, and of course a very unjust one. So he let them prattle on to Mrs. Payson, while he patiently listened to the interminable outpourings of their mamma, and occasionally sought to exchange a knowing smile with Irene. Meantime, the two narrow-shouldered young men sat in perfect silence, as if their high cheek-bones were un-

manageable, and would not let them open their mouths.

Eventually the Branns took their departure, and with them went Mr. Porter Brassey, drawn by the charms of American conversation. Only, at the bottom of the little courtyard he stopped with a start, and looked back at the house wistfully, much as if he had forgotten his umbrella.

"By George! I meant to have got something definite out of that girl," he said to himself. "But never mind, now; I'll try her to-morrow."

So he went on with the Branns to their hotel and accepted their invitation to dinner.

XVII.

MR. PORTER BRASSEY'S purpose of calling the next day "to get something definite out of that girl" was not carried into effect.

He received personal letters from home which required immediate and judicious answer; and as he was not a ready man with his pen, the business worried and occupied him for a day or two.

The result was that, before he saw the young lady again, Dr. Macklin returned unexpectedly from Hasbeya, and recommenced to absorb her time and mind. The consular attentions, by the way, had been of service to the doctor. By contrast with Mr. Brassey's shagbark rusticity and unpolishable gnarliness of internal fibre, the irritable but unselfish and profoundly tender Macklin seemed a gentleman of the old school, or at least one of nature's gentlemen. Moreover, it was delightful to a lonesome young person to find herself greeted with a frank, hearty kindliness which reminded her of the tenderness which had followed her through all her girlish years.

"Ah, my dear young lady!" the doctor had exclaimed,

appropriating her at once, as though she had been a sister, or a patient of long standing. In the exuberance of arrival, and while he was not thinking of instant offers of marriage, he could forget that he had ever been fearful in her presence.

"I am delighted to look upon your face again," he went on. "It brings me straight back to civilization and to things of good report. I don't mean to say aught against our dear native brethren in Hasbeya. They are as good and decent as they can be, with their surroundings and their history. But circumstances, the blindness of ages, the oppression of ages, poverty, and too often filth,—all those are terrible drawbacks. Their worthiness doesn't shine on the surface. An American woman represents the intelligence and the decorum of seven centuries of Christian prosperity. Well, I'll stop this; you don't like compliments; you think I'm talking like a lunatic. Wait till you have visited the interior, and seen its wretchedness and rudeness. So Mr. Payson has helped you on in Arabia? I am very glad. And you stick to Italian? That's good, also. As for me, I have ridden a good deal, and shaken a little. Quinine every day. I have had my adventures, too, as usual. The Moslem population is getting insolent. I tore off one blatant fellow's turban for him. It was the only part of him that I could reach from my horse."

IRENE THE MISSIONARY.

"Ah, brother!" sighed Payson; "do you think he took you for an evangelist of the gospel of peace?"

"I don't think he did," conceded the doctor. "But I took him for an impudent blackguard, and treated him accordingly. I won't be called a *giaour* and *kelb* to my face. You should have seen how astonished and cowed the scoundrel was. I left him twisting up his turban and spitting on the ground."

"You ought to have done your missionarying in the time of Richard the Lion-Hearted," laughed Irene, not so much displeased with his pugnacity as one might expect. "You are enough to bring on a mountain war."

"There's no mountain war this time," affirmed Macklin. "The mountain won't bring forth a mouse. The Druses are alarmists because the Maronites are twice as numerous, and might whip them if they should try. As for the story that Druses are coming from the Hauran, I don't believe a word of it. I rode from Deir el Kamr to Abeih with Sheikh Ahmed of the Abd el meleks, and he assured me positively that there wasn't a Hauran Druse in Lebanon."

"We didn't use to believe all that Sheikh Ahmed chose to say," remarked Payson. "I desire not to be unjust to any man, but it does seem to me that he has the wickedest smile I ever looked upon, and that his eyes are inhabited by swarms of lies and perjuries."

Besides, what was he doing among the Abunekeds? I dislike the look of it."

"Oh, well, nobody will believe me," grumbled the doctor. "I have been all over the ground, and questioned scores on scores of people."

"You know that I am naturally fearful," was Payson's apology. "Even if I had been with you, I might not have been as hopeful. Well, it is months now since the first alarm came, and the sword still remains in its scabbard. It may be that a more than human mercy will keep it there."

"Aboo Shedood wants a pension of five piastres a day," continued Macklin, with a look of contempt and indignation.

"What for?"

"For letting the light of his countenance shine on the Hasbeyan church. I told him we could better afford twice the money to have him stay away."

"May the divine pity enlighten and forgive him!" said Payson. "Poor Aboo Shedood! The root of the matter is not in him."

"The rest of the brethren there are admirable. I believe they have joined themselves to us in unselfishness and singleness of heart. Aboo Shedood is the only man who asked me for a pará."

"He needs their prayers, truly. I should have suggested to the church to make him a special case for

supplication. But perhaps your treatment of him is best. Well, we will have a meeting of the mission to-night, Doctor, and you shall tell us in full what you have seen and heard. It will be a most interesting story. You must come, Irene."

"And to-morrow I resume my work as teacher," added the doctor. "I suppose Mr. Payson will give you up."

"I shall hate to give *him* up," said Irene, laughingly. "He never scolds."

"It is easy to be patient when one is not troubled," said Payson. "You have studied hard, Irene."

"I suppose I am to remember all this and keep my temper," growled Macklin, good-naturedly. "By the way, where is DeVries? What is he finding?"

"We have had a second letter from him," Payson stated. "The lad is not finding any Anakims, nor any Philistine inscriptions. He has turned up half a dozen millstones and some potsherds which may belong to any one of the last thirty centuries. He begins to suspect that the Philistine cities were built, like the villages in that region now, of sun-dried bricks. It is a very ingenious hypothesis, and I fear it will be his only discovery."

"I hope not," said Irene, warmly. "He will be so disappointed, and so shall I. I did so want to have him find a giant with six fingers!"

Next morning the doctor recommenced his teachings, and showed an unusual and charming patience therein, so delighted was he to get his scholar again. While they were ravelling away at some tangled mystification of Arabic syntax, Mr. Porter Brassey stalked in, and cheerfully took a chair at the study table.

"What! still at it, Miss Grant?" he said. "I didn't know it took so long to learn a language when a person had a gift for it."

"We haven't the pentecostal gift nowadays," returned Macklin, staring at the visitor with a lowering brow.

"No, we ain't Parthians and Medes and Elamites," observed the consul, pleased to show that he also knew somewhat of the Bible. "Well, I don't want to interrupt you folks," he added, perceiving that he was not entirely welcome. "I want to see Father Payson."

Accordingly he was ushered into the bare white-washed little study, where the missionary was writing out Arabic memoranda for a sermon.

"Parson, I want a confidential talk," began Mr. Brassey, laying his kossuth hat on the stone floor. "I've got an important little bit of news to communicate, — I mean important for *me*. An old-bachelor uncle of mine has just gone — gone to a better world," he added, on reflection. "Quite an old gentleman; healthy and hearty, though, when I saw him last; wasn't thinking that he would be called for."

"Death is always a surprise," sighed Payson. "I give you my sympathy with all my heart."

"Yes, I suppose it always is a surprise, and generally a disagreeable one," replied the consul. "Thank you for your sympathy. I knew I'd come to the right place for that." And here he smiled inwardly over the humorous fact of getting condolence when he really had not thought of asking for it.

"And yet human sympathy avails little," said Payson. "What we really need is the compassion of Him who inflicts the chastisement."

"Exactly," admitted Mr. Brassey, growing a little uneasy, for his state of mind was evidently misunderstood. "But I don't suppose that I feel this blow as I ought."

"Alas, we are all alike. I find that I am very hard to touch."

"You see he was quite an elderly gentleman," urged the consul, who had by this time the air of trying to comfort the clergyman. "His time had come."

"We know not when our time shall be. It is often in the flower of our days."

"Certainly," conceded Mr. Brassey, twisting on his chair as if he were looking around for his hat. "Of course. Well, as I was saying, — or perhaps I didn't say it, — the old gentleman left something behind him, — left a nice little pot of money, — and left it to me."

Mr. Payson stared at him with amazement, wondering if his wits had forsaken him, so absurd did it seem that a mourner should care to spread such unimportant news.

"Yes, left it to *me*," repeated the consul, putting his hands in his pockets and thrusting his legs straight out before him, as if to claim more room in the world. "I'm a better man by at least fifteen thousand dollars than I was when I came to the Holy Land."

By this time the missionary had perceived that Mr. Brassey was not grieving over the loss of his position, and was rejoicing because he had inherited a little filthy lucre. Strange as it may seem, in view of his doctrines as to the depravity of the human race, he had not expected such a display of toughness and egoism. His own unselfishness and his tender charity for other men led him to impute to them the best motives possible; and only when he saw them bring forth evil fruits did he distinctly realize that they were bent in sin and shapen in iniquity.

It was a picture to see this elect spirit gaze on a hard-favored soul which sat there in his sweet presence. It was obvious that he did not regard the corruption with anger, nor even with scorn. There was a serene divine patience and pity on his pale, worn, tranquil and pensive countenance. There was more: there was an air of profound humility; there was a pat-

recognition of fallen fraternity. He was meekly and solemnly saying to himself that but for unmerited grace he would have been as callous and greedy as this hapless brother. What desert was there in him, he asked, that he should have been taken, and the other left?

"I have generally looked upon money with fear," he said at last. "I have felt that if much of it were placed in my hands I should find it a snare to myself, and perhaps harm others."

"I don't believe you would, Parson," returned Mr. Brassey, staring at him with honest admiration, while he marvelled at his simplicity. "Upon my honor, I do believe you would be less hurt by it, and do more good with it, than any other man I ever laid eyes on."

Mr. Payson shook his head. He sincerely and even severely doubted himself. He really and seriously thanked God that he had not been set afloat on the ocean of probation with the millstone of wealth fastened to his neck.

The consul, gazing at him with wide-open eyes, and perfectly convinced of his sincerity, was surprisingly affected. His heart had not been touched by the talk about the loss of his relative and the uncertainty of life. But in the spectacle of humility and of thorough unselfishness there is a noble pathos which elevates and softens the souls of all men who are not of the

"real, hardened wicked." As Mr. Brassey looked into the meek, loving face of the missionary, he felt something like tears about the secret places of his eyes.

"Parson, I want to do a little good," he broke out. "I came here this morning with that notion, and it's grown on me since I got into your sanctum. I can afford it, and I've got to do it. Suppose, now, I should allow the mission one hundred — no, *three* hundred dollars a year, while I hold on here. What could you do with it?"

"It is a very large sum — for one person," returned the clergyman, so startled that he colored. "Had you not better reflect well as to whether you can spare it?"

"I *can* spare it. I don't need to reflect. Why, look here! My salary is a good, square two thousand, including odds and ends; and this little property, invested up our way on bond and mortgage, will make fifteen hundred more. There's thirty-five hundred, for a bachelor. Why, I'm ashamed to offer so little as three hundred, and I'd treble it but for some nieces of mine who may want an outfit some day. Now, to come down to business, what could the mission do with three hundred? What particular thing could you start?"

"We could establish a native preacher at Damascus. We could open a church in that most ancient city, which stood in the time of Abraham."

"That suits," replied the consul with enthusiasm. "That suits me to an iota. I'll give you a draft to-morrow, Parson; and let's have the new meeting-house right away. Porter Brassey's Foundation Church in Damascus!" he exclaimed, with a hearty laugh. "I want West Wolverine to get a return from it as quick as possible. Won't the boys stare, though! And won't my pious old Aunt Stokes be delighted! How she will take down her Bible and Josephus, and look up all the texts about Damascus!"

"I can understand, — I can imagine it," smiled Payson, remembering with pleasure worthy old souls of his own relationship who loved to read the Bible in connection with Josephus. "It will greatly interest the good people at home. Damascus is one of the regal and magical names of history."

The public functionary remained pensive for a few seconds. He was thinking that, if he should go home and run for Congress, the Brassey Church in Damascus would be a good "campaign card," and might secure him the entire "pious vote." Evidently, the project must not only be initiated, but must also be established on a solid foundation.

"You needn't be afraid about starting," he exhorted. "The thing shan't slump through, even if I quit here, or quit the world. I'll make out a little trust-deed to secure you three hundred a year for five years.

That will give the church a good send-off. And now, sixty pounds sterling to-morrow ; will the mission do its part at once ? ”

“ It will,” promised Payson. “ We have just the man, — a good man, and a scholar in his own tongue, — and he can go immediately.”

Then the consul shook hands with the missionary, and went away much astonished at his own munificence, but also rejoicing in it for more reasons than one.

“ I suppose of course he ’ll tell her,” he said to himself. “ I guess it will be a good card every way. By George ! it was an inspiration.”

XVIII.

MR. PAYSON saw Mr. Brassey to the gate of his little courtyard, and then reappeared before the grammatical couple in the hall, his face elate and his hands clasped as if in thanksgiving.

"God has been very gracious to our worthy consul," he said. "He has inspired him with a desire to do good to the souls of his fellow-men. You would hardly guess the object of his visit to me this morning. He came of his own accord to pledge three hundred dollars a year toward the support of a church in Damascus."

"You don't say so!" exclaimed the doctor. "Why didn't I know it before? Here was I, afraid he would sit down upon us, and letting him go off without a word. Why didn't you tell us before he went out?"

"Dear me, I forgot it!" sighed Payson. "The truth is that I was thinking of the new mission, and not of the man who has made it possible. What absent-minded, ungrateful noodles we are!"

"I'll ride down to his office and apologize for my neglect," declared Macklin, springing up, in his impulsive way. "No, I won't either," he added, sitting

down again. "He might think I had come for the money."

"We must show him some special mark of thanks," said Payson. "We must invite him to our weekly concert of prayer."

"Perhaps he would rather be invited to tea," suggested Miss Grant, with a smile.

"Well, Irene, there is an exchangeable value in tea," admitted Mr. Payson, who also could not help smiling. "Provender has always been considered an element of hospitality, even in entertaining angels. Mrs. Payson shall give the consul a tea, or, if it pleases her best, a dinner."

So, three days later, Mr. Brassey sat at the festive board with a select circle of missionaries, all sincerely thankful to him for his generous contribution to the good cause, and anxious to accord him the choicest of their grave courtesy. The meal was largely in Syrian style, which was a whim of Mrs. Payson's to gratify the functionary, he having been heard to say that he should like to see a real Arab banquet.

The bill of fare opened with a thick soup of lentils, called *mejaddara*, somewhat resembling pea soup, or rather pea porridge.

"Ah!" said Mr. Kirkwood, smacking his lips over it. "Consul, this is said to be the very pottage with which Jacob bought out Esau!"

"I should say," replied Mr. Brassey, after due tasting, "that Esau must have been every bit as hungry as the good book makes him out to be."

But we will give at once the entire *menu* of the dinner. After Esau's pottage came a breast of lamb stuffed with chestnuts and raisins, and supported by a huge *pilau* of rice dotted with the yellow seeds of pine-tree cones. Then followed, in separate courses, sliced cabbage fried in liquid butter, tender green gourds crammed with highly seasoned stuffing, and young grape leaves enfolding the same sort of nourishment. Next came a broad, flat platter of *kibbe*, a kind of pie made of roast lamb pounded up with boiled wheat, and powerfully flavored with onions. The dessert was, first, *bukhlawy*, a mixture of pastry and fruit, reminding one of a recklessly rich mince-pie; and, lastly, *rohollicoom*, known in America as "fig-paste," a very pleasant compound of flour, white sugar, and rose-water. Black coffee closed the repast, and a chibouk for the consul.

"And so this is the correct thing in this country?" queried Mr. Brassey.

"Lacking some twenty dishes," replied Mr. Kirkwood. "A Syrian is generally an abstemious creature. But when he does feast he devours the land before him, and leaves it a waste behind him."

"And that's what kibbe is!" the guest had said,

when they were over the Syrian national dish. "Seems to me it might be a good diet to give jail-birds; if they escaped, you could track 'em by the scent. I do believe that in a Christian country like ours the mere perfume of that delicacy would disperse a bloodthirsty mob."

Mrs. Payson, who was not accustomed to such hyperbolic joking, made a sign as if to order the removal of the dish.

"Oh, don't send it away on my account, ma'am," said the consul, smiling. "To tell the honest truth, I have smelt onions before. My own cook flavors me with 'em quite frequently."

As this subject seemed to have been sufficiently treated, Mr. Payson changed the conversation to the Damascus mission, and remarks were made of course complimentary to Mr. Brassey. Then he had a temptation: he wanted to rise in his place and make a ringing speech concerning the new enterprise; perhaps if there had been wine on the table he would have astonished his hosts with a specimen of platform oratory. But his better genius aided him to keep his seat, and to leave the topic mainly to the missionaries. The result was a long mission talk, firstly concerning the Damascus station, and then concerning the other distant stations, to all which the consul listened civilly, and with a show of interest. It was obvious that

had a high respect for his table companions, and desired to treat their solemnities with deference. Irene had never seen him behave so well before, and began to think him quite an agreeable gentleman.

The meal ended with the robotlicoom, and the guests had their coffee about the room, seated on chairs and on the mukaad. The consul took his place beside Irene, and for the first time began to talk with full freedom, indulging in a good deal of West Wolverine humor.

"I call this mixing drinks," he said, when the servant handed him a glass of water and a cup of Turkish coffee. "Do you often drink as heavy as this?"

"It's been a serious dinner," was another of his asides. "I consider that meal equivalent to partaking of the passover."

Irene marvelled a little at his critical liberty, but strove to smile at every one of his flashes of wit. As to jokes on biblical subjects, she had been used to them from childhood, as is the case with most children of clergymen. Our jestings, if we jest at all, are apt to spring from familiar earth.

Mr. Brassey of course supposed that he was making himself agreeable to the young lady. He knew that women always titter over a man's joke, and he inferred that they are fond of humor, and can be won by it, which is probably a great mistake. Furthermore, he

presumed that his "outfit" of a church in Damascus had filled Irene with gratitude toward him, and with a high opinion of his character. Thus he felt strong with her, and able to venture a great deal, not only in jest but in seriousness.

"I think," he said to himself,—"I think I had better strike while the iron is hot."

Circumstances seemed to favor him: the Kirkwoods and Dr. Macklin went home early; only the Paysons remained. Mr. Brassey rose, beckoned his host aside, and murmured, "A word with you in private, Parson."

They left the little whitewashed parlor, and walked into the hall, the usual sitting-place of the family.

"I want a confidential word or two with Miss Grant," pursued the consul. "Couldn't it be brought around in some quiet, genial way?"

"There is no evil news, I trust, for her," said Mr. Payson, looking up anxiously.

"Not very bad," smiled Mr. Brassey. "She's got my very best good opinion; that's about the worst of it."

The clergyman continued to gaze in silence into the public functionary's incomprehensible face.

"I admit, of course, that she's under your care," pursued the consul, "and I'll put the thing exactly as if you was her father. My proposition is, plainly:

squarely and honorably, to obtain her hand in marriage."

Mr. Payson was profoundly astonished, and little less than horror-stricken. But he was not the man to ponder long over his own feelings, or to think it worth while to utter a word concerning them. After a moment of grave meditation he replied, calmly, "She is of age; ask her. I have the right, I believe, neither to help nor hinder. But I see no reason why you should not speak, nor why she should not listen."

"Exactly," nodded Mr. Brassey. "Non-committal, but fair and gentlemanly. Just what I expected of you, sir. And now, if you can beckon Mrs. Payson in here, I can step back to the parlor and interview Miss Grant."

Payson carried out this suggestion with such tranquillity and dignity that even in that anxious moment the consul admired him, and thought that he had in him the making of a first-class manager of men.

Irene, who was sitting on the long, low sofa which formed nearly the entire furniture of the parlor, looked up from a bit of embroidery with some surprise when she found that she was alone with Mr. Porter Brassey, and that he was gazing at her with a peculiar steadfastness.

"I thought you had gone," she said, with one of those vague smiles which are so common in human intercourse.

"Couldn't do it yet awhile," replied the consul, trying to be light-hearted and confident, and succeeding fairly well. He was accustomed to asking favors, and to asking them of all sorts of people. A great part of his life had been passed in urging his fellow-creatures to do something for Porter Brassey. Probably he had applied for at least a score of offices, and for thousands of signatures to applications. He had sought out and pleaded with and argued with more political and other miscellaneous notabilities than the ordinary citizen reads of in the newspapers. He had learned, in a long course of place-hunting, to be bold and cool and persevering, and, if advisable, importunate and hectoring. Denial could not discomfit him nor contempt abash him. On the present delicate occasion, steeled to firmness by so many interviewing experiences, he was more self-possessed and hopeful than any ordinary lover could imagine.

"I have the permission of Mr. Payson," he began, cunningly, making the most of that fact,—"I have your guardian's permission, Miss Irene, to say a word to you in private."

Irene started as if about to rise, and then slowly dropped back into her position, all in silence.

"I have formed a very high opinion of you," continued Mr. Brassey, taking a chair, and seating himself near her. "I suppose you have noticed it. A

very high opinion, indeed! My conviction is that, if I should look the whole earth over, I wouldn't find another lady that I should consider your match."

It was strong, and he had meant to make it strong, believing habitually that lukewarm talk is wasted talk. At this point he paused, and gazed at her fixedly for a moment, anxious to discover what impression he had produced.

Irene had the air of being utterly confounded and extremely distressed. With an expression which was partly imploring and partly shrinking, she just glanced at him, and no more. Then she dropped her eyes to her embroidery and remained as still as if she were paralyzed. That introduction as to permission obtained from Mr. Payson had had its intended effect; it had given her a belief that the mission desired her to listen favorably to Mr. Porter Brassey.

"In short — Miss Grant — I love you," continued the consul, beginning to stammer a little. "I want you — for my wife," his voice shaking in a way which was a credit to him. "That's what I want, Miss Grant — Irene! What do you say? What's to be my — my fate?"

A throb of annoyance, amounting to painful aversion, ran through the girl and restored her nervous power. She rose slowly to her feet, and slowly turned away from him while she answered, "Oh, Mr. Brassey,

what did you say this for? Why did they let you? They ought to have known better."

"But, Miss Irene" — began the consul, who had also risen.

"No, no!" she interrupted, moving gently away from him and toward the door. "Please don't! I don't want to pain you. But I can't, — I can't. Don't talk to me any more about it. I am so sorry! Please don't care."

"But I must care," and Mr. Brassey's voice was quite agonized now. "I can't help caring. You are so handsome and so good — and I love you so — with all my heart."

"Oh, I wish you didn't — I wish you wouldn't!" begged Irene. "I can't care for you in return. I would if I could. But I can't, and I never shall."

Never before, in all his many suits for favor, had the consul been so shaken and troubled. It was humiliating to be beaten, and it was torture to have his love refused. He would have known better what to do with her if she had not shown a purpose to get out of the room. He tried to take her hand, but she evaded him with unconscious adroitness, so much like the impulsive dodging of a child that it was humorous, only there was no one present who could be amused by it, or by anything. In his despair and confusion, Mr. Brassey fell back upon an argument which he

would have scorned to use a minute before, although he had hoped that it would have a silent influence for his benefit.

"I thought," he pleaded, slowly following as she slowly moved away,—"you know I've done something for the mission,—I thought it might be considered in my favor. I did it partly on your account. I did, truly."

"I can't help it," was the doleful answer. "It was very good of you. But I didn't ask you to do it. Oh, Mr. Brassey, do excuse me and let me go."

"Is it because I'm a Western man?" asked the consul, now quite desperate. "I know Eastern ladies don't like to move West. Well, I'm rich enough to settle at the East. Payson told you about my legacy, I suppose."

"No. He told me nothing. It's all a surprise, and a very painful one."

"Didn't tell you?" exclaimed Brassey, indignantly. "I told him a-purpose to have him mention it. Fifteen thousand dollars,—and there's my salary, too. I can live here like a prince."

"Mr. Brassey, it doesn't make any difference," answered Irene, gathering a little spirit. "I cannot talk with you any further on this subject. Won't you kindly leave me?"

"Yes,—I will," groaned the consul, his voice fail-

ing him. "I'm disappointed,— heart-broken. I wish I'd never seen you. But if you don't want me, that's the end of it, and I'll go."

"I wish you every kindness, Mr. Brasey," said Irene, sorrowfully.

"Except one. And that's the only kindness I ask of anybody in the whole world. Good-night, Miss Grant. You won't think hard of me?"

"No, never," promised Irene, panting to have him depart, yet all the while most pitiful. "Good-night."

XIX.

MR. PAYSON divined, from the troubled countenance of Irene when she appeared in the mandaloon, that the offer of marriage had resulted disastrously.

With a relieved heart, but without uttering a word concerning this greatest adventure of the evening, he went off to his stated wrestle with the knotty passages of the Hebrew Bible, and in five minutes had forgotten all about the loves of Mr. Brassey.

Mrs. Payson, who had guessed at least as much as her husband, but who had not his composure of nerves and scorn of gossip, could not let a matrimonial proposal pass entirely without remark. After waiting a proper time for the girl to speak, and after studying her face as if she meant to take her portrait, she said, with a sly smile, "I hope you are not going to leave us, Irene."

"No, indeed," replied Irene, coloring violently, and looking just a little offended.

Mrs. Payson giggled, as much as to say that Mr.

Brassey was a comical lover; and not another syllable concerning his courtship was uttered for days in this sedate household.

As for the consul, although he sadly needed the solace of a confidant, he could not of course pour his heart sorrows into the bosom of a dragoman; and so he had to pass the evening in dumb melancholy, except when he addressed violent remarks to articles of furniture. He wrote out three letters of resignation, and destroyed them one after the other. I suspect that nowhere does hope alternate with despair more rapidly than in the bosom of a rejected lover.

"I wonder if she ain't sorry by this time!" Mr. Brassey would mutter to himself. "I wonder how she would feel toward me if I should drop in again to-morrow! I *will* drop in. No, by George, I *won't*. I never'll enter that house again,—never. She meant it,—meant every word. How in thunder could I be such a fool as to try to bring her in by a surprise! I ought to have courted her a long time before I said anything positive. Women don't understand *business*. They ain't politicians."

Then, in his anger and sense of injury, he queried whether he should now pay that three hundred per annum. His first feeling was that it would be the right thing to let the church in Damascus go to Apollon. But after some business-like reflection he de-

cided that such a "move" would not do. He had said too much about his plan to "go back on it." If he should return home, and should judge it wise to run for Congress, he might sadly need the "pious vote" of his district. Moreover, there was some magnanimity in this poker-playing veteran of politics, and by moments he truly desired to return good for evil and to "do the handsome thing." Finally, he still had wild hopes of winning Irene, and did not want to blast them by earning her scorn.

"I guess I'll pony up on that church," he decided, "and see if it won't bring her to her senses. If it should turn out a good, lively church, I think it would move her. Oh dear, I wish I was one of her sort, and she knew it."

After which he bowed his head under a sense of utter humiliation and helplessness, and wept with a hearty, honest grief, to which he might properly have "pointed with pride."

As for Irene, although she said but two words concerning the consul's offer, and those only on compulsion, she could not help thinking much of it. She was sorry for him; she hoped that he was not very angry with her; she did not want to be a cause of grief or hate to any one. But take him! Oh, no! never! How could the rough, worldly man, so different every way from the men to whom she had been

used,—how could he have imagined that she could love him! As for pleasure or pride in her conquest, she was not coquette enough to entertain those emotions, and would have thought them wicked. There was not a desire in her to hang up the consular scalp and dance around it.

Does any one think that all this is a pity, and that she would have been a finer girl if she could have enjoyed her victory? Well, it may be so; I do not maintain that women should not exult in their successes; I even concede that Irene would have been a more entertaining personage had she been something of a flirt. But what coquettish piquancy can one expect of a minister's daughter, who, in the full flush of youth and beauty, longs to enlighten the Gentiles? Would a young lady gifted with the flirtatious faculties and brilliancies be very likely to bury them in mission ground?

As Irene did not love to meditate upon Mr. Brassey's addresses, she was naturally glad of anything which might withdraw her therefrom. It was a great piece of luck for her that just at this time a long letter arrived from DeVries, detailing his explorations and other adventures in the neighborhood of Askelon. It was directed to Mr. Payson, but it contained pleasant references to herself, and she seized upon it with a happy sense of ownership.

"I am digging away after the corpse of the past like a ghoul," the young antiquarian wrote. "And I am digging up some of my hopes by the roots at every stroke of the spade. Nothing comes to light but sand, loam, millstones, a few rude foundations, and scraps of pottery which might have been made in the last century. It was a blunder, I very much fear, to excavate in the suburbs of an inhabited city which has never ceased, I believe, to be inhabited. One generation has devoured another to its very bones, and the sarcophagi, which contained them. The Arabs, Crusaders, Saracens, Romans, Greeks, Assyrians, and Egyptians have eaten up each other and whatever remained of the Philistines. I should have done better to spy out forgotten Gath, or plough up desolate Ekron.

"But I have begun here: have a horde of loafers shovelling; have cut two long trenches and sunk thirteen deep pits; and I hate to leave without carrying away some results. Moreover, I am constantly entertained with my work, and am hardly aware of the lapse of weeks. It is an everlasting adventure to rouse out fourscore modern Philistines every morning, and keep them grubbing all day after their ancestors with some decent imitation of industry. The laziness and shirking bad faith of the rapscallions would be insupportable, if one did not remember that they are the underfed survivors of countless centuries of devastation

and evil government, and also the probable representatives of those dear old heathen who enslaved Israel. Besides, why should they take any interest in my spading, except so far as it furnishes them with a profitable job, which of course should be made to last as long as possible? They don't know that they are sprung from the Cherethites and the Pelethites.

"Curiosity abounds, however, if sympathy does not. It has been published in the streets of Askelon that a mad Frank has come among them to search for the treasures of his ancestors; and the entire sunburnt, sallow, ragged population strolls out daily to stare at my excavations and babble with my workmen. Tell Miss Grant that the daughters of the Philistines are not as beautiful as one hopes they were when they went forth with songs and dances to greet the victors of Mount Gilboa. I have found nobody here one quarter as lovely as Mirta, or Saada, or the lady of the Beit Keneasy.

"But the men, — let me tell you that the men are really worth making a note of; let me say seriously that they remind me of the stories about the Anakims. I don't so much mean here as in the neighborhood of Jaffa and near the probable site of Gath. You know that the Syrians are generally of small stature, and that a grenadier among them is a most rare monster. But in Philistia, if my imagination does not deceive

my very foot-rule, there are plenty of tall fellows, who of course look all the more gigantic because of their loose costume. I have met numbers of men over six feet in height; and I defy you to find one such in all Lebanon or Galilee. Were the Anakims really giants? I have been used to consider that statement a Hebrew figure of speech, meaning that they were of old time a redoubtable people, and especially that they builded in massive masonry. But in that case why are there no remains of cyclopean walls in their ancient seats of Gath and Hebron? On the other hand, here are these strapping fellows, who, geographically speaking, should be their descendants. Miss Grant will be delighted to hear that I am reconsidering my rationalistic doubts as to the stature of the Anakims, though I am sorry to say that scepticism still troubles me as to their being six-toed and six-fingered. By the way, please ask our consul if I shall slaughter a contemporary giant, and forward him the skeleton for transmittal to the Patent Office Museum.

"You see that I am trying to be funny. Don't be shocked: it is not light-mindedness; it is pure despair, which you like better. [Mr. Payson laughed here and observed, "The lad makes sport of my gloomy temperament."] I am all the more annoyed at not finding a single Philistine sarcophagus because I want to put the governor of Askelon into one. The old rogue has

got it into his stupid head that I have already found a treasure, and he is inventing every kind of obstruction and annoyance to make me divide with him. Yesterday he stopped my water-carriers and ordered my spade-men away, and would not stop his yelling until my Arnaout drew a bead on his turban. This morning he sent for me to his rattle-bang palace, and asked me confidentially to show him all my gold. My reply was that I was only digging for lead, and that I threw away the other metals. Thereupon he threatened to write about me to the pasha, and I gave him permission to send three letters a week, but no more.

"My Italian steward, Giovanni, is in such constant ecstasies of terror that I sometimes go to bed amused and happy. The other night a gang of jackals gave tongue in our neighborhood, and he rushed into my tent declaring that the Philistines were upon us. The Arnaout (who has a lovely disposition, of the tiger-cat sort) took him by one ear and led him back to his quarters,—a circumstance which has brought on a series of misunderstandings over the question of Arnaout rations. My impression is that Giovanni will get his ears pulled again before long, unless he takes to wearing a helmet. It is impossible to help liking those kilted mountaineers for their courage, their combativeness, and their fidelity. I don't wonder that the phalanx of Pyrrhus gave the Romans a lot of trouble,

and that the latter eventually avenged themselves by selling the Epirots into slavery. Please inquire of Miss Grant whether, in view of this last circumstance, she does not approve of my letting an Epirot pull a Roman's ears.

"Notwithstanding my failure to make any archaeological discoveries connected with my subject, it still interests me incessantly and intensely. All the more because I have lately had a chance to discuss it with an intelligent traveller, an officer of our army on leave of absence, who had the goodness to listen for an hour or so to my guesses about Philistine history, and then made a few professional reflections which seemed to me worth a golden talent apiece. He figured up the superficies of Philistia at seven hundred square miles, and estimated the possible population at two hundred and ten thousand, or three hundred per square mile. Assuming that one person in eight would be fit for field duty in an age of shields, cuirasses, etc., he found that the total arms-bearing strength would be twenty-six thousand two hundred and fifty men. His inference was that the Philistine armies must always have been small, and the largest of them not likely to exceed five or six thousand soldiers.

"And yet they conquered one half of the land of Israel, a territory at least ten times as considerable as their own. It was much the same, observes my tacti-

cian, as if Rhode Island should overrun Connecticut and Massachusetts, or as if Wales should subdue the southern half of England. Nothing can account for such a performance except some great superiority of arms and military qualities. Do you see what follows? One is almost forced to admit that my most noble heathen, or at least the ruling and warrior class among them, the 'lords of the Philistines,' were sprung from one of the fighting broods of Europe, most probably brazen-armed Achaians mingled with strong-bowed Cretans. From the race which fought against Troy were drawn the little bands which overran Simeon, Judah, Benjamin, and Ephraim, which established garrisons from Bethlehem to Shunem, triumphed on Mount Gilboa, and passed the Jordan.

"You will tell me, of course, that the Bible speaks of vast Philistine armies, thirty thousand chariots, footmen as the sands of the sea, and so on. But surely there must be some error of copyists there, or some merely figurative phraseology. How could a territory of seven hundred square miles raise more war chariots than the whole empire of Persia ever did? The probability is that in these passages the Hebrew historians undertook to represent strength—the power of good discipline and superior arms—by loose phrases of number, just as a man who had been chased by five elephants would be apt to say that there were fifty of them.

"Finally (you see I want to make a pervert of you), please to remember that these are the commentaries of a military specialist, of a man who has studied and practised warfare from his youth up, and who reasons upon it with a disciplined readiness and solidity which reminds one of the advance and combinations of veteran battalions. For my own part, I humbly feel that I cannot set too high a value upon his opinions, as upon the judgment of experts generally. Well, I must stop. I haven't time now to fight the Philistine battles over again; I haven't time to show why their bronze phalanxes would necessarily brush away the darts of Judah and the slings of Benjamin. I must go to jackal-soothed slumbers, and prepare myself for the excavating to-morrow.

"Favor me by expressing to the missionaries my kindest remembrances of them all, and my wishes for their health and success. Tell Miss Grant that if I ever do dig up a lord of the Philistines I will send her his crown and bracelet by a special Amalekite. I enclose an order on my banker for ten pounds sterling, which I respectfully beg her to expend in presents for her scholars, not forgetting Mirta, Rufka, and Saada.

"Very cordially yours,

"HUBERTSEN DeVRIER."

XX.

THERE is reason to believe that Irene quite admired Hubertsen's letter, and was considerably gratified by the repeated references in it to herself.

She discussed the epistle more than once with the Paysons, maintaining that there was nothing in it contrary to a rational understanding of Scripture, and expressing a fervent hope that the writer would yet find treasures of skeletons and epitaphs, in all which no one contradicted her.

"But who knew that he was so witty!" she laughed,—a laugh of reminiscence,—the jokes rising again on her happy memory. "He very seldom said downright funny things when he was here."

"I presume that the prevailing gravity of our occupations and discourse sobered him somewhat," opined the clergyman. "My suspicion is that he is a youth of social and sympathetic nature, and disposed to take the tone of those about him. It may be that I oppressed him a little. I sometimes think that I am a rather dark cloud, and fail to show enough of the silver lining."

"You are not a cloud at all, — to good people," declared Irene. "I don't believe that Mr. DeVries ever found you oppressive."

"That's as much as to say that he is one of the good people," inferred Mrs. Payson, with her nervous little laugh.

Irene, who was easily upset, hardly knew what to do with this comment for a moment.

"I think it was very good of him to think of presents for the scholars," was her happy thought. "We must take Mirta and Rufka and Saada with us, Mrs. Payson, when we go to the bazaar to pick out the things. Of course you'll go, won't you?"

"I should like to, immensely," confessed Mrs. Payson, who had not entirely put away the love of shopping. Then she glanced toward her husband, and was glad that he did not smile at her weakness, which was a thing that he had not thought of doing.

"Tell Mr. DeVries," said Irene, whose mind seemed to revert frequently to the letter, — "tell him that I don't think Epirots should pull Roman ears, unless the Romans request it. I wish he would send on his Amalekita. How well he knows the Bible! It was an Amalekite, don't you remember? who brought Saul's crown and bracelet to David. Tell him to take sketches of all the finest-looking people there, and especially of the women. I want a face for my ideal

of a daughter of the Philistines. You'll be sure to remember all my foolish messages, Mr. Payson?"

"Wouldn't you like to write the letter yourself?" giggled Mrs. Payson, who, as a partisan of Dr. Macklin, did not fancy this interest in the DeVries correspondence.

The clergyman thought he discovered reproof in his wife's tone, and came in his gentlest way to the young lady's rescue.

"I think that Irene may properly answer our friend's messages," he smiled. "And perhaps she would do well to read the letter to Mirta, Rufka, and Saada,—all but the compliment to their poor transitory graces. They admire the young man greatly, I believe, and I should like to do them a pleasure."

There was no objection and no criticism. Mere goodness and sweetness had made this man entire master in his own house. Among all intimate souls he ruled easily, and in spite of his own wishes to the contrary. Because he desired to be the least among them, they insisted instinctively upon making him their chief. Such loving autocrats are found, I suspect, among men of all civilized races, no matter what their religion. Do they exist among animals? Doubted. I question whether a pacific and affectionate dog, for instance, is respected and adored by his canine brethren. Surely there is something fine in

the moral nature of man, even as compared with that of the worthiest of his fellow-creatures.

Irene read the DeVries letter to Mirta, Saada, and Rufka, barring, of course, the compliment to the two former. They were more pleased with it than you could easily imagine of young ladies who wore trousers, girdles, and tarbooshes.

"I think it is more interesting than Irving's *Life of Columbus*," said Mirta, who had lately waded through that model of English composition. "It is much funnier."

"He seems to laugh a great deal at the Arabs," remarked Saada, a patriotic Syrian. "Are there no queer people in America?"

"There are plenty of them," said Irene. "But Mr. DeVries is not now in America. He laughs at what he sees where he is."

"He laughs at his Frank steward, too, Saada," added Mirta. "Besides, I suppose they are wild people, and all Mismein, around Ascalaan. Don't you like the letter, Saada?"

"I like it very much. I like him also. I wish he could come back and live in Beirut all his life, and wear our costume. He would look so splendid in Syrian costume!"

"He means to get an Arnaout dress," stated Irene, who had heard the young man say so.

"Why does he praise the Arnaut?" objected Rufka. "All Arnauts are cruel and wicked. If I see him in Arnaut costume, I shall be afraid of him and hide."

"We should all come out again when he spoke," laughed Saada. "Like the birds when the sun rises."

"He is just like the sun," added Mirta. "His smile shines. I also wish that he would come here and live. Will you tell Mr. Payson to give him our message, ya Sitty Irene? I should think you too would like him here."

"Indeed, I would," confessed the Lady Irene, to the profound and meek gratification of her hearers, so innocent were they of all love-making schemes.

So DeVries had an admiration society in Beirut which did not hesitate to express and transmit its sentiments of distinguished consideration.

"The girls were delighted with the letter," Irene joyfully informed Mr. Payson. "Of course they were pleased to be remembered, but I think they quite worship him for himself."

"So far as he preserves the image of his Creator he is worshipful," replied the clergyman. "There is nothing nobler on earth than a worthy man,—unless it be a good woman," he added, remembering his wife, and perhaps Irene.

"Have you put in my messages to him?" asked this

good young woman, who had been thinking while Mr. Payson was sermonizing.

"I haven't written the letter yet," he smiled. "How eager youth is to see everything done at once! It occurred to me to let the answer wait until I could tell him what you have bought with his money, and what the girls say to their presents."

The reader may guess that the shopping—or, as one might call it in Syria, the bazaaring—was attended to that very afternoon. Mrs. Payson and Irene, followed by Mirta, Rufka, and Saada in their ghostly veils, and by Habeeb with a huge wicker basket slung over his shoulders, waded down a winding, sandy lane to the dark, dirty cubby-hole of a city, and visited some two dozen of the sombre alcoves which are the magazines of its merchant princes. There was not much to dazzle a buyer; the bareness of the market was really painful to a lot of women who had money to spend; the only pretty articles were silks from Tripoli, slippers from Damascus, and embroideries of silk and gold from Lebanon. The shawls of Beirut were out of the question, as being too expensive, though of course the ladies did not neglect the duty of examining a few of them. From the shawls they passed to the silks.

"But why are you looking at these, ya Sitty?" inquired Mirta. "Is there money enough to give every girl a dress?"

"Of course there isn't, Mirta," said Irene. "How absurd we are! If you should ever tell Mr. DeVries, he would laugh at us."

"You must never tell, Mirta," urged Saada; and Mirta gravely promised to be discreet.

"We shall have to take up with slippers and tarbooshes," said Mrs. Payson, after some mental ciphering. "I do dreadfully want to buy some of those Treblous purses. But the girls never have anything to put in them."

So a considerable number of yellow slippers and crimson tarbooshes was purchased. Then the party went to a shop kept by an Italian, and laid in a store of thread, scissors, and thimbles. Finally, a remaining hundred of piastres was disbursed for robotlicoom and other simple sweetmeats. It was a day of small things, surely, but it was an unusual entertainment for these ladies, and they enjoyed it amazingly.

"What a pleasant afternoon we have had!" said Saada, as they trudged back over the uneven pavement, stepping from time to time across the dirty rivulet which gurgled down the middle of the street, and which was the sewer of Beirut. "I wish there had been more things to buy and more piastres."

"I think I have known girls very much like you in America," laughed Irene. "But we must tell Mr. DeVries that there was plenty of money, and that everybody was delighted."

"I shall tell him there was too much money, and we were encumbered with his goodness," said the Oriental damsel. "And I shall knit him a purse of Treblow silk."

Irene glanced at Saada's dark and wonderfully brilliant eyes, and for a moment became somewhat pensive.

"Can I not knit him a purse, ya Sitty?" asked the girl. "Is it contrary to Frangistan custom?"

"Of course you may," said Irene. "Make it as pretty as you can. We ought all of us to be very grateful to him."

"When is he to return?" inquired Saada. "I wish he might return to-morrow, though the purse would not be ready. Did you understand what Mirt just said of him in Arabic? She said he was too handsome for a man."

"There! why did you tell of that?" protested Mirt, drawing her veil more closely over her face, as if to hide a blush. "If I said it, who thought it?"

"Perhaps the Sitty thought it," giggled Saada, reproachfully. "I was thinking something else. I was merely thinking. Will the purse be done when he comes?"

"What a deal of talk about one young man!" put in Mrs. Payson, but not with severe disapprobation.

"If he is good, why not?" argued Saada. "What

should talk of him but the people who are obliged to him? Let the others keep silence. I wish all my friends to speak of me, and not my enemies. Speech is more becoming to love than to hate."

"Saada, you are saying Arab sayings, and it sounds like teaching," observed Mirta. "Our language is full of proverbs, ya Sitty Irene. When an Arab talks it into English it seems as if he were Solomon the Wise."

"How hot it is, all of a sudden!" gasped Mrs. Payson, a stoutly built little lady, not fitted for high temperatures. "Or is it because we are wading through this sand?"

"A sirocco has arisen," said Rufka, "and we are going to be very hot, and to have our mouths full of dust. Do you see that the air is red with sand? I wish I was on the mountain."

"It comes from the south," observed Irene. "I suppose it is worse where Mr. DeVries is."

"May it have an end, and return no more!" said Saada, fervently. "I wish him to think well of our Syrian climate."

At last they were at home, and grinning Habeeb poured out the huge basket of purchases before Mr. Payson, who smiled in his kindly, absent-minded way, and said repeatedly, "It is well, — it is all well."

"To-morrow we will have a grand distribution at the school-room," promised Irene.

"I shall rejoice to be there," said the clergyman. "I want to hear what the young people say to their treasures. Then I will write to the youth that we are all greatly his debtors."

"Tell him exactly what the girls say," urged Irene. "Translate their speeches literally. It will amuse him."

"He shall be amused," promised Payson, "and thanked. Let us not forget to thank also the Being who made him and sent him to us."

"I think," remarked Saada, "that we could be more thankful if more such were sent."

Mrs. Payson, Irene, and Mirta, after one anxious glance at the head of the house, burst into a spasm of laughter.

"Ah, Saada!" said Payson, shaking his head and trying to be grave; but he could not help smiling, and so he went hastily out of the room.

In the midst of this discreet merriment Dr. Macklin entered, and of course must be informed of Saada's audacious speech.

"I shall have to give that child some senna," he said, "to take the taste of such words out of her mouth."

Mrs. Payson became serious, for she saw that he had on his petulant expression, and guessed that he was not pleased with so much commendatory talk of DeVries.

"He has given all the girls a present," she explained, "and they are in good humor about it."

"Oh, of course; women like pretty things," grumbled the jealous man. "Has he given Miss Grant a present? She looks as gay as the rest."

The usually good-tempered Irene was for once indignant, and allowed herself to retaliate by a mystification.

"I have nothing yet," she said. "My present is to come."

The sulky doctor would make no inquiries, but Mirta and Saada eagerly demanded, "What is it, ya Sitty?"

"I won't tell," declared Irene. "You two ought to know as well as I do. As for the doctor, he never could guess."

The pair of pretty Syrians sat staring at her, a smile of curiosity on their coral mouths, and their superb dark eyes sparkling with interest. Macklin would not look at them, nor at Irene; he went on poking over the pile of slippers and tarbooshes with his cane; he was obviously very anxious and unhappy. Our heroine repented that she had annoyed him, and brought forth her terrific secret.

"I am to have the crown and bracelet of a lord of the Philistines," she laughed. "They are to be sent me by an Amalekita."

"Ya Sit — ty!" exclaimed Mirta. "I thought you were in earnest. I thought there was something in the letter which you had not read to us. Surely, you skipped one place."

"What nonsense!" growled the doctor, not a little relieved, and yet angry at having been mystified. "Mr. DeVries is *mejnoon* [mad]."

"Doctor, you will have to take senna, also," said Saada. "The taste of those words is not good."

Macklin gave the pretty, laughing thing a glance of indignation, and walked out of the room, followed by his fast friend, Mrs. Payson.

XXI.

"THAT girl Saada needs a lecture," said the doctor to Mrs. Payson. "Somebody has been flattering her, I suppose, about her pretty face or her wit. I shouldn't wonder if DeVries used to talk nonsense to her. She has got very pert of late, and says whatever she pleases, and I don't approve of it."

"I will speak to Saada," promised the good lady. "I really don't think she means to be pert," she added, for her girls were dear to her, and she hated to scold them. "But she is rather uncommonly bright, you know, and can't help coming out with a joke now and then. Perhaps we have indulged her too much. I will caution her."

"Oh, not on my account," returned Macklin, who already began to feel ashamed of his pettishness. "I don't want a fuss on my account. I can bear it. But — but don't you think there is a little too much talk among these young women concerning DeVries? They fill one another's heads full of him."

"He has just sent them presents, you know. Girls like presents." (The doctor stared here; he had never

heard so before.) "We couldn't very well refuse the money."

"I wish you could have refused it. This isn't a fashionable boarding-school for the education of Flora McFlinseys; it is a place for the rearing of Christian teachers and Christian wives for Syria. However, I am making too much of the matter. I won't grumble. You couldn't help yourself."

"Mr. Payson saw no objection to taking the money," said Mrs. Payson; and so that point was definitely settled, even for Macklin.

"I wish I could give presents, — if female hearts are to be won that way," he muttered. "I have a little money to spare just now. Do you think Miss Grant would accept something from me? And what shall it be? I wish you would buy it for me. I am as ignorant as a camel in such matters."

"I don't know. She is very sensitive. Why not ask her yourself? It might lead to offering something more than a shawl," concluded the lady, with an anxious smile, meant to be encouraging.

"Oh, if I could!" gasped the doctor, coloring to his forehead. "I have been on the point of speaking to her a dozen times."

"I left you alone with her once," said Mrs. Payson, almost reproachfully.

"I know, — I remember. And yet I don't feel sure

that I could have spoken, even if that consul hadn't blundered in. Then I thought of writing her from Hasbeya, — and couldn't. And since I returned I have grown more and more nervous about it. If I should speak to her, and she should refuse, I couldn't stay here, — no, I couldn't. It would be the end of my usefulness and career in Syria. So I have been waiting and watching, — watching for some sign of liking on her part, some indication which could lead me to hope, to feel tolerably sure of success."

"Waiting for her to speak first?" giggled Mrs. Payson. She could not look upon it as a hazardous or terrible thing to make an offer of marriage. Her simple belief was that most women were glad to get them, and exceedingly likely to accept them. She herself had had but one, and had received it with a throb of great gladness, and had not hesitated a moment to say yes.

"Of course I am not such a goose as to expect that," returned the doctor, reddening. "I believe I have a man's ideas on the subject. No manly man looks for a woman to make the advances."

"Well? If it is a man's business to make the advances?" queried Mrs. Payson.

"Do you think *she* has ever thought of such matters at all?" the doctor wanted to know.

Mrs. Payson tittered outright. Was not Irene a

woman? But the excellent lady respected the secret of her sex.

"She has had one offer," was her answer.

"Whose?" stared the surprised and alarmed Macklin.

"Didn't you know? Oh, you must never tell! Didn't you know that the consul—"

"What! that low brute!" howled the doctor.

"Hush! for pity's sake, hush! Yes. But she refused him. You mustn't speak of it. What would he think of the mission? Mr. Payson says—"

"Oh, of course," interrupted Macklin. "I can see the propriety of silence as well as Mr. Payson. So she refused him? I am so *glad*! What an impertinent boor! How dared he come to her with his coarse courtship,—how *could* he dare! And I worship the very floors where she has walked!"

"Oh, don't worship so much," urged Mrs. Payson. "I hate to see a man make a perfect Diana of the Ephesians out of a fellow-creature because she wears muslin instead of broadcloth. Of course, I want you to love and respect Irena. But you have a right to speak to her as an equal."

"And you wish me to make this offer?"

"I want to see you happy,—and her, also," returned Mrs. Payson, trembling and almost ready to whimper, for her affections were really involved, and moreover it was such a crisis! "And I want to keep

her in the mission. She is the brightest of all us women. I think Mr. Payson and Mr. Kirkwood would be exceedingly grieved to lose her."

"How lose her? — DeVries!" whispered the doctor.

"I don't know. She talks a good deal about him. But there are other chances. You know how many travellers pass through here."

"Is she alone now?" asked the lover, in a sepulchral voice.

"I think so. The girls went upstairs a minute ago. I think you will find her with her grammars. She is always at them."

Rising gravely, the doctor slowly sought the study room, meanwhile meditating the fateful scene to come. He had totally forgotten that not ten minutes before he had slurred at Irene, and given her cause of offence. It was a surprise to him, therefore, when she looked up with a sober and worried expression, like one who expects a disagreeable interview.

"Irene, I am sorry that you are not glad to see me," he began. "I am very deeply grieved."

"Are you still vexed?" she asked wearily. There were some signs of physical *malaise* in her face; there were heavy circles about her eyes, and a general air of languor; at any other time the doctor would have taken note, but not now.

"It was such a trifle," she continued. "We were all laughing together."

"Vexed, — vexed with you?" he inquired. "Oh, I remember. If I was vexed, I was a fool. I wish you would forget that."

"Of course I will. It was nothing. But I didn't mean to give you any annoyance."

"I know you didn't. You are as good and patient as a human being can be. I know your good qualities, Irene. And you don't even guess how much I admire them."

"Oh, Doctor, why do you flatter? I don't want any compliments," she replied, as if already fearful of what was coming.

"Ah, I am too serious to flatter," he sighed. "I am as serious as man can be."

She had been trying to laugh, but the show of merriment passed away now, and she gazed at him anxiously.

"I have loved you ever since I saw you, Irene," were the next words.

Miss Grant turned as pale as though she were really and very seriously ill.

"I shall love you all my life," Macklin went on. "I wish — oh, I wish —"

"Oh, Doctor, *stop!*" Irene suddenly burst out in a sort of scream, while one foot came down upon the

floor with a spasmodic stamp. "Oh, do stop—till I can think—till I can speak. I thought you were my friend. I wanted you for my best friend."

"It can't be," declared Macklin, staring at her wildly. "I can't be only your friend. What do you mean? Nothing but your friend? Never anything dearer than a friend?"

"Oh, yes,—that's it. My truest and dearest friend."

Irene was in such trouble, so confused in mind and shaken in body, that she could not think very rationally, and hardly talked intelligibly. Nevertheless, what she had been able to say sounded wofully decisive to the man who heard it, though all the while he had seemed to hear it in a dream.

"Is it all over?" he asked, like a patient who wakes out of a chloroformed sleep, and cannot believe that his limb is really off. "Have you refused me?"

"You didn't offer," was the girl's feeble evasion. "Oh, Doctor, don't do it!"

The doctor sat for a moment in silence, gazing at her with a countenance of despair.

"Irene, I can't take this for an answer," he at last said, still hoping a little. "You must tell me—"

Of a sudden, and probably without a conscious purpose, her face assumed a Delilah-like expression of coaxing, and she leaned toward him with a pleading, caressing movement, all strangely unlike herself.

"Don't — don't — please don't," she smiled. "Do try to please me. Let it all go. I am going to forget every word that you have said. Won't you forget it, too, my dear, good friend?"

It seemed so unnatural, the request and the manner of it, that Macklin revolted. "Never!" he declared, almost in anger. "What an idea! How can I forget it?"

"Oh, it is too bad!" moaned Irene, throwing herself back in her chair, and clasping her hands across her eyes. "It is *too* bad! Here I have come to mission ground to meet more of this than I ever saw at home."

It was a singular speech for this young lady to make; she was torturing another, and yet thinking solely of herself. As the doctor stared at her with his pitifully cowed and anxious eyes, he felt, and very naturally, that she was either inhuman or silly. But at last an inspiration of his art came to enlighten him, and he said to himself, "This is a case of hysteria."

The thought made him calmer; it forced him to rule himself. As an invalid he knew how to treat her, how to concede exceeding patience to her. He said nothing for a minute or more, and he was entirely wise in so doing. Eventually Irene withdrew her hands from her face, and looked up at him with a smile. It seemed that, like a child in a fit of illness, she was conscious only of her own feelings. The smile simply meant, "*I am better.*"

"I am very fond of you," she said, slowly and in a low, wearied voice. "I looked upon you as my best friend in the world except Mr. Payson. I don't want to vex you. I want you to be happy. But—but"—and here she shook her head repeatedly—"I don't want to be married. No, I don't. I am not going to be married. Please believe me, Doctor, and let this be forgotten."

He drew a long, shuddering sigh over this crushing of his hopes. As yet there was a strong desire in him to protest against the decision, and to plead for his own happiness. But he noted the tired voice, and the languor of reaction in her face. She was his patient at this moment, and he must be unweariably gentle with her, as became a good physician.

"Irene, we will say no more about it—now," he promised, in a tone of suffering pity. "I will bear and forget, if I can. Now go and rest yourself."

"Thank you," she sobbed, gently, for the condolence moved her deeply. "How good you are! I hope you will be very happy all your life."

The doctor went out, joined Mrs. Payson in the parlor, and suddenly lay down upon the sofa, shaking from head to foot with a chill.

"What is it?" asked the excited lady. "Has she made you sick? Oh, the ungrateful creature!"

"Don't," said Macklin. "Not a word to her. You

see what a husband I would make. Probably she is right. But I shall leave Syria, now. I never shall be a man again — never shall be of any more use to mortal — while I stay here."

"Oh, Doctor!" groaned Mrs. Payson, gazing at his shaking hands and the sudden blanching of his face, — all Irene's work, of course. "I am so mad with her!"

"Not a word to her, if you care for my wishes," said the poor fellow, staggering to his feet. "I will go home now, and shiver it out. It is a small matter, — the ague is."

"Wait for some red-pepper tea," begged Mrs. Payson.

"No. My man can make it. If she is ill, send for me."

"*She!*" exclaimed the indignant lady, actually wishing that Irene might be sick, at least a little.

"She is not strong. I never noticed it before. Has she been out in the sun to-day?"

"Why, she went to the bazaars to buy those things. We all went."

"How *could* you let her? And a sirocco blowing!" exclaimed the doctor, with the unreasonableness of a lover.

Mrs. Payson made no reply; this last unjust buffet

was too much; she was so hurt that she could speak.

"It may be the first touch of malaria," continued Macklin. "If she complains, or looks in the least unwell, send for me at once."

Mrs. Payson of course promised, and then the doctor tottered away.

XXII.

DR. MACKLIN could not believe that his love was quite hopeless, and therefore did not decide to remove to some other missionary field.

But two days after his refusal, finding that Irene showed no return of hysteria, and also finding the scenery of Beirut utterly insupportable to a man in his state of mind, he went off to his summer home in the lofty village of Abeih, where he could seek consolation in the green terraces of Lebanon, sweeping three thousand feet downward to the sea, and at evening could distinguish the serrated highlands of Cyprus, one hundred and thirty miles distant, painted dark on the flaming canvas of the sunset.

A few days later came the usual spring flight of the mission families from the hot coast region to the breezy altitudes of the mountain. Most of them went to Abeih, which had long been a regular station, boasting three comfortable mission residences, one of which contained a room large enough for a chapel. The Paysons alone migrated to Bhamdun, a village some twelve miles farther to the north, and a thousand feet nearer the heavens.

"We go to and fro like storks," said Saada to Irene. "Only we don't go north and south. In the spring we fly up, and in the autumn we fly down."

"And we make as much clamor over our pilgrimages as the jackals," smiled Mr. Payson, looking out upon the noisy muleteers and servants who were packing the family valuables.

"The Arab language is made to be spoken, and the English language is made to be muttered," returned the patriotic young Syrian.

"And both of them are made for prayer, Saada. One has to regret that they are so seldom used in that duty."

After a time the huge packs were all strapped and roped on to the cringing mules, and the members of the family mounted their various steeds and hybrids and donkeys. Mr. and Mrs. Payson and Irene each had a horse of the cheap and common breed called *kadeesh*. Saada and Rufka and old Yusef, the cook, were packed on mounds of luggage. The muleteers walked, or took turns at the donkeys.

"I am so sorry that we are to lose Mirta," said Irene.

"She does better," replied Saada. "Abeih is prettier than Bhamdun. To Abeih I wish we could all go. Why should Howaja Payson be sent alone to Bhamdun? Even the hakeem has left it this summer, though he needs the coolest air."

Concerning this last-mentioned fact Irene could make no comment. She was thinking what an unlucky girl she was thus to turn the mission upside down, and deprive her good friend Macklin of the climate which he specially required. She would be sent home, she said to herself, if people didn't stop proposing to her. What would the Commissioners of the Board think of her if they knew that she had had two offers inside of a month?

Meantime, they were moving on, at a quiet footpace, over the sandy ways. The prickly-pear hedges, abundant greenery and flowers, and square stone houses of the gardens were left behind in fifteen or twenty minutes. Then came wide flats of young pines, and then a sweep of rolling open country, very sandy on the right hand, but bordered on the left by a forest of venerable olives, whose grayish verdure stretched five or six miles along a shallow valley at the base of the foot-hills.

There were no villages on the road, no isolated houses, no inhabitants. The two or three horsemen whom they met were heavily armed, and probably belonged to the mounted police, called *hownleeyek*. Occasionally a duo or trio of muleteers, their animals loaded with wool, or perhaps only with fagots, passed them toward the city. A few light-built, swift-stepping fellows on foot were recognizable by their alert,

bold air as mountaineers. Every one saluted, touching the hand to the breast and then to the forehead, usually with a pleasant smile. The Moslems uttered a brief "Sellim," and the Christians a cheery "Sub hac bel khia." The deep-toned, dignified "Naharkum saiced" of the Druses was very striking.

The first slopes — the yellowish, rocky, and nearly barren slopes — of the foot-hills were reached in about an hour. Here ended all semblance of a road, except a mere sinuous cattle-path, stony, steep, and difficult. After a panting, tottering, and seemingly perilous climb of thirty minutes, they reached a bald, breezy crest, only to descend into a mountain wady, or ravine, and then repeat the ascent. Erelong they began to discover the fruits of that comparative freedom from Turkish misrule which Lebanon accords to her two hundred thousand children. The country became populous and plenteous. Villages stood forth on giant spurs, or peered through the foliage of valleys. The enormous sides of the crests were terraced from top to bottom, in stairways of a thousand feet descent, all green with grain, vines, fig-trees, and mulberries. Deep ravines were paved with the dark, cool verdure of orange and lemon groves. The spectacles which opened to right and left were not merely picturesque and noble; they were also so gentle and lovely as to deserve the most gracious of epithets. If one desired

to add sublimity to the view, he had but to turn and gaze down upon the plain, the far and faint gardens, the dwindling city, and the illimitable gleaming of the sea.

"It is a most beautiful earth," said Payson. "But in all the earth there is nothing to my eyes so beautiful as Lebanon and its prospects."

"I can't talk about it," answered Irene, all her soul in her eyes.

"And you do well," he declared. "I feel as if my praises were like the idle whisperings of children in the back seats of the sanctuary. This is one of the temples of the Lord, and there is solemn service going on. I think I had better stop my noise."

They halted to lunch on an open, windy ridge, along which ran a rude little aqueduct, brimming with dark, clear water. Then they mounted again and resumed the wild journey; now down terraced hillsides into deep wadys, and then up still loftier acclivities; the sea now hidden for many minutes, and then anew revealing its broad glory. There had been four hours of this, when they looked across a ravine of unusual depth and beheld Bhamdun perched on the opposite spur, at the summit of a wide and lofty stairway of vines and mulberries. It was a clump of some two hundred houses, all roughly but stoutly built of the yellow limestone of Lebanon, and topped with the flat roofs

of the Orient. It seemed but a little way distant; they could hear the shouting of children. Yet half an hour elapsed ere the travellers, barely clinging to their saddles, surmounted the final ascent and entered the narrow, crooked alleys of the village.

A pack of dirty, bare-legged, red-capped urchins saluted them with Oriental gravity and courtesy. Men and women touched their breasts and foreheads, and uttered the customary resonant salutation. A white-bearded senior in a red jacket and blue trousers exchanged copious congratulations with Payson, kissing hands to him at every salaam, and smiling as if he were welcoming a long-lost brother. Then they were at the door of a one-storied, solid dwelling of rudely hewn stone, their home for the coming summer.

There was a gay unpacking of huge bundles and of roomy leathern hampers. Heavy mattings were unrolled, camp-bedsteads set up, a few cushions disposed here and there, and the housekeeping arrangements were completed. Irene had never before seen so rustic a home, and yet it was abundantly spacious and comfortable. A long hall, open toward the west, and faced there with horseshoe arches, formed the nucleus of the building. On two sides and a part of the fourth it was enclosed by rooms, four in number and of respectable dimensions. At the southern

end of the hall, the leewan looked out through its comandaloon upon the narrow courtyard of a humbler dwelling, and upon sheets of flat roofs further down the slope.

Exteriorly the edifice was very rude and yet not entirely bare of graces. The stones were roughly chipped and set in a cement of mud, but they were of goodly size and laid in regular courses. The flat severity of the rectangular front was lightened by the three broad Saracenic arches which opened the hall toward the sunset. The comandaloon had a double window, also arched and pointed. It was a massively constructed hovel, which had somewhat the air of a barbaric palace.

Within there was no finish whatever, except a little clumsy wood-carving and a few figures traced on the doors with a red-hot iron. The rolling prairies of flooring were made of mud, tamped hard, rubbed smooth with a polished pebble, and varnished with a wash of red clay. The irregularities of the stones in the walls could be seen through the coating of white-washed clay which served for plaster. The ceilings were naked, unhewn beams of pine, supporting short transverse slats of the same wood, on which rested eighteen inches of cemented rubble, the flat roof of the dwelling.

Several swallows had built their nests amid the

rafters, and fluttered in and out with noisy confidence. A clamor of stamping horses, too, came up from the stable under the northern room. Circular holes near the bottom of two of the doors seemed to indicate that the former proprietor had been thoughtful of cats, or had had theories concerning ventilation. At the top of the rude stairway which led into the stony courtyard stood three earthen jars, almost as big as barrels, full of sweet water from the village spring, their porous surfaces beaded with a cool perspiration. Below, in a little one-storied wing, could be heard the clatter of old Yusef's brazen saucepans and burnished iron kettles.

"The north room will be the study and parlor," said Mrs. Payson, who was in a flurry of housekeeping glee. "Mr. Payson doesn't mind the stamping and neighing. The west room will be our bedroom. It looks selfish to take the only rooms with glass windows; but we are the old people, you know. Irene will have the great room on the street side. She can get light enough, perhaps, from the open hall; I wish it was lighter. The girls must put up with the dark room."

"We can see to sleep all the better in the dark," observed Saada. "Can't we, Rufka?"

"I think we shall all be middling comfortable," continued Mrs. Payson. "Only as for coosiness, that's clean

out of the question. Visitors will have to sleep in the parlor. I'm so sorry about the horses; but it can't be helped. It doesn't smell so very much like a stable, do you think it does, Irene? What a barbarous notion to have animals kicking and squealing right under one's company!"

"Oh, dear!" said Irene, thinking, perhaps, that Mr. DeVries might be a guest. "Well, it can't be helped, and that ends it."

"The divine Man was born in a stable," observed Mr. Payson, looking up from the unpacking of his books. "I think I shall like to work in that room."

In the evening came visitors, — various elders and doctors of Bhamdun; also an invalid or two seeking medicines. The notables seated themselves composedly on the cushioned mukaad, while the younger or humbler persons squatted on their heels against the wall. Every man brought his chibouk, two or three feet long usually, and smoked in small, rare whiffs. Chief among the great ones was Abou Daoud, the white-bearded senior of the red jacket, remarkable for the pure Semitic type of his high features and for the hoarse wheeze of his utterance.

"I lost my voice calling to my sheep across the wadys," he explained. "But all the same I praise God with it. We should return thanks for whatever befalls us."

He had a false smile and an uneasy, cunning gray eye, both indicative of an over-canny gift at bargaining, the source of his rustic riches. No hermit could be more indefatigably devout in conversation than this wily, huckstering old egotist. What with his sanctimonious talk and his fraudulent practices, he was the despair of Mr. Payson. It must be understood that he was not one of the converts to Protestantism, and merely called out of general civility and love of much conversation.

Another visitor of mark was the village schoolmaster, Abou Mekhiel, a little, wilted, ruddy-faced man of forty, whose blue eyes showed honesty and intelligence. He was not a capitalist, like Abou Daoud, but he could write Arabic grammatically and compose in verse, which made him a wonder of scholarship in Lebanon. The poverty of the literary class appeared in the pathetic fact that Abou Mekhiel did not smoke unless some one lent him a pipe. In religion he was a neutral, not holding positively with either the missionaries or the Greek church, but taking a middle way toward the celestial city.

Then there was one of the Brodestáns (Protestants), the respectable and gentle-mannered Khaled, famed for uprightness and generosity of dealing, and with a fine expression of sweetness on his thin features. There were others, too,—a very few thus far, we must

confess, — of the same belief. The majority of Bhamdunees still held fast to their Greek credences.

Aboo Daood had brought with him his grandson, a lovely youth of sixteen, with a delicate aquiline face, rosy cheeks, and poetical, hazel eyes. His granddaughter, a blue-eyed, auburn-haired girl of twelve, very handsome, also, in mere color and modelling of face, lurked shyly near the doorway, with her baby brother astride behind, and stared with parted lips at the ladies. Other children, most of them ragged, and very, very few of them pretty, looked in humbly from the street.

Meantime the talk of the elders proceeded. I think that it was a somewhat thin and vapid conversation, made up very largely of salutations and compliments. Mr. Payson sought to give the interview a tone of grace, but the villagers could be as fluent in devout phrases as himself, and meant no more by them than by smoking. There was some little speech about the vines, the yield of mulberry leaves, and the chances of the season for silkworms. There were inquiries as to the likelihood of England's seizing the country and driving the Druses out of Lebanon. But this last topic was treated in a whisper, for Bhamdun was subject to the great house of Abd el Melek, and murmuring against them was a kind of treason not devoid of peril.

One after one the visitors rose, saluted with the ready Syrian smile, walked barefoot to the door, shuffled into their heavy slippers, and departed.

With all this reception the women of the household had naught to do, but, as women should in the East, confined themselves to their own business and quarters.

XXIII.

A MONTH passed away, — for Irene a month of study and conversational practice in Arabic, of constitutionals about the rugged crest on which the village stood, and of little more.

The walks were usually to the spring, nearly a quarter of a mile from the village. There was some amusement in watching the sunburnt maidens, who filled their enormous water-jars and skipped away with them on their heads, or perhaps washed to resplendent whiteness the broad-tailed, corpulent sheep which was to provide the winter meat of a household. Sometimes, with Saada and Rufka in company, she pushed on to a huge precipice which overhung a neighboring wady. Or she climbed to the crown of the Bhamdun ridge, and obtained a far-away view of the Mediterranean. Mr. Payson rode once to Abeih, but Irene could not accompany him, for there was the rejected doctor.

It was still life, truly Oriental in its extreme tranquillity, and seeming to her at times woefully ineffective. Judge, therefore, of the joy and excitement in the Payson household when, one May afternoon, Hubertsen

DeVries rode up to its door. Irene, startled out of her usual staidness, fairly ran into the street to greet the agreeable archæologist.

"What has become of your Amalekite?" she asked. "I want my crown and bracelet."

"You will have to wear a millstone," he said. "I found nothing more elegant than millstones."

"What, nothing? Nothing Philistine?" She was nearly as disappointed as himself, and looked much more so. It is all nonsense to say that young ladies cannot sympathize with antiquarians, providing these last are not themselves antiquities.

"I shall try Ashdod next," he replied. "Old Askelon was pretty certainly built of unburnt bricks. I ought to have gone to Ashdod. There must be something there,—Egyptian, at any rate. But how are you? You are looking wonderfully well."

Here came in the other greetings and felicitations, too numerous to recapitulate. Presently, DeVries turned to Irene once more, and surveyed her with an air of approbation.

"I never saw you looking so well," he said. "You remind me of a certain British drink which I have tasted and found very fortifying."

"A drink?" queried the young lady, unfamiliar with potations, and unable to guess.

"Brown stout," smiled Hubertsen.

"I am *not* so fat!" declared Irene, laughing and coloring. "Of course I am sunburnt. What an outrage to find fault with me about it!"

"I wasn't finding fault; quite the contrary," said the young man; and the whole company could see in his eyes that he spoke the truth. Saada, a meek admirer of DeVries, and of Miss Grant also, looked from one to the other, and smiled gayly. Mrs. Payson, remembering her beloved doctor, wanted to change the conversation.

"We must get you established in your room," she observed to the guest. "Do you think that you can sleep with horses under you?"

The question was appropriate to the moment, for Hubertsen's steed and Mr. Payson's kadeesh had just met in the stable, and were squealing at each other like two locomotives.

"I'll put a stop to those war-whoops to-morrow," said the young man. "Achmet is looking up a house for me in the village, and if he doesn't find one I shall pitch a tent on the hill. You won't object, I suppose, to my spending the summer in Bhamdun."

Everybody was delighted, excepting thoughtful Mrs. Payson, who could not help saying something about Abeih being prettier.

"It would be, no doubt, if you were all there," said DeVries, with a glance at Irene and Saada, which

seemed to express a tranquil satisfaction in looking at them.

The lady of the house did not take a particle of this compliment to herself, and went off hastily to oversee the fitting up of a bed in the parlor, feeling the while that matters often go wrong in this life.

"Yes, I shall stay in Bhamdun, — mostly," Hubertsen continued; "I must have a cool retreat during the hot season. That coast climate has been a little trying. Miss Grant, what pretty things your girls said about my small presents; and how very considerate it was of you, Mr. Payson, to translate them for me! I sent that letter to my mother."

"Did you, indeed!" smiled the missionary, rejoicing in the young man's dutifulness, as he rejoiced in all signs of good everywhere. "I am glad that I wrote out the children's prattle. It was Irene's happy thought."

DeVries looked at the girl in surprise, and studied her face with a curious calmness. He was obviously pleased that she should have thought in his absence of giving him a pleasure. Seeing that his gaze made her color, he turned away, and spoke of other subjects. It was a singular instance of considerateness in so young a man, and showed better than almost anything else could how graciously he had been nurtured.

"What a view!" he said, gazing out through one of

the Saracenic arches which opened toward the west. "It must be half a mile across this ravine. Is that the song of those muleteers on the other side? One can't help wishing that it was better music. I hate that quavering squall."

"Syria is like a beautiful bird which has a bad voice," put in Saada.

"Well, it is beautiful," he replied, glancing down upon the girl with manifest approval of her cleverness. "I don't wonder that this part of the world was first inhabited by civilized men. It deserved the honor. I am saying this partly because it is true, and partly to please you, Saada!"

"I am much obliged to you for saying it, howaja, and also for your present to me. You encumbered us all with your goodness, and there was too much for our hands to carry. I wish you many blessings, and repose to your fingers."

The Arabic phrases were of course meant in part jocosely, and Hubertsen laughed as he replied, "You are very welcome."

"Oh, howaja, I am frightened," added Saada, who had something in her hand, and was blushing magnificently. "I knit a purse of Treblous silk to give you in return for your bounty, and now I am ashamed to offer it, because it is such a poor little thing."

DeVries rose from his chair and extended his hand, as if he were about to receive the gift of an empress.

"May it always be full," said Saada, laying the purse across his palm with trembling fingers, and looking up at him with gratitude for accepting it.

For a moment the young American gazed down into the dark, brilliant Oriental eyes with an expression of fascination. It is barely possible that, if Payson and Miss Grant had not been standing by, he might have done something injudicious. Even as matters were, he expressed his thanks very warmly, and promised to keep the purse forever. Saada smiled shyly, and then quietly withdrew into the background, brimful of throbbings and blushes. I doubt whether Irene, good and magnanimous as she was, enjoyed the scene one half as much as the other two. For a minute or two Hubertsen was absent-minded; he looked over his shoulder after the young Oriental; he seemed hardly aware of his pretty countrywoman. There is a magic at times in a little bit of personal attention from an unexpected quarter.

"What is to become of your Syrian girls?" he presently asked of Mr. Payson. "I would like to send that one home to my mother."

"She had better remain here, and be of service to her own people. In America, how little she would amount to! But here a fairly educated woman may be of inestimable value. What Syria most wants is a benefaction of intelligent, conscientious wives and mothers."

"Still, I should like to send her home," insisted DeVries. "My mother would make a perfect plaything of a Syrian Protestant with such eyes."

Irene listened with a feeling of depression which she could not rule. *Her* friend, who once had such kindly wishes for her, and whose return she had looked forward to with such eagerness, seemed to care less for her than for Saada. Under this neglect, she became humbly anxious to please him, and pondered how she could do it. Should she learn the Deir el Kamr embroidery, and work him a pair of crimson and gold slippers? Would he care for them when they were done? She feared not. Her eyes were not as brilliant as Saada's, and she was not, like Saada, a Syrian and a curiosity; she was only a poor American minister's daughter, and not suitable for a pet and plaything. Right as it all was, of course, it was considerably saddening, and had a tendency to turn one's thoughts toward the path of duty.

"I wish Saada might go to America," she said magnanimously, and understanding that the girl would go with DeVries. "Don't you think, Mr. Payson, that she would interest people in Syria?"

"The idea had not occurred to me," he returned. "It may be as you say. And yet I can't quite desire to interest people in that way,—by sending home comely damsels."

"She would draw a full house," smiled Hubertsen.

"I don't like it," said Payson, really hurt by the light-minded way of viewing mission affairs.

"Mr. DeVries wasn't thinking of exhibiting her," observed Irene, anxious to exculpate her friend, though he seemed so careless of herself.

"I wasn't thinking much about it," he replied languidly; and the tone of indifference brought her some satisfaction.

"I don't think very hard about anything, just now," he went on. "I am jaded and out of sorts, and waste my time in utter idleness. It was a smart pull of work, the digging in the hot flats of Askelon; and I feel a little fatigued by it, and very glad to get here. And glad to see you both!" he added emphatically. "How have you passed your time, Miss Grant? Have you studied like a German doctor, as usual?"

"Irene has done exceedingly well," affirmed Mr. Payson. "She has made really surprising progress in Arabic. The great gift of tongues was a part of her portion."

DeVries gave the young lady a smile of approbation which filled her with content.

"E l'italiano?" he queried. "Ha continuato a studiare l'italiano?"

She answered him fluently enough in that language to surprise and please him.

"Very good," he said warmly. "Do keep up the Italian. There is a vast deal of culture — to speak the language of Canaan, I mean Boston — in knowing and using a tongue which possesses a great literature."

Irene made a resolution that she would talk Italian at every opportunity, and would read it aloud to herself at least half an hour every day.

"We'll practise it together," added DeVries, as though he had divined her thoughts. "We will write themes in it, and get Mr. Payson to correct them."

By this time Irene had forgotten her late moment of depression, and was quite light-hearted again. It is to be feared that her happiness was increased to an almost perilous extent by the fact that during the remainder of the interview the young man's gaze frequently sought her own, or dwelt contentedly upon her face. A terrible amount of talking can be done by two youthful persons with their eyes, even when they do not purpose it. This interchange of views, once begun, is as irresistible as wine to a drunkard. Over and over discretion says, "I will not look again," and presently breaks her resolution. Before she is quite aware of her risk, she has a feeling that she has laid herself open to an outspoken tenderness, and is bound by the honor of womanhood to receive it graciously. How can she ever get back to where she was before they two commenced floating toward each

other on the wings of those glances? Something seems to be already settled, and quite beyond her feeble undoing.

As for DeVries, he had stumbled by surprise into this voiceless amity, and found himself liking it before he had reflected upon it. It must be understood that he had come up to Lebanon in a frame of mind to fall in love with somebody, if opportunity favored. He was jaded in body and disappointed in soul, and sorely needed a comrade who would nurse and pet him. For months he had been deprived of the converse and sight of women, excepting the wild and haggard daughters of poverty-stricken Philistia. It was a bewitching experience to meet a girl who was clean and civilized and really handsome. His first impulse had been to seize upon Saada; then came a still stronger desire to appropriate Irene.

Why not? She was poor, but he had wealth for both, and that was better. She was certainly pretty enough, and lady-like and clever enough. As for accomplishments, what young lady of his home acquaintance could speak better Italian, or could speak any Arabic at all? With her gift for tongues, she could develop into an accomplished linguist, and receive the learned company which he loved in a way to gratify his pride. And then Arabic! Why, Arabic was an immense thing! He foresaw that he should

have to learn that language himself, if he meant to go to the bottom of Philistine mysteries; and how helpful it would be to him to have a Semitic scholar in the family! All these judicious and commendable thoughts flitted through his mind while he sat talking in the clay-floored hall, now gazing down among the vines and mulberries of Wady Bhamdun, and now exchanging glances with our young missionary.

He was proposing a family trip to the mysterious ruined temples on the slopes of Jebel Sunnean, when Mrs. Payson took charge of him, and led him away to the improvised guest-chamber.

"I like the lad much," said Mr. Payson. "His hands are always full of work. Very few children of the rich are thus incessantly busy with matters which do not pertain to mere pleasure. May the Guide of his mother be his guide also!"

Mrs. Payson, who had returned to the hall, threw an anxious glance at Irene, and wished that Mr. Payson would not praise the "lad" so openly.

"He never thinks of such matters," she sighed to herself, almost bemoaning her saint's excessive spirituality. "I shall really have to tell him that he *must*. What if Irene should take a fancy, and Mr. DeVries shouldn't offer?"

XXIV.

THE next morning Hubertsen's mind was a good deal less occupied with marrying than with malaria.

The change from the hot air of the coast to the comparative coolness of Bhamdun, four thousand feet above the sea, had brought upon him his first attack of ague. There were two hours of shaking, and then several hours of fever and malaria, all miserably depressing to the mind of a novice in the malady, and calculated to make him think chiefly, though meanly enough, of himself.

Scarcely was he about again, with somewhat of the vivacity of youth in his face and soul, when a subject of the bombshell order exploded in the family, and engaged its entire attention. A letter from Mr. Kirkwood announced that it seemed best to the mission that some American should join the native preacher in Damascus, and suggested reasons why none of the "brethren" in Abeth could meetly undertake the enterprise.

"We remember the heat of the summer on the plains," the epistle concluded. "But, on the other

hand, there will probably be no fighting there, and in the mountain there may be. Do not understand, dear brother, that this work is urged upon you, or commended to you as a duty. Whoever shall adventure it will do so voluntarily. Our doctor is very anxious to go, but he is not fit in health, and he is not a clergyman. Let us know your judgment and desires in this matter, and believe that we shall surely approve of them, whatever they may be."

"Yes, they shall approve of them," said Mr. Payson. "I shall go to Damascus."

"Oh, dear!" groaned Mrs. Payson.

"My child, shall I be less ready to offer my labor than the consul is to offer his money?" he returned, very gently. "Why, it was I who suggested the enterprise. As for the heat, there are English missionaries there, and the houses of Damascus are suited to the climate. I will not ask you to go."

"I am *going*," returned the wife almost indignantly; and the satisfied husband smiled on her very kindly.

"Our children here must be watched over," he continued. "No doubt some one will be spared from Abeih for that purpose."

"I hope it will be the doctor," said Mrs. Payson. "He needs the Bhamdun air, if any one does."

Irene looked up with a startled glance, and then fell into deep meditation. Meantime DeVries said

nothing, understanding perfectly that he could not volunteer to take charge of a family of young ladies, though he was thinking that there would be a chance for a pleasant sort of protectorate, or at least an *entente cordiale*.

"The doctor would be a very proper person," observed Mr. Payson, who knew nothing of the emotional entanglements between Macklin and Miss Grant, and who, in his guilelessness, was not accustomed to consider the possibility of such things.

"I should like to go with you to Damascus," said Irene, raising her eyes from her broodings. "Mrs. Payson may be taken sick. There ought to be a third person; and why not I?"

Mrs. Payson did not look as grateful as her husband thought she ought to. The excellent lady's instant suspicion was that Irene wanted to evade the doctor, and that she would only too easily allure the doctor's rival after her to the new station. There was a certain amount of truth in this truly feminine divination. Irene undoubtedly did want to escape the daily companionship of a respected friend who would persist in trying to be a lover. But as to DeVries, she had no hope of being pursued by him to the hot plain of Damascus, and what trouble there was in her face arose largely from the thought that she might see him no more.

"Really, I don't admire that plan," the young man himself broke in. "Miss Grant isn't acclimated. Of course, I don't want to interfere in mission affairs."

"I think Irene has judged well," said Mr. Payson, quite unsuspecting of the little asides of feeling in the other three, and speaking solely from the mission point of view. "The new-comers bear Syria better than the old hands. She is in good health, I believe."

"You called me brown stout yourself," Irene laughed, or tried to laugh.

"It was ironical," said DeVries. "I was struck by your pallor and feebleness."

"Why, it's impossible!" replied the young lady, who often failed to understand humor. "I was a little ailing in Beirut, but I have been very well since I came to the mountain."

Then Saada changed the conversation by asking anxiously if she and Rufka were to go.

"No," decided the head of the family. "You younglings will abide in the fold."

Saada glanced sidelong at DeVries, with such a sparkling of joy in her wonderful eyes that Irene, who observed the tell-tale radiance, felt a momentary pang. Hubertsen, who also caught this glimpse of a Syrian soul, wavered between a noble desire to go to Damascus and a temptation to remain in Bhamdun.

"She is a pretty plaything," he thought, or some-

thing like it, as he studied the deepening color in Saada's cheeks. "I wonder if I shall ever be really taken with anything but a plaything. I wonder if she could develop into anything more than a plaything."

"How would Damascus suit my case?" he judiciously asked, at the close of these reflections.

Payson replied that it would not do; that the young man needed an entire summer of Lebanon air; that he must break up his ague, if he wanted to resume his excavations with comfort and safety.

"Then I shall travel a good deal about the mountains," said Hubertsen, with the lofty air of one who paves a certain torrid locality.

Irene could not help feeling grateful, or, more accurately speaking, gratified. She was shamefaced about it, however, and did not glance at him with the childlike simplicity, the Oriental fervor, of Saada. Perhaps it would have been no worse for all concern if she had had less of Occidental staidness and command.

"When shall you go?" was DeVries's next question. "I don't see that you need hurry. Damascus has been there quite a while, and will be there a week."

"The King's business requires haste," said Payson. "To-morrow is the best of all days, except

Perhaps I am wrong," he added with a grave smile. "I sometimes think that yesterday is the best, because that we have had, and in that we have finished some labor, if indeed we are of the laboring sort."

"It's like the money a man has spent," was the youth's answer. "I don't set much store by yesterday. I haven't yet been happy enough for that."

"If you are not satisfyingly happy, how futile this world must be!" said Payson. "Well, it agrees with my opinion of it. Life has granted me none of its shining prizes, and I have not greatly desired them, thanks be to the chief source of content!"

"And you might have had them, I think," observed DeVries. "And here you are going to Damascus to preach to half a dozen Arabs! Well, all I have to say about it now is that you make people want to help you. What can I do for you? Don't you want one of my horses?"

"Thank you, but Mahjoub will answer my purpose, and I think Mrs. Payson will abide surest upon a mule."

"Then suppose you take a lot of my pots and pans. I have cooking utensils enough for a tribe of Bed-oween."

This offer was gratefully accepted, in order that the Bhamdun kitchen might not be left too bare.

It was now late in the afternoon, and there could be no packing at present, for the camp-bedsteads, bedding,

etc., were in constant use. Irene therefore took her usual stroll to the fountain, and Hubertsen walked by her side, with Saada and Ruffa following. The narrow and rough footway, strewn with limestone scales and splinters, led along one of the many artificial terraces of the spur, with the low walls of other terraces rising in a gentle acclivity on the right, and the grain and mulberries of a vast slope streaming downward on the left into the wady. Many of the yellow slabs under their feet were chased all over with petrifications, — the sarcophagi, so to speak, of an innumerable multitude of spiral sea-shells, all minute, and most of them microscopic. Petrified clams, oysters, and ammonites lay about, sometimes singly, but often in surprising numbers. The Mediterranean was not visible. The red sun was descending behind the bare ridge which faced Bhamdun on the western side of its deep ravine. To the north rose huge rounded crests and mounds, portions of the great backbone of Lebanon. It was a noble prospect, and yet they could not see the loftiest peaks, and could only think of the long drifts of eternal snow.

"I hate to bid the mountain good-by," murmured Irene, after a long gaze in all directions.

"And I hate to have you," said Hubertsen, in the same low tone.

She felt a slight tremor within her, and did not look

at him for a moment. It must be distinctly understood that she did not expect a word of love from this wealthy young gentleman, nor even desire one. It would have been a great perplexity to her to get such a word from one who in her eyes was a "worldling," and at the same time a valued and charming companion. When they did glance at each other, she forced a pitiful smile, and he gravely answered it by saying, "I wish you would go home."

"Oh, that I can't do!" she gasped. "How can I abandon these dear friends? It would be so unfeeling and dishonorable! And how can I turn my back on my work? I wish — oh, you mean to be kind — but I wish you wouldn't talk of that."

It sounded to him like a repulse. She would not speak of going to America, although that might mean going with him, and perhaps remaining with him always. Of course she should have divined thus much, and probably had divined it, he vaguely said to himself, and had wilfully rejected the amiable possibility.

"Well, it is no use to argue," he replied, coldly. "Oh, of course, I don't blame you. You want to do your duty, and you don't want to accept my kindness."

"You mustn't think that I am ungrateful," she pleaded, deeply hurt by the change in his voice. "I

know you mean to be good to me, and I thank you with all my heart."

"Ah, well! that repays me," he smiled. "I value your thanks. Well, if we are to part company, we can still remember each other. What can I do in your absence that will be a pleasure to you?"

"I wish you would write a book about Syria, and send me a copy. I want to see your writing in print, and your name to it."

"You shall see it before it goes into print," declared Hubertsen. "You shall see the manuscript. Look here: I will make the book; but I must make it in my way. I will make it out of letters which are to be written to you. I shall be the more sure to do it, and I shall do it the better. I will write about my expeditions, my daily life and small observations, everything that interests me. You shall keep the letters. Oh, of course you may lose them, and small blame to you; but if they are not lost, I will take them and put them together for my book. What do you say to my plan? Do you like it?"

Of course Irene liked it, and so declared frankly. It was surely a very artful way of opening a correspondence with a clever young lady, who loved literature, and thought it a great thing to write a book, or to aid in any humble manner toward the writing of one.

"And couldn't you help?" the young man went on. "Why not send me some material?—any queer or funny incident; scraps of dialogues which you overhear; compliments, proverbs, superstitions; every odd and end that you come across. It will be the most curious part of the book, and the most valuable in the opinion of the critics. I shall be ashamed to rob you of it."

"I shall be proud to have you," said Irene, smiling with satisfaction over the thought of being useful to him, and of doing something a little bit memorable. "And where shall I send my notes?" she asked. "And when?"

"Send them here," he smiled. "Send them whenever there is a chance. It is the only way to be sure to do it," he added, seeing that she looked up at him doubtfully. "If you don't write and send me something every fortnight, say, you will soon forget to do it at all. You think that I am trapping you into a correspondence," he smiled again. "Well, so I am; and what of it? It won't do you a bit of harm, and we shall make a very curious book."

"I will do it, if you say so," promised Irene, with a confidingness and obedience which pleased him greatly.

Just then they reached the fountain, and were overtaken by Saada and Rufka, and the *tête-à-tête* ended.

XXV.

TWO days later, the Rev. Samuel Pelton and Mrs. Pelton, a pair of missionaries who have not yet appeared in our story, arrived in Bhamdun to take charge of Mr. Payson's household and duties during his absence.

Mr. Pelton was a tall, meagre, silver-gray, leather-complexioned man of fifty-five, apparently much worn by his thirty years of exposure to Oriental climates and his many victorious struggles with the complicated wilderness of Semitic tongues. A little petulance of nervousness appeared in his manner, and a good deal of austerity in his deep-set, iron-gray eyes.

Mrs. Pelton, who was a second wife, and some twenty years younger than her lord (as second wives are apt to be), was a slender, sallow, pleasant-faced, lively lady, with large eager eyes, excitable action, a ready laugh, and a great fondness for conversation. De Vries, who was chiefly interested just now in Miss Grant, and occupied, moreover, with getting into his own house, noted only thus much concerning this couple.

The day following the Pelton advent, the Paysons

and Irene were up at daybreak, and on the way to Damascus. Payson rode his Mahjoub, the two ladies had each a mule, and two more mules carried the small luggage. The pace was a walk, as it always is in Eastern travel, and must be on Mount Lebanon roads. The stumbling mule-path rambled with untutored freedom through a desert of rocky ridges and stony wadya. DeVries accompanied the party for miles, until it reached a famous point which reveals the tender verdure, the variegated carpet of flowers, the supernatural, deep, dim beauty of the great valley of Hollow Syria, lying like an Eden between Lebanon and Anti-Lebanon. There he pressed all their hands fervently, and halted while they wound slowly out of sight. Then he drew a long sigh, turned back upon the mountain desert, and rode pensively homeward.

His first business on reaching Bhamdun was to make a call of courtesy on the Peltons. He found Pelton a prodigiously learned Orientalist, but disposed to handle his erudition for purposes of combat and chastisement, questioning a fellow-talker with dreadful thoroughness, and mercilessly laying bare his ignorance. On moral subjects, also, as indeed on all sorts of subjects, he was equally critical and austere. DeVries spoke of the sweetness of Payson's ways, of the alluring gentleness of his religious belief and feeling. Mr. Pelton shook his silver-gray head with an air of doubt approaching to disapprobation.

"Brother Payson is a lovely man," he said. "But I question if he treats men just as they need to be treated. He is, in my opinion, too tender with the human heart. He preaches nothing but love and forgiveness. Now that is all very well in its place and at the proper time; but first should come the terrors of the law,—the lightnings and thunders of Sinai. My plan is to bring the sinner fairly on his knees, and roll him in the dust of humiliation and despair, before I let him see the first glimpse of possible mercy."

DeVries was reminded of medical practitioners, men of the heroic method of treatment, whom he had heard describe their manner of treating disease. He bowed courteously, and glided away to other subjects. It was evident to him that he had stumbled upon a man with whom he could keep the peace only through discreet silences.

Mrs. Pelton, who perhaps discerned this speechless disagreement, now joined in the dialogue with great vivacity and gusto. She was one of those many women who are determined to please every one, and who are pleased easily. She criticised nobody, and bristled not with views. She exhibited great interest in the Philistine explorations, and in everything else that the young man seemed to care for. He found it facile work to talk with her, and just a little unsatisfactory. But then he was thinking much of Irene, and so Mrs. Pelton was at a disadvantage.

About noon, the next day, as he was writing the first letter of that promised book about Syria, he was startled by a nasal call from the street, and, looking through his open door, beheld Mr. Porter Brassey on horseback.

"Hullo, DeVries!" repeated the consul. "Is this Payson's house? I want to see Payson. He hain't gone, has he?"

"Come in," answered Hubertsen. "But you are too late to find Payson. He must be near Damascus by this time."

"Thunder!" growled Mr. Brassey; and then quickly added, "Gone alone?"

"Wife and Miss Grant with him."

"Good thunder!" repeated the consul, in a tone of enhanced disgust. "That man didn't take Miss Grant along, did he? I thought he had more sounce. By George! I'm amazed at Payson. I thought he had more humanity. Can I catch 'em? How far is it to Damascus? Two days' journey! And here I've got to be back in Beirut to-morrow! Confound the whole stupid business! Confound the church in Damascus!"

In fact, Mr. Brassey used some very bad language, —so bad that it will not be reported on these pages. Then he suffered himself to be brought into the house and spread out at ease on a mukaad, while dinner was prepared for him.

"Didn't know you were here," he said. "Why couldn't you stop and see a fellow as you came along?"

DeVries explained that the Philistine heat had worried him a little, and that he had come to Lebanon by the upland route, through Judea, Samaria, and Galilee.

"Got a mountain house of your own, hey?" continued the consul. "Only two rooms, I see. Well, that's enough for a bachelor and his man. I'd come up and take one alongside of you, only I expect a rush of business this summer. A tearing old rush of business!" he repeated, with disgust. "By George! what a mess this is of Payson's going to Damascus, and taking Miss Grant with him! It ain't my fault. I allow that I was pushing a little to get that church well started. I s'pose you know about my church?"

DeVries smiled and nodded.

"You think I'm a rum customer to endow a church," grinned Mr. Brassey. "Well, I had my reasons. But I didn't expect Payson to be harnessed into it. My plan was that Dr. Macklin should be the man to start it; and here they harness in Payson, and he harnesses in Miss Grant! By George! I've a great mind to take my contribution out of the box, and smash the whole arrangement. You see there's going to be a war—a Druse and Maronite war—in

the mountain. I've just had positive news to that effect. A war right away,—within a fortnight,—within a week, maybe."

"But Damascus is some distance from the Druse region. It may be safer for them than the mountain."

"Yes, but Damascus is a long way from me. If there *should* be trouble there, how can I lend a hand? Damascus, probably, don't know much about the American eagle. It's a pretty fierce old Mahometan town, ain't it?"

"Very bigoted, I believe, and has a bad rabble."

Both men remained silent and gravely thoughtful for a few moments.

"You see, I'm fond of that girl," resumed the consul, unable to keep his pathetic secret any longer, so keenly did he need sympathy.

DeVries did not speak, but his stare expressed immense astonishment, and his face flushed deeply.

"That's it," continued Mr. Brassey, with a profound sigh. "A man who's in this kind of trouble wants to tell somebody, and I reckon always does tell somebody. The complete fact of the case is that I've proposed to her, and she, as I understand it, has the thing in consideration. Of course, I'm all the more interested because it ain't quite settled. I'll be square about it; it ain't quite settled."

The veteran politician — a sanguine man, remem-

ber, and accustomed to triumph over difficulties — really felt that he had told the whole truth, or what was sufficiently near it. He talked of his love-suit exactly as he would have talked of a suit for an office, which had been refused him, to be sure, but which he still expected to obtain by dint of pertinacity. It was his nature and his custom, not only in politics, but in all other matters, to discourse with confidence of his prospects. The policy had a comfortable effect on his own mind, and it seemed to exert what he called a "good influence." I think that he was at least worldly wise in this last opinion. If a man positively claims a certain boon, nine fellow-creatures out of ten assent instinctively to his demand, and feel that to interfere with it would be assailing the rights of property. It is only with the tenth fellow-creature that the claimant has to struggle.

In the present case DeVries was disposed to be that tenth fellow-creature. He was stunned by the consul's tone of security, but he was also exceedingly disgusted thereat, and that helped him to be incredulous. His first feeling was that he must put a veto on all possibility of such a sacrifice of this lovely girl by galloping after her to Damascus, and engaging her to himself. His next idea was that there could be no danger, and that nothing decisive need be done yet awhile.

"Now you understand why I feel so anxious about her," continued Mr. Brassey. "By George! I feel as uneasy as a fellow with a bumble-bee up his sleeve. I could mourn like a pelican of the wilderness."

DeVries could hardly help laughing at the situation. Here was a possible rival making a confidant of him, and casting himself on his bosom for sympathy. Should he tell the consul that he too was fond of Miss Grant, and had thoughts of making her an offer? Well, on reflection, was it really so? He could not positively say yes, and therefore he must say nothing at all.

"She is a very lovely girl," he did make out to mutter. "And a very noble-hearted and intelligent one" he added, warming with his subject. "She has a real talent for languages, and already speaks Arabic pretty well."

"Just the person for a consul's lady, ain't she?" said Mr. Brassey, with pathetic enthusiasm.

"It was her own choice to go to Damascus," continued DeVries, not caring to answer that query. "She wouldn't leave her good friend Payson, and wouldn't shirk her work."

"I knew she was a trump!" declared the consul, ready to weep with admiration. "The finest girl at this end of the Mediterranean!"

"She is easily that," said DeVries, who had for-

gotten the humor of the situation, and was much in earnest. The two men were eulogizing to each other the girl whom they were both fond of. It was a scene which has been many, many times repeated in this queer planet. I wonder if even our shy and guileless heroine would not have laughed, could she have overheard the whimsical dialogue!

After a while the two actors in this pleasant comedy had dinner. A circular table, eight inches high, was placed before them, and they sat up to it, cross-legged, on cushions and Turkish rugs. DeVries opened a flask of Mount Lebanon wine, a bright and golden liquor resembling sherry, and very nearly as potent.

"This ain't bad, except for the knees," grinned the consul, much comforted by the Syrian vintage. "Sometimes I feel a heap like settling in this blasted country. A man gets all there is for a very little filthy lucre. If I had a wife, and she took to the diggings, I would settle here. DeVries, I want you to join me in a toast to Miss Grant."

Hubertsen smiled with a mysterious expression, but they drank a bumper to the lovely missionary.

"And here's to the Philistine diggings," continued Brassey. "May they pan out no end of giants."

Then DeVries proposed the church in Damascus, which he irreverently called the church of draw-poker, much to the consul's entertainment.

"I want to drink that standing," said Brassey, rubbing his knees, and then slowly getting up and stamping his feet. "I tell you that kind of table wasn't made for six-foot Americans. I don't believe Goliath ever sat at such a table. Well, here's to the church in Damascus; long may it stay there!"

Once on his legs, and having stamped the stinging out of his slumbering feet, the consul said he must be travelling. He would not stay over night; he must be back in Beirut for the morning. There was going to be business,—too much business.

"As for our friends at Damascus," he observed, "I don't see that anything can be done. Probably, old Payson wouldn't come back unless he was hauled back. But if there is trouble there,—if you hear of the least threatening of trouble,—let me know before you're a day older. I'll get them out of it."

"And I'll help you," said DeVries.

"That's right. You're a trump; I always said so. Come and see me whenever you tumble down the mountain. Good-by."

As Mr. Brassey reached the doorway, a small feminine figure entered it, and he looked curiously down upon the blushing face and superb eyes of Saada.

"I wanted to see Mr. DeVries," she stammered,

much startled by coming upon a stranger. "I had a message for him."

The consul pointed within, turned a knowing glance upon the young gentleman, put his tongue into his leathery cheek, strode swiftly to his charger, and rode away.

XXVI.

SAADA raised her dark eyes to DeVries with an expression of admiration which it was impossible not to note and understand.

The blond young fellow, it must be remembered, was six feet high and unusually pleasing of countenance, and all the more radiant just now through the flushing of that Lebanon wine. The girl was so agitated by the proximity of what seemed to her an almost supernatural beauty as to be hardly able to explain to him audibly that she had been sent to invite him to tea with the Peltons.

"I will come," said Hubertsen, taking her by the hand, though his gentlemanly conscience told him that he ought not. "Is it possible that you walk out alone, Saada? I thought that was not *shickel Araby* [Arabic custom]."

"I am not alone," murmured Saada, blushing crimson, though not withdrawing her hand. "A servant-girl is with me; but she is of Abeih, and did not know your house, and so I was sent to show her."

Her color and the sparkling of her eyes gave her dark, regular face something like splendor. What youthful Frank would not have longed to touch his lips to such a brimming vase of Oriental beauty ! But Hubertsen had only lately held converse with the high-minded Irene, and, moreover, he cultivated lofty notions of what was honorable and becoming. "It can't end in anything," he said to himself; and then he thanked her for bringing the message, and nobly let her escape.

Saada lingered an instant, as if paralyzed, and slowly rejoined her comrade at the corner. Had DeVries followed her, he might have seen her look wistfully at the hand which he had taken, and then, under pretext of adjusting her veil, press it passionately to her lips. Meantime, he was saying to himself that he was a fool; that he wished that girl wouldn't look at him as she did; that it would be well if he were married to Miss Grant, and out of temptation.

And yet, that very afternoon, in the solemn Pelton parlor, there being only they two present, something worse happened than a pressure of fingers. Hubertsen's excuse to himself was that Saada accidentally stumbled against him. As if that were a sufficient reason for bending over a confiding, helpless little Oriental, and placing the kiss of a gentleman and a scholar on her quivering cheek !

It was the only notable event that signalized that tea. Mr. Pelton catechised his guest sharply as to the Philistine excavations, and had the air of asking him if he knew in the least what he was about. Mrs. Pelton poured forth such a continuous deluge of universal prattle that her listener thought of the rain which fell forty days and forty nights, and prevailed exceedingly upon the earth. Saada, all the while, was so flushed, and her eyes were so preternaturally bright, that Mr. Pelton charged her with having a fever, and would not take no for an answer. DeVries was so disturbed by her emotion and the talk about her color that he also, became conspicuously rosy, and was questioned sharply as to his own ague. In short, his peccadillo had found him out, and he had cause to wish that he had behaved himself.

Next morning he saw Saada pass his house, and observed that she was pitifully pale. The fact was that this child (only fourteen, but that is eighteen in Syria) had so thought of him during the night that she had scarcely closed her eyes. But he could not imagine that, and so inferred that the positive Pelton was right, and that Saada had had a turn of fever. Accordingly, he joined her, and walked with her to the hill-top, there being no harm in it, he said to himself, for Rufka was of the party. The result was that in five minutes the Syrian cheeks were all aflame again, and the Syrian eyes marvellously bright with gladness.

"There was no fever about it," the young man said to himself. "It was all because I flurried her. Of course she isn't used to it."

But all the same he took her by the arm to help her up a terrace. One of her little yellow slippers lost its hold on a smooth stone, and she fell back against his shoulder with an Arabic exclamation, followed by a burst of girlish laughter. With her filmy white veil rolling back on either side of her rosy brunette face, and the variegated darkness of her eyes sparkling up into his, she was a lovely picture of excitement, merriment, and happiness.

"The little witch!" thought Hubertsen. "She is irresistible."

All the rest of the way, wondering by times if she made that slip purposely, he talked with her alone. It amused him, meanwhile, to notice that Rufka seemed to concede that he belonged to Saada, and kept at a little distance from them, occasionally stopping to gather wild flowers, just as he had seen young ladies do in America. It struck him as inexpressibly odd to find such feminine intelligence and magnanimity and management in Mount Lebanon.

On the night following this walk it was our young gentleman's turn to lie awake and do much pondering. The result of his vigils and meditations was that he decided on an immediate trip to Northern Lebanon,

and made things ready for a start in the afternoon. Of course, however, he must leave his good-by at the Pelton house ; and there, by accident, he came first upon Saada, sewing alone in the comandaloon.

"Oh, howaja!" she said, with a suddenly pallid face, when he announced his departure. "Why are you going? I thought you would be here many days."

"I shall come back," he promised. His idea was to break off his flirtation gently ; to have various absences, each longer than the last ; and so, finally, to separate without pain. "I shall only be gone a few days," he added, trying not to look at her. "Then I shall be here a few days. We shall meet frequently, Saada."

"Oh, howaja!" she repeated, and the tone was a very sad one, expressive of dark forebodings. She was already looking, woman-like, toward the final parting.

He had a terrible temptation to say something comfortable, but just then Mrs. Pelton came out of her bedroom and saved our weak hero, much as Venus used to deliver Æneas when the Greeks were too much for him. The good-byes were uttered, and Saada's hand was squeezed unintentionally ; and then the flower of chivalry went his unengaged way, feeling a good deal as if he were no gentleman. Yet, on the whole, was he not more delicate than most men, and, for his age, rather surprisingly severe with himself?

To the north of Bhamdun there is a strange mountain region, lofty and rocky, yet bursting with great crystalline fountains; a region where spring-time sees the oleander blooming in vast thickets, side by side with decaying snow-drifts; a region now as uninhabited as the bare slope of Sunneen which towers above it, and nevertheless teeming once with population; a region where, amid masses of stony débris and forests of limestone needles, stand ruined temples, whereof no man knoweth the builders. Thither went our youthful antiquarian, purposing to ponder over these vestiges of the unknown by-gone, and to unravel what he might of their mysteries.

In sight of one of these temples, and by the side of a fountain which flung up a little river of ice-cold water, he sat down to finish his first letter to Irene. The task was commenced in the laggard spirit of a conscious criminal. He felt much as men do who pray to a divinity whom they have offended, and who, they fear, will not hearken to them. Already it seemed to him that Miss Grant had an ownership in him, and could rightfully rebuke him for his infidelities of sentiment and deed. But a man is magnanimous with himself, and easily forgives his own peccadilloes. The letter, once begun, rapidly became fluent, and ere long Hubertsen wrote eloquently of his day's exploration; and by the time that he laid down the pen he had nearly forgotten Saada.

We must not copy his clever epistle, its matter has not sufficient connection with our story; the only important fact about it is that he wrote it, and liked to write it.

It is more essential that we should follow the trio who journeyed to Damascus. Of course they traversed the luxuriant verdure and variegated bloom of the Bukaa, and camped for the night amid the venerable sublimities of Baalbec. There Mr. Payson talked of Phœnicians and their unknown predecessors, while Irene stared at the monstrous masonry, and wished that DeVries were with her. Next day, onward through Anti-Lebanon, a wide-spread and rugged and arid upland, with one winding valley of moderate fertility and one thread of crystal river. At last they stood on the bare, rounded knoll where one looks down from the desert of mountain upon the desert of the great ashy plain of Damascus, with its stripe of startling green marking the course of the Barida, and, half hidden therein, the gray city of Hazael. By nightfall they were housed in a mansion which looked to Irene's wondering eyes as if it had been taken out of the Arabian Nights.

"I think that Aladdin must have built it," she wrote in her first letter to DeVries. "Outside it is nothing but shapeless, unburnt brick, daubed with gray slime; but inside it is all marble, fountains, wood-carving,

stained glass, fresco, and painting. The great court (for it is a hollow square) is paved with white and black marble, and has a marble fountain of bubbling water in the centre. There is another fountain in an alcove, and a third in the principal saloon. This saloon consists of four rooms, each over twenty feet square, and opening into each other by Saracenic arches, twenty-five feet high. The arches and the walls are decorated with an infinity of kaleidoscope figures, in the richest of colors. The beams and cross-slats of the ceiling are richly carved, gayly painted, and lavishly gilded. The ceiling of the centre room (around which the other three are clustered) cannot be less than forty feet above the marble pavement.

"The floors of the outer rooms are slightly raised, and have each their mukaad running along the wall, covered with broad mattresses and cushions. The very simplicity and scantiness of furniture make the great fourfold apartment seem the larger and more magnificent. I never in my life saw or imagined anything so deserving of the word palatial. Do you wonder what right a missionary has to such a mansion of glory? Well, in the first place, the saloon will serve for a chapel; in the second place, the rent is only one hundred and thirty dollars a year. Mr. Payson shakes his good head over our native helper for having taken such a palace; but we women believe that it was a



wise step, and have so told the poor man in my poor Arabic.

"Of course *you* will see Damascus; no book about the East would be complete without a Damascene chapter; you must be *sure* not to miss it. Perhaps you might find a Philistine skeleton here: the bones of a giant, perhaps, who was caught for exhibition; or the honored remains of an ambassador from King Achish. Of course you would know it at a glance from the skeletons of all inferior races. There would be the classic profile of the Hellenic countenance. By the way, I am neglecting, you see, your distinction between Philistines and Anakims.

"But I must stop this feeble joking; it isn't what you wanted of me. Meantime, what you do want—scraps of Syrian talk and thinking—is very hard to get. I see far less of the natives than in Beirut, and very far less than in the mountain. The Moslems we shall of course never meet at all, and the Christian Damascenes still know nothing of us, or dislike and avoid us. Mr. Payson says that it may be months before we shall make the familiar acquaintance of one respectable family, unless we are assisted by a hakeem. It seems that doctors can get a foothold where doctrines can't. I asked him if he did not think that an apothecary's shop, with big red and green vases in the windows, would do more for us than a chapel. It

made him laugh, but I believe he has had compunctions since, and I am sorry I said it.

"I am really afraid that Dr. Macklin will be sent on here. He ought not to come; the heat will kill him. I wish with all my heart that it need not be. [DeVries did not understand this passage at all, and supposed that she was tenderly anxious for Macklin's health, and was just a little annoyed about it.] But Mr. Payson is constantly mourning because he cannot reach the people, and has already written the mission that he can do almost nothing without a hakeem.

"I am ashamed of this short and empty document," was the concluding passage of the letter. "It won't help you one bit toward your book. But it must go just as it is, for a muleteer is about to start for Bhamdun, and such chances are rare. Please accept it as an acknowledgment that yours was gladly received, and as an earnest that I mean to fulfil my promise. In my next I will surely send you some Syrian scraps and items, if I have to pump them out of my busy and anxious friend, — your friend as well as mine, Mr. Payson. Yours very truly, IRENE GRANT."

XXVII.

AS Irene had feared, Dr. Macklin was selected to join the Damascus station, and to give what opening to the truth he could by his prescriptions and surgeries.

"I couldn't escape this," he privately explained to Mrs. Payson, on the evening of his arrival. "I didn't want to impose my presence on Irene, and I dreaded to meet her for my own sake. But Dr. Anson couldn't come without either displacing or dividing another family. It seemed wrong to call on the mission to consider my private affairs. I said nothing about them, and here I am."

"But your health, Doctor," she sighed. "I am afraid the summer here will quite break you down."

"That doesn't matter. If I can die, and die in this work, I shan't grieve over it. Do you think Irene will be much troubled by my presence?"

"I don't care if she is," snapped Mrs. Payson. "I hope so. I hope she has *some* conscience."

"She *has* a conscience," declared the doctor, with equal spirit. "She is a good, sweet, noble girl. It

isn't her fault if men fall in love with her who are not worthy of her."

Mrs. Payson gazed at her magnanimous favorite in mute amazement and despair.

"I ought not to fret at you," said Macklin, repenting of his impetuosity. "You are my fast friend, and I thank you for it."

"I wasn't hurt. I was merely wondering to see you so changed."

"Yes, I *am* changed," sighed the doctor. "When a man is bled at his heart, it takes the pride and the spunk out of him. I don't know but it betters him. I am no longer conceited about my spirit, and I think I can offer the other cheek to the smiter. Well, this is unmanly and silly, — this prattling about my own sorrow. Let us say no more of it so long as I remain with you. And — one thing more, my dear friend — I want you to treat Irene as though we were all one in purpose and love."

"Oh yes," said the good lady. "There must be no quarrelling in the mission. And besides, it might send her back to Bhamdun; she wasn't obliged to come here."

The doctor, in spite of the deep wound in his heart, was so amused over this shrewd afterthought that he smiled as he turned away.

A number of days passed in quiet. There was no

war in Lebanon and none in the Payson household. Dr. Macklin spent much of his time in receiving and visiting a horde of patients, who seemed to start into existence under his pills, as if these had been the stones of Deucalion. Irene, who had no girls to teach, occasionally lent a hand at washing a wound or a sore-eyed baby, and devoted some hours every day to an ambitious attempt at translating a Sabbath-school book into Arabic, meanwhile often wishing herself back in Lebanon, where she could be of more obvious use.

The two never met except at meal-times, and otherwise in the presence of the Paysons. Each tried to look upon the other solely as a fellow-laborer in the great vineyard. The doctor wrestled earnestly with himself for repining that Irene should not love him as well as the cause of righteousness; and the young lady, on her part, strove to revere him as a most noble friend, who deserved everything from her that she could truly give.

It was rather a forced situation, one must admit; and I don't wonder that it lasted only a week or so. One sultry afternoon, when the heat was beyond the computation of a common thermometer, the doctor and Irene sought what freshness there was in the great saloon. In this lofty apartment, where the waters of the Barida bubbled over the marble foun-

tain, there was at least a look and a noise of coolness.

"I can stay nowhere else," apologized Macklin, who had entered last. "I can't bear these heats as I once could."

"Lie down on the mukaad," she replied, pointing out the one opposite to herself. "You must get a rest when you can. You know the mission stands on its medicine chest."

"I wish these people cared as much for their souls as they do for their bodies," he sighed, stretching himself out wearily. "Payson would have more work, and I should have less, and things would look better."

Then there was a long silence, during which she sewed languidly, and he furtively gazed at her. The only sound in the great, dim, superb hall was the monotonous bubbling and dripping of the marble basin. This murmur was magically tranquillizing and full of influences of content. It seemed enough to make two people willing to stay there forever, and able to find each other's companionship all sufficient for happiness. As Macklin listened to it, and looked the while at Irene, the idea of marriage stole into his mind, and instantly won entire possession.

"Irene," he said, in a tone which was so peculiar that she started and raised her eyes quickly.

"I have kept silence a long while, Irene," he con-

tinued, feeling in some wild way that that start of hers had given him permission to say all he would. "I have accorded you plenty of time to think over what we talked of in Beirut."

She did not answer him at once. There was something in his voice and manner which deeply moved her. It was a despairing composure, like that of a sick person who earnestly desires to live, yet sees little hope of life, and strives after resignation. She had a sentiment of throbbing pity for this patient, and yet evidently racked, sufferer; and, mingled with it, there was undoubtedly gratitude and admiration for an affection which knew no changing. It is a combination of emotions which has often helped to make a lover victorious on his second trial.

"You will not blame me, I trust, for returning to the subject," he added, imploringly.

She shook her head. She knew not how to do otherwise; as yet she could not decide what words to utter.

"Then I may hope?" gasped Macklin, suddenly half beside himself, and leaping to his feet.

"Oh, Doctor!" exclaimed Irene, sitting straight up and staring at him. "What do you mean? What did I say? I said nothing."

"You surely gave me to understand that you did not object—"

"No, no! Sit down again. Let me tell you how it was. I want you to listen to me."

She had quite recovered her calmness of demeanor, if not of spirit. Even a shy and sensitive girl can get somewhat used to being proposed to, if she has practice enough. The doctor resumed his seat in a subdued frame of mind, as men generally do when so ordered by their heart's darlings.

"I said I did not blame you for speaking of it again," she went on. "That is what you asked me, and I nodded, yea. That was all, and it was true. How can I blame you for remembering me kindly? I thought you meant no more. I thought—I hoped, at least—that you would stop there. I didn't mean that you should go on to say more."

"But I must say more," persisted Macklin. "Now that my mouth is opened on the subject, I must tell you—"

"No, no, no!" broke in Irene. "You are not reasonable; you are hardly kind. Would you have a girl marry without love? It mustn't be talked of. Oh, I do like you—as a friend."

"That is so easily said," groaned the doctor. "What does it amount to?"

"It won't amount to much if this goes on," returned Irene, firmly. "If this goes on, it will be one constant bicker. We shall cease—that is easy enough to foresee—we shall cease to be friends."

"Never!" declared Macklin, loudly. "You can't help my being your friend, no matter how much you hate me."

"I shall never hate you," she said.

"Then, why" — he pleaded; but suddenly there came upon him a crushing sense of the hopelessness of his suit, and, throwing himself at full length upon the mukaad, he buried his face in a cushion.

A brave and noble-hearted man in tears is a moving spectacle to a girl who has the right kind of heart in her bosom. For a moment Irene had a feeling that she must give up this struggle some day, and that she might as well surrender at once. Then her nervous fingers, straying aimlessly about, rested on the pocket of her dress, and became conscious of a letter there. It was the last epistle from DeVries, received and read that morning, and not yet answered.

"Of course I can't stay here," she said, rising softly. "I shall go to my own room."

"I won't drive you away!" sobbed the doctor, springing up and rushing by her out of the saloon.

She returned slowly to the sofa, sat down, took out Hubertsen's letter, and looked at it pensively. There was a consciousness that the sight of her own name in that handwriting gave her pleasure, — a pleasure which streamed like warmth through all her being, even to the very veins in her fingers.

"If it had not been for *that!*" — she thought. "But where am I drifting to? This also will never be."

All the same, her reply was written that very day, in a kind of passion of haste; and when Hubertsen read it he said to himself that his little Puritan was a charming correspondent; in fact, he so declared to her in his own next.

Of course, Irene dreaded her next meeting with the doctor; but the good-hearted man made it very easy for her. After a severe wrestle with the confusions of his spirit, he found grace to resolve that their intercourse should not be "one constant bicker," and he decided to be once more the frank, boisterous friend and comrade. By a heroic effort — an effort perhaps incredible to some men who have been in the like situation — he put aside all shrinkings, broodings, lamentings, and inculpations, and treated her as he had done in their early acquaintance. He joked her, he made believe bully her a little, and, in short, took on the deportment of an elder brother.

Irene half believed that he no longer cared for her, and possibly never had cared very seriously. At all events, the change was delightful in comparison with love-making, and she did her best to assume his tone of unceremonious familiarity. So for a time they consorted comfortably enough, and had somewhat the air of boon companions. Once, indeed, there was such a

scene as might occur between a young lady and a mentoring brother-in-law.

They were walking through the bazaars, gazing at the long rows of slovenly alcoves on either hand, and at the dignified, handsome, white-turbaned Damascenes, whose grave, dark eyes scornfully returned their glances. A ragged, cringing Jew saluted the doctor humbly, and handed him a letter. Macklin gave the wretched creature a piastre, and of course looked at the address.

"It is mine," said Irene, reaching hastily for it. "It must have dropped out of my pocket when I paid for that rohotlicoom."

But the doctor had already seen the superscription of "Mr. Porter Brassey, American Consul, Beirut."

"What are you corresponding with that man for?" he demanded, quite in his old domineering way.

Now Irene might have told him that Mr. Brassey had written her a second offer of marriage, and that this letter contained a courteous refusal of the same. But of course she did not feel at liberty to disclose the consul's love secrets,—at least, not to another gentleman.

"I have business with him," she laughed. "Do you suppose that ladies never have anything to do with affairs of state?"

"Nonsense!" said the doctor. "I insist upon knowing what that letter is about."

"I can't tell you."

"What do you mean?" he almost shouted. "Are you to correspond with that commonplace creature, and your old friends to know nothing about it?"

"My old friends of six months' standing!" Irene laughed again.

"If it is *your* secret, of course I don't insist," he retorted, sarcastically.

"Of course it isn't my secret. How you do gibe at me! But I am not going to tell you; I won't tell you the first thing."

"You mustn't send the letter, then."

"I must and shall send it. How absurd!"

"Well, go on in your own way," he replied, loudly. "You will get into trouble, with your recklessness, some of these days."

He was trying to be in a passion, as a sort of comfort to himself. There was a runnel of Barida water in the street, and he straddled to the other bank of it. He would not walk near her for some minutes. Meantime, the black-bearded, cross-legged merchants looked on with composed eyes of scorn, or exchanged contemptuous Moslem smiles over this street tiff between a Frank and his unveiled brazen wife.

On reaching home, Macklin so bullied Mrs. Payson

about this correspondence between her ward and Mr. Brassey that she told him the whole story of that functionary's persistent love.

"She *must* answer him," argued the lady, gently. "I don't think she is to blame."

"I think she *is*," blustered the doctor. "She ought to have so answered him the first time that he never would have been heard from again."

Mrs. Payson could not say that some men won't stop for one refusal, and the conversation ended in a little harmless abuse of the poor consul.

XXVIII.

THREE days after the farcical battle over Irene's correspondence, Mr. Payson returned in great haste from his afternoon walk in the shadowy bazaars, and brought into the family presence a visage full of anxiety and sorrow.

"The sword is unsheathed at last," he said. "I heard mutterings among those Moslem merchants about battles on Lebanon. It is only too true. I went directly to the chief of the muleteers, and learned from him that men had arrived this noon with war in their mouths. The Maronites have risen against the Druses, and where it will end God alone knoweth."

"I wish I was in the mountains!" broke out the doctor, his pugnacious face flushing.

The thought came to Irene that her letter would reach the consul just in time to deaden his interest in protecting the mission, if he were capable of being thus ignobly influenced by a refusal. It was characteristic of her that she should feel a sense of guilt in

that matter, and should glance timidly at Mrs. Payson, as if begging her not to scold.

"We are in our allotted post of duty, Doctor," said Payson. "Here we must remain until we are bidden away."

"Oh, of course I stay," grumbled Macklin. "I suppose I must stay. But I would rather be where I could fight for our native brethren."

"May the Mightiest cause the sword to pass by them! I do not see why they should be harmed,—they are neither Druses nor Maronites. But they will be sorely terrified. I should like to be among them to cheer them."

"Poor Mrs. Pelton will be frightened," observed Mrs. Payson. "And Saada and Rufka."

"Mr. DeVries is with them," suggested Irene. "I do hope he will be careful of himself."

"I fear he will be less alarmed than his case demands," said Mr. Payson, who earnestly wanted "unconverted persons" to be afraid. "There is danger that the lad will ride into some skirmish merely to see it. How can one have such a desire! I can think of nothing but our poor folds, surrounded by ravings and howlings, terrified, scattered, though I trust not slaughtered. And Lebanon, running with blood and lighted by flame,—it is too horrible! Yet it has come; God has at last permitted it. We must bear it

as submissively as we can, praying all the while that the sword may be stayed."

Reports of assassination, of burnings of villages, of battle and massacre, now came thick and fast. The little mission colony heard of more bloodshed and devastation than the war wrought. But enough was true: a murderous struggle for supremacy had really opened between the Maronites and Druses; the contest was carried on with the desperation of men who fought for life even more than for empire; half Lebanon was rattling with wide-spread musketry and dim with the smoke of blazing dwellings. The Druses, a race of warriors, and led by families of warlike chiefs, quickly assumed the offensive and the superiority. Greatly overmatched in numbers, and believing that they could afford no mercy, they granted none. Christian fugitives from the mountain were soon streaming over all the surrounding districts. A few reached Damascus, and brought horrible accounts of the ferocity of their enemies, exhibiting in proof thereof noses cut off and wrists amputated.

There were Frank refugees, also, — travellers who had been surprised by the cyclone of warfare, and who had fled to the first discoverable city of refuge. One noteworthy couple of this class penetrated into the mission house with as much vigor of purpose as though it had arrived by cannon-shot. Mr. Payson

saw before him, one morning, a gray-whiskered, well-dressed, personable, polite gentleman of near sixty, bearing on his arm a tall, dark, black-eyed lady, richly but carelessly attired, who might have been twenty years his junior.

"Mr. Payson, I believe," said the old beau, bowing and smiling and simpering in the most honeyed fashion. "One of our noble band of American missionaries. My name is Wormly, — Anthony W. Wormly, — of Philadelphia. I am delighted to make your reverend acquaintance. Allow me to present to you my friend, Miss Minnie Biffles, a fellow countrywoman — ! and an enthusiastic lover of the Holy Land. We are fugitives, Mr. Payson, from Hasbeya."

"Hasbeya has not been attacked?" asked the missionary, eagerly.

"Not at all, my dear sir; at least, not to our knowledge. But we heard of bands roving about, and Mount Lebanon in an uproar. It seemed to be dangerous to try to reach Beirut by way of Deir el Kamr. And here we are in Damascus, without a roof to shelter us, the hotel being full. Can you kindly favor us with lodging for the night?"

"Surely I can, and must," assented Payson. "Your people will have to sleep in the court, but there are rooms for yourselves."

"We have no people," smiled Mr. Anthony W.

Wormly. "We hire men and animals from place to place. Miss Biffles prefers that method of travel as being more in accordance with her — her views."

The clergyman glanced at the lady with a slight expression of perplexity. The fact that her name was Biffles, while her companion's was Wormly, puzzled him.

"We are direct from the Holy City," said Miss Biffles, who had thrown off her hat, and dropped her slender longitude on a sofa in a very easy posture. "We came north by the Jordan valley, because I wanted to see the whole of Israel's river. What a lovely stream! What a wonderful region! What a land this will be when the reign of peace and love opens!"

"Miss Biffles has views concerning the millennium," observed Mr. Wormly, in an explanatory tone, which, by the way, seemed to indicate that he did not share her theories, but merely put up with them for valid reasons.

The missionary closed his eyes gently, with the air of a man who prays for patience. During his residence in Syria he had seen a good many religious oddities; and he understood, with controllable annoyance, that a person of this type was now before him. There was no use, he at once said to himself, in arguing with the woman. He would not waste a single rational induction or devout inference upon a millenarian. Al-

ready he had decided that, no matter how fiercely she might babble about the reign of peace and love, he would listen in silence, and then turn the conversation, though it might be to carnal matters.

"I wish you would step out, Mr. Wormly, and see that my trunks are carried up to my room properly," was Miss Biffles's next remark. "Those stupid Arabs will be sure to sling them topsy-turvy."

The beauish old fellow pattered forth meekly on his mission, and the clergyman was left alone with the interpreter of the prophets.

"I suppose you had a severe push from Hasbeya," he observed. "It is a very hot journey at this season."

"Hot is no word for it," said Miss Biffles. "I should have given up the ghost a dozen times over, if I hadn't believed in the presence of the kingdom, and been determined to live to see it acknowledged."

"Did you chance upon any of our good native brethren there?" asked Payson.

"I chanced upon them," returned the lady, with scornful pity. "I had some conversation with one who spoke English. Why don't you preach to them the present reign of righteousness?"

"We preach the little truth that we are large enough to receive. We are sadly ignorant."

"The whole world is," affirmed Miss Biffles. "If it

were not so, all our troubles would end. The great fact of our times is that the millennium is with us, and the nations know it not. Whenever they cease to be blinded, whenever they open their eyes to what has already transpired, war and violence and selfishness will suddenly be no more, and the reign of love will be universal. Look at these Druses and Maronites! Do you suppose that they would have gone to fighting if they had known what I know? Not a bit of it. They would have seen that they were brothers, and they would have loved each other."

Miss Biffles said all this composedly, in a deep contralto voice which gave an impression of sincerity, and which also expressed a certain amount of dignity and domination. Mr. Payson began to think that he had to do with a serious case of religious mania, amounting perhaps to stark lunacy. He wished that Mr. Wormly would return and look after Miss Biffles. And what was the connection between them, and why was Miss Biffles here alone with Mr. Wormly? Was he, possibly, her keeper?

"Is this gentleman a relative of yours?" he asked, summoning all his resolution.

"Not at all," replied Miss Biffles, unabashed. "I never saw him till we met on the Mount of Olives. We travel together because we sympathise. By the way, I was speaking to you of the reign of love, and

was about to mention my proofs that the time has fully come. The whole problem has been figured out from Daniel to the Revelation with absolute certainty. I know that the thousand years of peace have begun. Preach *that*, if you want to do any good; preach it to-morrow,—to-day. At a proper time I will read you a conclusive essay on the subject. It will afford me a great deal of pleasure.”

Mr. Payson mentally resolved that that pleasure Miss Biffles should never have. Just then, too, he was gladdened by hearing the street gate bang,—a sound which gave him hope that his wife and Irene were at hand, and that he would be able to turn this foolish old maid over to wiser observation and management than his own. Accordingly he begged his guest to excuse him for a moment, and went in quest of the partner of all his perplexities, as well as of his joys.

“Please tell Mr. Wormly to open the trunks for me,” the lady called after him. “He has the keys, if he hasn’t lost them. I dare say he has.”

Paying no attention to this request, which struck him as savoring of indecorum, Mr. Payson hastened to unfold the situation to his wife.

“You must attend to her, my dear,” he said, after he had hastily told what he knew about Miss Biffles and her friend. “I don’t understand how to handle women, even when they are sane. You must get her

into her room, and get the other lunatic out of it. I don't know what it all means, except that they are a couple of silly old creatures, who stand in sore need of our kindly oversight. You might open Miss Biffles's trunks for her, and send her companion down to me."

"I'll arrange it," promised Mrs. Payson. "I'll look over the lady's dresses with her, and Irene shall take the gentleman downstairs."

The good missionary did not smile at the unmeant humor of this proposition. He did not get any insight from it into feminine ways of managing men and women; or, if he did, not a glimmer of such intelligence appeared on his rapt pensive visage. He looked merely glad to be freed from Miss Biffles, and went off hastily to the quiet of his study.

In three minutes Miss Biffles was showing her "things" to Mrs. Payson, and talking fluently about the latest fashions in New York and Paris, without an allusion to millennial robes. It seemed rather surprising, by the way, that she should have been anxious as to the delicate handling of her portmanteaux. Her method of unpacking was simply to turn a trunk bottom-side up and spread its contents on the floor. When she had finished her researches among the *débris* she repacked by the armful, tossing the articles in as though with a pitchfork.

Meantime, Mr. Wormly had been inveigled downstairs by Irene.

"Not the least objection made he ;
Not a moment stopped or stayed he."

The moment he saw the young lady he made up to her with the instinct of a born woman-worshipper and the smile of a veteran beau. Before he had been fifteen minutes with her in the saloon, he had found an opportunity to give her hand a tender squeeze, and had told her that he was deeply interested in her labors and history.

"But you don't know anything about my history," she replied, a little annoyed with his ogling and his turkey-cock bowing and sidling.

"Ah, yes,—excuse me," grinned Mr. Wormly, showing a great deal of gold in his teeth. "When I meet a charming young lady far away from home, and leading a recluse existence, I can divine something. I can divine that she has had a history which is worthy of any man's sympathy. I can feel sure, for instance, that she has suffered, and that she has had noble aspirations."

As he continued to smirk at her in an intriguing way, Irene determined to get rid of the subject at once, and suddenly asked him, "Did you meet a family named Brann in Jerusalem?"

"Certainly," bowed Mr. Wormly, looking rather discomfited. "Old gentleman and sociable lady, with several sons ; daughters. I didn't think much of

the men, I must tell you, Miss Grant. Rather silent and heavy. The ladies were, — I can't say they were pretty, but they were very agreeable. On the whole, very pleasant ladies, both mother and daughters, — very pleasant, indeed. By the way, I ought to apologise, perhaps, for speaking so inconsiderately of the men on such very brief acquaintance. Surely, they cannot be relatives? I see no resemblance. Of course not; I thought not. Very dull men, I must say, but very pleasant ladies."

Just then Miss Biffles entered the saloon, and asked, sharply, "What's that, Mr. Wormly?"

The old beau was long in responding, and Irene had to answer the query.

"Those Brann women!" exclaimed the lady of viewa. "Those creatures pleasant! Mr. Wormly is always polite to the sex, as he calls it. They were a lot of empty-headed prattlers. The men had some silent, solid sense in them."

It occurred to Irene that perhaps Mr. Wormly disliked the Brann males because they were men, and that Miss Biffles disliked the Brann females because they were women. But being sorry for the disconcerted old gentleman, she strove to change the conversation by asking him how long he should stay in Damascus.

"We may remain for weeks, — for months," was the really alarming response of Miss Biffles.

XXIX.

LATE in the evening there was a discussion in the Payson household concerning the Biffles-Wormly copartnership.

"I have been pumping the man a little," stated Dr. Macklin. "They are a very queer pair,—the queerest pair since Adam and Eve. They have no interpreter and no regular servant. They seem to get about from village to village by a series of providences."

"I hope Providence will mercifully lead them hence ere long," murmured Mr. Payson. "I have never before seen such a pair myself, and I doubt whether such will be common in the millennium, if one may speak so lightly of that mysterious subject. It is truly dreadful to be thus loaded with farcical feather-heads, when our souls are weak with anxiety and sadness."

"The man is pretty sane," judged the doctor. "He talks like a veteran of the world. It is very curious that he, the soundest head, apparently, of the two, should be completely under the thumb of Miss Biffles. Perhaps she furnishes the money. And yet he seems to have plenty of piastres, and hasn't hinted at a loan.

I can't make anything out of it. All I can say is, there are two more of them."

"Yes, the Holy Land swarms with queer bodies," sighed Payson. "I sometimes think that it has more fools in it than it had in the time of Elijah, when all but seven thousand bowed the knee to Baal. May Heaven preserve all our wits! We need every spark that we have. In one sense, indeed, the whole earth is a mad-house. How else could the eternal verities be so neglected as they are?"

"I wish something could happen to Wormly," said the doctor. "He has sense enough to deserve a cowhiding. If I should see a Moslem lay a koorbash across him, I don't think I should interfere. He isn't the kind of Christian whom I take an interest in protecting."

"We must guard against uncharity." Of course it was Payson who said this. "We must not shoot accusations in the dark. They are simple, mistaken souls. There my judgment stops."

"The woman isn't simple enough not to know better," put in Mrs. Payson, with a tartness unusual in her. "She is cheapening her own sex, and ought to be told so plainly," she added, glancing hortatively at her husband.

"No, no, my dear," smiled her Achilles. "I am not equal to facing a female millenarian. She would

surely get the better of me, and read me her essay on the second advent. I will not suffer my reason and my convictions and my feelings to be trifled with by a monomaniac. Her creed is a burlesque of true faith, and I will not run the risk of listening to it."

"Turn them out," counselled the doctor. "Get them headed for Treblous, and send them over Mechmel. There is no war in Northern Lebanon."

"There may be robbery and murder," said Payson. "But we will inquire. I will go to the chief of the muleteers. If it appears that the road through Ehden is safe, I will mention it to our bewildered friends, and counsel them to depart while they can."

From his expedition after news he returned with a sorrowful countenance.

"I learn that the sword is devouring on every side," he stated. "Hasbeya and Deir el Kamr are besieged by the Druses, who are getting the upper hands everywhere. The number of villages and hamlets burned is said to be more than fifty. Hundreds of Maronites have been slain; one of the muleteers put it at thousands, but that I will not believe. It is what I expected. How could those priest-ridden Christians, without natural leaders or martial experience, contend against a race led by a warlike feudal nobility? I see how it will end: the Maronites will be beaten everywhere, — I find slaughter everywhere. But our

people, our dear native believers, are so far safe, and will probably so continue. Nor do I hear of any Franks being molested. To us, at least, the Father of Mercies has been very gracious. Still," he added, "we cannot send away our guests as yet. The Nusareyeh are in a ferment, and they are a wild, ignorant people, you know. They might molest even foreigners. Our poor friends must abide with us till better news arrives."

A few days later came a letter from Mr. Pelton, stating that he was on the eve of departing for Beirut, with all his household and the Payson properties.

"Our dear girls are safe, by this time," said Payson. "I did not fear for Brother and Sister Pelton, but I had some anxieties as to Rufka and Saada, lest they should fall in the way of Moslem insult."

"We are a long distance now from friends," sighed his wife.

"We are as near to the divine Friend as we ever were," returned the missionary, with a tranquil smile. "Perhaps nearer. Nothing need alarm us. By the way, it is strange that Brother Pelton says nothing concerning our youth. I trust that he has not been allowed to wander away among the battle-fields."

"Mr. DeVries went to Mechmel and the Cedars, you know," said Irene, unwilling to admit that he could be in peril.

Miss Biffles, who had just stalked into the room, inquired, in her awful contralto, "Did you speak of a Mr. DeVries?"

"Mr. Hubertsen DeVries, of Albany," explained Irene. She felt sure that this horrid woman could not be acquainted with her most noble friend, and desired to put an end to such an impertinent supposition as promptly as possible.

"I know him," said Miss Biffles in a sepulchral tone, which seemed to light upon the young man's character like a vampire and suck its very life-blood. "We ate at the same table when he was a senior in college. I know him."

Both Mrs. Payson and Dr. Macklin looked at her with an interest which was very near to a request that she would say more.

"He is one of those young men whom I feel it a duty to expose," continued Miss Biffles, her dark face reddening with anger over some infuriating reminiscence. "He is a sly, false, heartless flirt, — a thorough-paced college flirt."

The countenance of our missionary girl turned as red, and almost as indignant, as that of the believer in the reign of peace and love.

"When a young man," continued Miss Biffles, trembling with excitement, "beguiles a trusting girl into the c ry at evening, and keeps her there so

late that the gates are locked upon them and the police have to get them out with a ladder, and when every student boarding-house in town rings with the adventure, I say it is a shame. I say that young man ought to marry that girl, no matter if he is the son of a millionaire, and she in but ordinary comfortable circumstances."

There was an embarrassing silence. Irene's young imagination had a vision of a lovely blond girl, looking up with innocent, confiding eyes into Hubertsen's face, while he gazed down upon her with an expression of reprehensible coquetry. It was disagreeable, but not so very, very dreadful, and she came quite as near laughing as crying. Mr. Payson, rubbing his forehead gently, was evidently trying to meditate, so as not to hear Miss Biffles. As for Dr. Macklin and Mrs. Payson, is it possible that they had expected to hear something worse, and were the least bit disappointed? If so, I have no doubt that they were ashamed of the feeling, and put on spiritual sackcloth for it within the next five minutes.

"Well, now, you know, that sort of thing will happen occasionally to the best fellows," put in Mr. Wormly, with a smile which suggested that he remembered some similar adventure. "Perhaps it was the worst luck in the world for the little girl that the police came. Perhaps she thought so her-

self. By George!" continued the old beau, warming with the subject, "there are girls who are up to arranging a little game of that sort. Of course I don't mean to insinuate as much concerning any one of the present company," he added, bowing politely to Mrs. Payson. "But I was a collegian myself once, and I haven't forgotten all I learned then,—except, of course, my Greek and Latin. I remember all about the girls of my time, and, by George! some of them knew as much as the fellows, and a good deal more than most of the professors."

Miss Biffles tried to gorgonize him with her big black eyes, but the wicked old man was looking another way at the moment, and did not turn into stone.

"It's one of the entertainments of sweet two-and-twenty," he went on, smiling in a dreadfully self-satisfied style, as though he had often been diverted in that wise. "And the cemetery is the—excuse the vigorous phrase—the consecrated place for it,—or was, in my time. What I'd like to know in this case is, How old was the girl?"

Then he looked at Miss Biffles, and suddenly dropped his foolish jaw. Her dark, thin face was shaking with excitement, and she was clearly in a fearful rage with him.

"Oh, I dare say it was a bad affair," he stammered. "Miss Biffles undoubtedly knows all about it; she is

not accustomed to speak at random. The young man is unquestionably a very sly rogue, and deserves to be exposed from Dan to Beersheba. It must have been a naughty affair."

Miss Biffles looked blacker than ever. It seemed as though Mr. Wormly had only made bad worse by his concessions and denunciations. Mr. Payson, who knew nothing, and therefore would say nothing, and who felt that all this was poor talk about a poor subject, rose, and slipped off to his study. The doctor, to do all honor to him for the noble impulse — uttered a word of palliation: —

"There is a great deal of that sort of trifling in college. It generally amounts to nothing, and comes to nothing."

Irene gave him a glance of gratitude, and then followed the example of Mr. Payson, marching off to her own bedroom.

There the unpleasant little story came up again, and she went over it bit by bit in her mind, not so much trying Mr. DeVries impartially as endeavoring to find him not guilty. Was he indeed a heartless flirt who trifled with poor girls (like herself), and was capable of leading them into scandalizing situations? Of course the tale was substantially true, or Miss Biffles would not have looked so angry about it. But what did it amount to, and what positive wrong did

involve? Why was it so very outrageous for two young people to promenade a cemetery in the city, when in the country nothing would have been thought of it?

As for the shutting in and the lofty rescue by the police, that was ridiculous, and rather hateful to think of, but nothing more. Perhaps the sexton locked the gates earlier than usual, and perhaps Mr. DeVries did not know that it was the rule to lock them. Of course it must have been pretty late; but very likely *he* did not specially care to linger thus. It was partly the girl's fault, as that abominable Mr. Wormly suggested; yes, it was probably the girl's fault altogether. On the whole, and after the severest meditation over it, the cemetery adventure did not seem a blot on her friend's character.

But then Mr. DeVries was generally a flirt,—a regular and heartless flirt,—Miss Biffles had said. And that lady had been so exceedingly angered against him,—so much angrier than the simple facts of her graveyard history seemed to justify! Was it possible that she had withheld a part of the truth, and that the whole of it was something too bad to tell, or even to think of? Of a sudden this hitherto unthought-of view of the subject took complete possession of Irene's vivid imagination. She had an impulse to go at once to Miss Biffles, demand of her a full statement of

the dreadful affair. But that, of course, was out of the question. She had no right to inquire into the life of Hubertsen DeVries; and, moreover, she did not want to speak to the horrid, horrid woman. Irene felt — knowing, meanwhile, how wicked it was — that she perfectly hated the old thing.

Ah dear! she could only keep on brooding; and it was now very wretched business. Had her charming correspondent been merely flirting with herself when he treated her with such a seeming of delicate respect and made her that apparently generous offer to send her home? Was he at this moment, perhaps, coquetting with the brilliant-eyed Saada? Of this last fact there was certainly great danger. The little Syrian was pretty enough to attract any man, and had not been able to conceal her perilous liking for this particular man. "I wouldn't blame him a bit," said Irene to herself at one moment; and in the next moment she asserted that she would never, never forgive him.

In short, this new view of the matter, to wit, that the graveyard adventure had not been fully told and that Mr. DeVries was truly a "regular heartless flirt" would not away from the mind of our young missionary. It is to be feared that she thought less than usual of her duties that evening, and that the watch of the night brought her but a broken and visionary slumber.

XXX.

VERY shortly after the "exposure" of DeVries, Irene received a long letter from that agreeable son of Belial.

It seems that, after visiting Elden and the Cedars, he had decided to push on to the remarkable land of ruins around Hamath, with the further purpose of going as far north as Aleppo, and then returning by a circuit through Palmyra, Damascus, and Baalbec.

"And we might have had him here!" mused the young lady, her heart throbbing with various emotions. "How would Miss Biffles have treated him? And how should I?"

"But at Hamath," the letter proceeded, "I heard of the war in Lebanon, and of course turned back at once. Palmyra and Baalbec, I knew, would remain; but a war in Lebanon was a transitory wonder. I felt that I must see it."

"Oh, how *could* he!" thought Irene, her heart beating again, this time because of his rashness. She turned to the end at once, fearing lest she might not find his name there, and lest the epistle might have a

sad postscript, in some other hand. But there was the well-known autograph, and the sight of it filled her with gladness, no matter what Miss Biffles might say of the signer. Then, before she could go on with her reading, she had to lay the letter on her lap for a moment, and reprove herself for her flurries and foolishness.

We will condense this rather lengthy epistle, and add to it some essential facts omitted by the writer. DeVries made his return journey from Hamath to Bhamdun as speedily as possible, and immediately called on the Peltons to ask if they needed his protection or assistance. They were shocked, of course, when they learned his purpose of visiting the scene of combat, and sought to deter him by representing that he might fall a victim to some sanguinary misapprehension. He replied that he wanted to form an idea of Syrian warfare; that it was probably not very different from the fighting of early Hebraic times; that a view of it would help him in the military portions of his Philistine history. Mr. Pelton controverted this theory with pardonable petulance; but nevertheless the farewells were said in a spirit of friendliness.

And here DeVries left out a little circumstance which seems to accord with Miss Biffles's summary of his character. He found an opportunity, or perhaps one was found for him, to bid a lonely good-by

to Saada. The pretty little Syrian begged him not to go to the war, and cried like a child when he remained immovable. Of course, he was exceedingly grateful and otherwise tenderly moved, and could not remember to be cautious in offering thanks and consolations. The result was a far more emotional parting than he had proposed, — a parting which made him resolve, an hour later, that he would keep away from Bhamdun, at least while Saada remained there. That night the girl did not sleep at all, and the next day she was a little out of her head with fever, babbling drowsily at times in a way which made Mrs. Pelton stare.

But of this the young man knew nothing; he was already nigh unto the battle. His description of the siege of Deir el Kamr was long, but seemed to Irene breathlessly interesting:—

“Before I came in sight of the town I began to discover signs of war. Bands of Druses marched swiftly by me, singing their war-song, ‘Ma hala, ya ma hala, kotal en Nasara!’ It means, as you know as well as I, How sweet, oh, how sweet, to kill the Christians! Yet as they passed me they stopped singing for a moment, and saluted me civilly, if not cordially. I perfectly understood ‘Naharkum saeed’ (May your day be blest) and ‘Naharak abyad’ (May your day be white). It was obvious that they took me for an Englishman, and therefore for a well-wisher, if not an ally.

"I saw the fight from a hill near the town, and about two hundred yards from the nearest combatants. The houses on that side were scattered, and formed a loose suburb, very suitable for attack. But they were well garrisoned, and the Maronites fired heavily from the doors and windows, while others stood behind in clusters, as reserves. The Druses, headed by their richly dressed sheiks, assaulted in splendid style. It was impossible, Christian as I am, not to admire their gallantry, and to be sorry to see them fall so fast.

"There was no general attack, no line of battle, apparently no system. But all the rocks and shrubberies around the place were ambushes for sharpshooters, who kept up a continual pattering of musketry. Every now and then a party of twenty, or fifty, or a hundred, would spring up from cover, and make a dash at full speed for one of the solid little stone houses. There would be a tremendous rattle of shots, mixed with howling war-cries and shrieks of the wounded. If the attack was strong enough, the Maronites rushed off to the nearest shelter, one or two generally dropping on the way, while the Druses poured into their conquest, and opened fire from it.

"It was slow, hard, and bloody work for the assailants. I could see that they had several men to carry away after every onset, while the defenders, owing to their excellent cover, lost very few. In this fashion

the fight went on the entire day, without much result except in the way of dead and wounded. Five or six houses only were captured, and it was not enough to make any impression on the place, as appeared by the fact that at nightfall the Druses gave up their prizes and retreated beyond musket-shot. I should think that they must have lost at least one hundred and fifty men in this long and stubborn skirmish. At all events, their hospital parties were very busy during the day, and I counted seventy dead and wounded in one hollow, just below my point of observation.

"To me personally nothing happened, except that the bullet of some blundering Maronite struck a shelf of rock over my head and dropped flattened at my feet. This warning sufficed for a novice, and I promptly made my way down to the sheltered hollow where the wounded lay, and passed the afternoon in peeping at the combat from there. The scene just around me was a horrible one. I will tell you nothing about it; it was too horrible. Nor will I describe the savage and abominable massacre which stained the final triumph of the Druses. What it must have been you can imagine from the fact that nearly two thousand men were slaughtered in cold blood.

"Of course, I saw but little of it, and had small chance to interfere. I did what I could to save the few whom I could get at. I shouted and pleaded and

ran about (really, I hardly remember much what happened), until I was knocked down by somebody, and then dragged to a distance by a party of striped miscreants, and finally rescued by a dark, stern-faced young man in blue broadcloth, who proved to be one of the sheiks of the Telhook family. By this time everything was over, as I suppose; and, at all events, I was glad to mount and get away. My head ached smartly with the rap, but was all right in a day or two.

"Since writing the above, I have been visiting the burned districts, and trying to relieve the helpless, starving inhabitants. Excuse me for speaking of it; I wish you to think well of me."

Think well of him! Of course she thought well of the hero of humanity. For the moment she did not care if he had been shut up in forty cemeteries, with as many young lady friends of Miss Biffles. Moreover, although the process of reasoning would have been hard to follow, she had somehow arrived at the conclusion that the heroine of that adventure was herself a flirt, who would not be harmed by a great deal of incarceration. The best of us are occasionally hasty and unfair in judging a person who has given us, even though unawares, some uncomfortable hours.

In her admiration for her most noble correspondent, and in her desire to justify him to the Paysons, she read them his letter. Several times during the de-

scription of the battle Mr. Payson exclaimed, "Ah, what was the lad there for!" But when he had heard all, — the struggle to save the victims of massacre, and the labors to relieve the houseless and starving, — he smiled with angelic tenderness, and said, "I hope and dare to believe that this youth was brought into the world for the good of his kind and the glory of his Maker."

"I wish I could have been with him," groaned the doctor. "Probably I could have helped him do more. A few words in Arabic might have quieted some of those madmen."

"We are at our own post," replied Payson. "That is my comfort. Moreover, we may yet have perils and labors here. This city is boiling with evil passions. It is a wicked population."

Just then Miss Biffles and Mr. Wormly entered the room, the former holding in her hand a thin printed pamphlet, and wearing on her countenance an expression of stern resolution, as of one who came to execute judgment, and not mercy.

It must be understood, by the way, that the pair had made themselves thoroughly at home in the mission dwelling. Mr. Wormly, indeed, expressed his gratitude daily for its hospitality, and stated, with elaborate polish of diction, that it would remain forever forgotten. But Miss Biffles neither returned thanks nor

apologized for giving trouble. She used the house as her own, and made no recompense save in lecturing on the second advent, maintaining with exasperating consistency that it was now upon earth, war and massacre to the contrary notwithstanding.

"Since you are all together," she now said, bowing around the room as if from a platform, "I will read to you an essay on the presence of the reign of peace."

"Madam, I must respectfully decline to hear it," responded Mr. Payson, in a tone of decision which made everybody stare, especially those who knew him best.

"I should like to have your reasons, sir," said Miss Biffles. She tried to smile, but only succeeded in looking vicious, like a horse who shows his teeth.

"The subject pains my religious sense," continued the clergyman, solemnly. "I have endeavored hitherto to evade and fly from a discussion of it. As that is not sufficient, I now avail myself of my rights, as head of this household, and respectfully request you to let the matter pass in silence."

"You were just reading your own pamphlets together," the lady began to argue.

"We were listening to a letter," replied Payson; "a letter which has filled us with great sadness and horror; a letter announcing the scattering of one of our missions, and the slaughter of hosts of our fellow-creatures;

a letter which leaves us no heart for trifling and wild argumentation."

"Ah, indeed! who was the letter from?" asked Mr. Wormly, the chirping old grasshopper, whether to change the conversation, or out of mere gossip interest.

"From a generous young friend of ours, who has imperilled his own life to save others,—from Mr. DeVries," said Payson.

Miss Biffles was capable of comprehending this speech in but one way. She understood it as an attack upon herself,—as part of a premeditated quarrel with her.

"So that is the kind of man you admire!" she retorted, springing to her feet with an agility which was quite wonderful in so tall a person. "A heartless, faithless, silly male flirt! Mr. Wormly, I wish you would go out at once and find new lodgings, no matter where. We have been here long enough."

Mr. Wormly, who had become exceedingly interested in Miss Grant, looked piteously unwilling to depart. But as there was some gentility in him, he saw that longer abiding in the Payson house would be an indecorum, and he rose to do as he was bidden.

"I will go with you," volunteered Payson, all his usual gentleness returning at once. "You will get along poorly in this city without Arabic."

"Thanks, — a thousand thanks. You are exceedingly good, sir," said Wormly. "Very sorry for all this, I assure you," he added, as soon as they were out of the house. "Miss Biffles is quite wrong to insist upon ramming down her views in this way. A very excellent person; but you know how women are hang it, every man knows! Enthusiastic and obstinate, — extraordinarily obstinate. She ought to keep her views to herself in the mansion of hospitality. We owe you a thousand thanks for your kindness."

"Don't mention it," returned Payson. "I am sorry for this disagreement. You are welcome to all that we have done."

"Pretty warm weather!" panted Wormly, after a few rods of smart walking. "Do you think we shall find rooms at the hotel?"

"I trust so," replied the missionary. And so it turned out, easily enough; and the odd pair were there before night.

"Drop in and see us," said Wormly to Payson, the latter had brought about a comfortable man. "You will find Miss Biffles as pleasant as ever tomorrow. I know her, — headstrong, but good-humored just like all women, you know. My compliments to your charming lady and that lovely Miss G. We shall call on you frequently."

"The babes in the wood," murmured Mr. P.

he walked away. "Perhaps I did wrong to be so positive with them. Greater patience might have been blest, even to those wayward and tottering minds."

In the mean time, the veteran of society praised himself for having been so genteelly patient with the missionary, and thought of him as an inexperienced simple man, troubled with a fretful temper. There is no end to the absurd variety of views which we human beings get of ourselves and each other.

XXXI.

IN a day or two came more news about the hero of Deir el Kamr, this time in a letter to Mrs. Payson from Mrs. Pelton.

"I must tell you something which will cause you great anxiety and annoyance," wrote the latter lady. "I would not speak of it, only that Saada is one of your girls, and was confided by you to our care.

"We are much troubled about her in more ways than one. She is not well. We have noticed for weeks that she was very pale at times, and then feverish, and all the while growing thinner. Rufka, who is terribly frightened about her, has at last confessed to us that the child is *love-sick*. Of course I wanted to know *why*. Rufka cried, and refused to tell. Then I rummaged a little in my memory, and called to mind that I had found Saada in tears the afternoon of Mr. DeVries's departure to Deir el Kamr, and also that she was taken with a sharp feverish turn that very night, talking in a wild way during her disturbed sleep.

"All this I immediately put to Rufka. You must

understand that I was much alarmed. I did not know how far matters had gone; I felt that I *must* know. Well, after much crying and saying that she had promised Saada never to tell, poor Rufka gave up her secret. I am really pained to repeat it to you. Mr. DeVries has repeatedly kissed Saada. It is *too bad*. We had thought so much of him; and now, to take advantage of our innocent, silly child, — it is too bad!

"Of course he means nothing. He doesn't mean to marry her, — that is, I suppose not; how could he? He would probably say that he meant no harm, and that it is all a trifle, not worth making a fuss about.

"That may do in America, where girls learn to go alone; but Syrian girls are not used to hoidening; it addles their hot, foolish heads. I must say that I feel bitterly about it, and think that our handsome young friend has behaved ill, and want to give him a smart scolding. It is such a disappointment that I could cry over it. I had thought him an absolutely perfect gentleman. And here he abuses the power which his manners and person give him, just like any one else, — just like all men, perhaps. Oh dear! he has broken another of my ideals. However, I must stop talking of my own feelings, and go on about poor Saada. Her case is really a serious one. She is pale and thin, and absorbed and anxious. I am afraid she will go into a decline, or have a dangerous fever. Of course Dr.

Anson's powders are of no more use to her than the paper they are wrapped up in.

"Meanwhile, here we are in this stifling Beirut, instead of on the breezy mountain. What are we to do with the child? She evidently thinks of nothing but Mr. DeVries. What are we to do with *him*? Shall I write to him and tell him never to see Saada again? Shall I urge him to marry her? Of course he ought not to do that unless he really loves her. It would be a sacrifice which would make him unhappy for life, and would perhaps end in her unhappiness. It is not to be thought of. Besides, he has done so little, he would say. Two or three kisses,—no talk about love or marriage,—what right had she to go wild about it? That would be a young man's defence; and it would suffice for a young man, as I suppose.

"On the whole, I am dreadfully puzzled, and I want a word of counsel. You, who know Saada better than I, and who have more influence over her, you must advise me, or her. I have not told Mr. Pelton. He would be ascetically severe, and would write instantly to the young gentleman, and perhaps do mischief. Can you confide it to your husband? I hate to trouble the good, sweet man. Do what you think best about that, my dear; but be sure to write me your advice, and at once."

"Oh dear!" groaned Mrs. Payson, crying all alone

over this dreadful revelation. "I didn't think of *that*. Why must he go and make himself the misery of Saada? I wish he had taken Irene, and done with it. It would have been the best thing of the two."

She was a very sensible woman, it will be perceived. It was evident to her at the first glance that the loss of Irene would be a lesser evil than a love tragedy in the mission circle. She now repressed her tears, and set herself to thinking what should be done, meanwhile wishing heartily that she had a counsellor. To her husband she would not rehearse the story, because she knew that it would grieve him inexpressibly, and also because she believed that no man's advice in heart-matters is worth much. To the doctor it would be indecorous, as well as useless, to mention it.

But a confidant, an adviser, a helper, she must have. The curious result was that, after doubting and trembling over the idea for a while, she sought out Irene, and threw the letter into her lap. The young lady glanced through it in silence, and turned as pale as living women ever do.

"What is to be done about it?" asked Mrs. Payson, just a little heartlessly. She saw that the girl suffered; but that would not have been had she properly cared for Dr. Macklin; consequently, the anguish served her right. Such was Mrs. Payson's way of feeling in the first stated moments of this remarkable dialogue.

"What are we to do about it?" she repeated, getting no answer to her first query.

"I never will speak to him again!" replied Irene, in a smothered, panting voice.

"I think that you had better speak to him a great deal," said Mrs. Payson. She had fully decided, by this time, that if Mr. DeVries must make love to somebody, and if as a handsome young man, he must be humored therein, he had better take Miss Grant.

"I never will," insisted Irene, and at once began to cry, of course with indignation.

The elder lady tittered hysterically, and then shed a tear or two herself. After a few seconds of this, they suddenly looked up in each other's faces, and both burst into a spasmodic laugh. It was a gurgling sort of noise, without a bit of merriment in it.

"I think it is perfectly outrageous," declared Irene, making a desperate effort to control her nervousness.

"So do I," said Mrs. Payson. "And I wish you would put a stop to it.

"What have I to do with it?" answered the girl. "What can I do?"

Mrs. Payson giggled once more. She did not mean to be so trivial, but she found it difficult to express herself, and she was still very shaky.

"I will never write to him again," affirmed Irene. "Never speak to him, if I can help it."

"I wish you would do both," returned the married lady positively. "I wish you would make eyes at him," she added, bursting into a cheerful feminine laugh.

Then the paleness suddenly vanished from Miss Grant's face before a great flood of color. She sat for a moment with wide-open eyes, like a person charmed by a mighty temptation. At last a frown came upon her brow, — the frown of one who is conscious of deep injury, — and she suddenly stormed out, "I won't!"

"Irene, I am perfectly serious about it. I think it is the best thing for all of us. I think it would end well. I wish you would."

"I — WON'T."

"Why, Irene! what a temper! I didn't know you had a temper."

"It is so outrageous! He ought to marry her." And here there was a sob which nearly made Mrs. Payson smile.

"He will never marry her, Irene. What can a rich and educated American do with a poor Mount Lebanon girl, who knows scarcely five hundred words of English, and knows nothing else? He ought not to marry her. It would make them both miserable."

"I can't talk about it," said Irene, beginning to gasp again, and starting up to leave the room.

"Don't tell anybody," the elder lady called after her.
"Don't d with it."

"Oh, no!" exclaimed virtuous indignation. "He would think Mr. DeVries perfectly hateful."

Mrs. Payson smiled intelligently over this speech, and immediately sat down to write to Mrs. Palton. In these matters of the heart she was not the hesitating, dilatory creature which she sometimes seemed, but had a truly feminine promptness of decision and energy of action.

"I must be short," she scribbled. "Do keep Saada away from Mr. DeVries. Send her up to the mountain, if you can. I understand that the station at Abeih has not been abandoned. Send her up into the Lebanon air. If he comes, tell him *yourself* that he must not see her, and tell him *why*. She will get over it in time. You know that we do get over such things. I could tell you something about my own girlhood; but you can imagine it. Burn this letter. Kiss Saada for me, and tell her that we all love her, and want her to go to the mountain. I would write more, but we are dreadfully occupied in mind with the state of this city, which threatens an outbreak at any moment. Do keep Saada away from Mr. DeVries. The girl is too pretty and too innocent and too headlong. I am sorry for her, but she must not see him. Our truest love to her and to all of you."

As for Irene, she spent the rest of the day alone, as miserable, at least, as she had any right to be. She

began three letters to DeVries, saying in various ways that their correspondence must now end, and tore them all up in succession. Probably she had no intention of sending them, and merely wrote as an outlet for her emotions. It is a comfort to have a confidant, though that confidant be but a sheet of paper. As to actually reproving this young gentleman, what business was it of hers? He was not her lover,—she said that to herself scores of times; nor was he a relative; only a friend.

Then she declared, of course, that he was a friend no longer; that he had ill treated Saada, and abused hospitality, and behaved shamefully; that no missionary girl could treat him otherwise than as a mere acquaintance. Miss Biffles's charge that he was a heartless flirt could be denied no longer. Probably he had been in any number of foolish, ridiculous scrapes with young ladies. Oh, how dreadful he was! how disgusted she was with him! How her disturbed mind and wounded heart exaggerated his wrong-doing and her own condemnation of it! There was no end to her miserable broodings until midnight brought slumber. In the morning she had other matters to think of.

At this time Damascus contained a population of one hundred and ten thousand Moslems, twenty-five thousand Christians of all sects, and fifteen thousand Jews, 1 thousand Christian refugees.

The Moslems had long been in a state of intense fanatical excitement over the religious war. Even the elders and gentry of the city were moved to feel and publicly declare that the time had come to punish the enemies of the true faith. A rabble of many races was ready to shed blood at any moment. The coffee-houses were full of noisy armed men, Koords, Bedaween, Druses, Metawileh, and Damascene desperadoes. Christians were insulted in every street of the sacred city, and stones were thrown at the houses of Frank residents and officials. The consuls went in a body to the pasha, and demanded that he should insure the public peace. Like a Turk, he promised everything, and, still like a Turk, he did nothing, or worse than nothing.

On Sunday, the 8th of July, old Yusef, Mr. Payson's cook, came in with the news that gangs of Moslems were patrolling the Christian quarter, drawing figures of crosses in the mud and dust of the streets, and forcing the Christians to trample upon them. The day at the mission house was passed in sombre expectation that the rioting would spread through the city. Dr. Macklin recapped his pistol, and prepared to die arms in hand. Mr. Payson walked about silently, apparently engaged in mental prayer. The women packed up a few things by way of preparation for flight. But the day, and the night following also, passed off in quiet.

On Monday, a little after noon, the doctor ventured forth alone, purposing to visit the American vice-consul and get exact news of the situation. In less than an hour he returned breathless, and said to Payson, "Damascus has gone mad."

The clergyman stared at him with a pallid face and without speaking, as people do in the first moments of a great horror.

"The pasha punished those rioters," Macklin went on. "They were sent in chains, right by the great mosque, to sweep the Christian quarter. I saw them myself. And then I had to run for my life. The whole Moslem rabble broke out in a howl of fury. I never could have imagined such a scene. The entire city seemed to go mad at once. The streets filled with armed men, rushing every way, and shouting, 'To arms, ye Islam! Death to the Giaours!' Of course they were chiefly intent on finding the native Christians, or I never should have got here. As it was I was smartly stoned. We must look to our women."

"I will go and prepare them," was Payson's only reply.

XXXII.

ALL the rest of that day and all night the holy city held carnival of plunder, lust, and murder.

A host of Damascenes, Bedaween, Koords, Druses, and Metawileh, followed by many soldiers of the Turkish garrison, poured, howling, into the Christian quarter, and ravaged it without let or hindrance. The timorous, unarmed inhabitants hid as they could in closets, wells, chimneys, and other coverts, only to be dragged forth, insulted, spit upon, beaten, subjected to every degrading violence, and butchered by the thousand. The American vice-consul, a Syrian of high character and great learning, was attacked in his own house, shot at, gashed with blows of hatchets, and saved from death only through the intercession of a Moslem friend, backed by an irruption of Abd el Kader's magnanimous Algerines. The Dutch vice-consul and the noble Irish missionary Graham were murdered. Islam had broken bonds at last, and was showing its ancient nature.

It was astonishing how little of the uproar of this bloody frenzy penetrated the Payson dwelling. The

great, heavy-walled building of unburnt brick had not a window upon the street, and the one small gate which gave entrance to its court was of course kept carefully closed. The inmates might almost have remained ignorant of the atrocities without, had it not been for the pallid, bleeding fugitives who occasionally asked and obtained admittance. Not many came, for the mission was as yet but little known, even to the Christian inhabitants. To go forth and search out other sufferers might have been death to the seeker and ruin to all.

It need hardly be said that there was no repose during the day and no slumber during the night. Hour after hour the doctor toiled over the wounded among the thirty or forty refugees, while the ladies tore up bandages, or aided in preparing and distributing food. Payson's chief office was to watch the gate, to open it guardedly to suppliants, and to see that no Moslem obtained entrance. There was need of caution and judgment and knowledge of the people. Once a gang of unseen ruffians bawled entreaties for shelter through the portal, and, finding their cajoleries useless, ended with yells of "Death to the infidels!" and two or three harmless pistol-shots. An hour later the roar of a musket bellowed in the narrow street, and a heavy slug of iron penetrated the door and hummed across the court.

Of course much was said in the beleaguered household, and much also was thought and felt, which might be interesting. But how can one relate all the incidents of such a night? By themselves alone they would make a volume. Toward morning Payson was amazed by hearing a voice outside shouting in English, "Open the door!"

In great joy he flung the gate wide, and found himself in the arms of DeVries.

"Ah, my friend!" he exclaimed. "Is it indeed you? What brings you *here*?"

"Come in!" called the young man eagerly, turning to some shadowy shapes of mounted people behind him. "It's all right," he added, addressing Payson. "This is Mr. Wingate, an American. The others are my Arnaout and my guide."

In a minute or so the four men, each leading his horse, had entered the gate and closed it behind them.

"Ah, the lad!" said Payson, taking DeVries by the arm, and gazing at him with a sort of wondering fondness. "What have you come to us for?"

"To give you a lift," returned Hubertsen with a smile, meantime pushing on toward the centre of the courtyard. The great space was partially lighted by a fire, where the refugees were boiling coffee, and in the midst of this illumination he could see a pale

and weary young lady kneeling upon the pavement and tearing bandages. Gently loosening the missionary's hold, he advanced swiftly to her and confronted her with outstretched hands.

She looked up, recognized him with a cry of amazement, and then seized both those wicked hands with another cry of joy. Undoubtedly her first thought was, "Here is a deliverer!" It may be that her next was, "He has left Saada to come to me." But probably, even in that very moment, she could not have told whether she had any thoughts at all.

"Oh, how came you here?" she asked, when she had risen to her feet. "Did you get hurt?"

"Not yet," he smiled, very well satisfied because she could be anxious about him. "And I am delighted,—so delighted, my dear friend!—to find you safe. This is Mr. Wingate, my travelling companion. We rode over from Lebanon to get you out of here. The story was general there that Damascus was to rise. I wish we had started earlier, Wingate."

"It would have ended more to our convenience," replied Wingate, whom the reader will perhaps remember as a stout, florid, jovial young American, given on occasion to cards and wine. "I saw you and the Paysons on the steamer Imperatore, Miss Grant," he added, with a composed smile which was curiously friendly and cheering. "I am sorry I couldn't have made your acquaintance at that time."

Then Mrs. Payson came up, and greeted DeVries with a cordiality which surprised him, and immediately set about preparing refreshments for his party. It must be understood that she was not merely glad to see him as a person who had come with the kindest of purposes, and who perhaps brought safety. There was more than that in her womanly heart: she had accepted him as the man of her choice for the girl of her preference; she had put upon him the ephod of love, and felt an almost devout desire to serve him. I do not mean that she was aware of saying all this to herself, but only that there was some such emotion within her, impulsively influencing her behavior.

Meantime Dr. Macklin hardly looked up from his bandaging long enough to say, "I hope you have no bones broken."

"There isn't much disturbance as yet on the western side of the city," returned DeVries. "But we must get away to-night, if we can. How soon can you all start?"

"I can't start at all," declared the physician. "I have too many patients."

"But the city is on fire."

"I see it is," said Macklin, glancing up at a broad glare which reddened the sky. "It is only on the east side, — the Christian quarter. It won't be allowed to spread much farther."

"Miss Grant, *you* must go," persisted DeVries. "And the Paysons. There may be worse business to-morrow. I can get you away to-night. I have an understanding with the officer on guard at the west gate, who is an Arnaout by nation and an old friend of my fellow. When he goes off duty the chance is lost. It cost some trouble to get it, and it's a pity to lose it."

"The ladies shall go," decided Payson. "I must stay and do what I can for the wretched people. But the ladies shall go, if the doctor can spare his horse."

"I will buy it," offered Hubertsen.

"No, sir," returned Macklin, almost roughly. "I give it for Miss Grant's use."

The clergyman gently urged his wife and Irene to their rooms, bidding them prepare promptly for the journey, and then hastened to the stable in rear of the court to order the saddling of the household steeds. There were some minutes of anxious, impatient, and nearly silent waiting. All this time the great red glare stained the sky, broadening and growing more lurid every moment. Huge black masses of gloom, the smoke of hundreds of dwellings, occasionally rolled majestically across it, starred here and there by flights of sailing cinders. There was a shrill hum which was the cry of a distant multitude, and a perpetual stern murmur which was the roar of the

conflagration. A pattering of far-off musket-shots, a sound familiar to the ear for hours back, swelled by moments into a continuous fusillade.

"This is tremendous," said the doctor, rising from his work and coming close to DeVries. "Are you sure of reaching the gate? Are you sure of your savage there? He is a Moslem."

They both glanced at the Albanian. In his embroidered jacket, long white kilt, and close-fitting scarlet gaiters, his sunburnt hands resting on a girdle full of weapons, and the firelight falling on his bronzed, fierce, stony countenance he was a picturesque, an elegant, and a formidable figure.

"He is a Moslem," assented DeVries. "But he is an Arnaut. His religion consists in fighting for the man whose salt he eats. I believe he would shoot a musti if I told him to. Will those ladies never be ready?"

Just then Mrs. Payson appeared, walking rapidly by the side of her husband, but looking at him imploringly and sobbing aloud.

"I will go if you will," she was saying. "Oh, dear! How can I leave you here! I can't."

"My dear, I command it," the husband murmured, meanwhile patting her shoulder. "It is my command. Without you Irene cannot go; and it is best for you also. Fear not for me. The Lord will not forget me, humble as I am."

"I do wish you would go," she continued to plead.

"I must not abandon my brother worker and my little flock of unfortunates. There, my dear, good wife, do not distress me."

And so, with much difficulty, Mrs. Payson was prevailed upon to consent to a departure, and to make her final small preparations. Irene also was soon ready, and so were all who were to go. It was necessary to lead the horses outside ere they could be mounted; and before commencing this operation it seemed best to reconnoitre the shadowy street. The Arnaut partially opened the gate, and immediately presented his revolver, as if he saw an enemy. Dr. Macklin, who was looking over his shoulder, beheld three tall, dark-faced men, mantled in long white burnouses, and armed with long guns, cimeters, and pistols. But with them were two persons in Frank costume, an elderly gentleman and a lady of uncertain age,—no other than Miss Biffles and Mr. Wormly, the latter holding two horses by the bridle.

"Oh, God bless you, Doctor!" called Mr. Wormly, in an eager, quavering voice. "I was just about to knock. Do, for God's sake, ask these fellows what they want."

There was a brief conversation in Arabic with the leader of the three burnoused men, a tawny and stern-visaged giant, whose immense chest gave forth a voice like the bellow of a bull.

"These are Algerines," explained the doctor. "They tell me that their Emir—the famous Abd el Kader, you know—is sending forth his people to save the Christians. They saw you wandering about, and were afraid you would be attacked, and thought it best to follow you a bit. They give you their salaams, and say they will now depart."

"My dear sir, please salaam them to the best of your ability," begged Wormly, meantime drawing forth his purse.

The Algerine of the lion voice waved his finger to and fro in refusal of the proffered gift. Then all three, touching their hands to their breasts and foreheads, faced about, and hurried away at a swift, springy trot, as light as panthers.

"We are trying to get out of this awful city," Miss Biffles here gasped out, in a tone which indicated extreme terror, as did also her pallid, shaking face. She was truly an object of pity, but the doctor could not help saying, "You don't believe in the millennium, I fear."

Miss Biffles had no reply at hand, or perhaps did not hear his sarcasm. Mr. Wormly raised his visage, now ghastly and wilted and very old, toward the broad, hot glare in the sky, and muttered, "Millennium! it looks more like Tophet."

Meantime parting tears were being shed and parting

words murmured in the court, and three or four of the refugees were leading the horses through the narrow portal.

"God favors us with tranquillity," said Payson. "Mount, all of you, and speed on. Ah, Miss Biffles! are you here? Let me help you up. May the Divine mercy guide and speed you!"

The poor woman was too confounded to reply, or to address a word to any one, or even to recognize her *bête noir*, DeVries. Mrs. Payson leaned from her saddle to kiss her husband once more, and Irene wrung his hand, saying, "Do promise to be careful of yourself."

"God will care for us all," he replied gently. "Let us not be troubled for one another."

Then the little cavalcade, eight equestrians in all, moved off at a walk down the narrow, winding street, dimly lighted by the distant glare of the great fire.

XXXIII.

FOR a few hundred yards the fugitives journeyed in perfect quiet, without sight of a human being.

They were in the Mohammedan quarter of Damascus, and their way of escape led through its most aristocratic region. Behind them lay the Christian district, sending up a continuous wide-spread glow of conflagration, but too far distant to reach them with its surge of human anguish. They were astonished at the tranquillity around them, and marvelled at hearing the feet of their own horses. It seemed as if this part of the cruel city had wearied of its bloody debauch, and fallen asleep like the Cyclops after his cannibal banquet.

The truth was that all the unquiet spirits, the men who loved plunder and violence and blood, had betaken themselves long since to the scene of havoc, and were sporting there amid arson and murder. During that night and the following day scores of churches and thousands of houses were burned, and property destroyed to the amount of five millions of dollars. In the conflagration of the Greek Patriarchate six

hundred persons perished, while one thousand victims, many of them European monks, strewed the smoking ruins of the Franciscan convent. No wonder that, when Islam found such a carnival of ferocity in the eastern part of Damascus, it should leave the western districts nearly deserted.

The fugitives moved forward in procession. First came the guide; then DeVries and Irene; then Wingate and Mrs. Payson; then Mr. Wormly and Miss Biffles; lastly the Arnaout. The pace was a walk, not because the way was dim, but to avoid rousing the neighborhood. There was plenty of light; for not only did the baleful glimmer of the flames penetrate everywhere, but it was now four o'clock in the morning, and the night had turned to grayness. They could distinctly see, on either hand, the high blank walls of the houses, and even recognize the ugly, dirty yellow of the sun-dried bricks which composed them.

Presently they turned into a broader and straighter street, leading directly away from the glare of arson, and toward the western gateway. Here they first chanced upon fellow-creatures and upon visible peril. Out of the gray obscurity in front came fifteen or twenty men, armed miscellaneously, — some with long muskets, some with cimeters or large daggers, some with merely hatchets. They were obviously a gang

of Metawileh from Anti-Lebanon, who were hastening to share in the plunder and massacre. At sight of the European costumes they halted and closed rapidly in a group, as if with intent of disputing the narrow passage.

The guide called to them to clear the way, and DeVries angrily beckoned to one side, but without effect. The Arnaout came up, his revolver in his right hand, and, leaning forward in his saddle, looked silently from face to face, as if searching out the leader. The well-known costume and fierce countenance of this man produced an immediate effect. No other human being is so dreaded in Syria, so held in absolute detestation and horror, as the ferociously pugnacious mountaineer of Albania. There was a mutter of "Arnaout! Arnaout!" and the Metawileh drew aside, leaving the street open. The kawass faced them until his little caravan had passed, when he sternly signed them to go their ways, and resumed his place as rear-guard.

"Were you frightened?" asked DeVries of Irene.

"Not much," she replied.

"That's a good girl," he said, in a petting tone; and she was conscious of being pleased with the compliment. There was of course little thought in her just now of his coquettish misdeeds with other women. They seemed far-away matters, and very insignificant

matters, also, in the midst of murdering and blazing Damascus. How could a girl who stood in fear of death, and who was surrounded by a sublime spectacle of rage and destruction, call up a flirtation or two against a man who was imperilling his life to save hers!

Erelong the fugitives had to make a considerable circuit to avoid a large café, in front of which could be seen clusters of turbaned men, all no doubt armed. This détour brought them into a district of narrow alleys and low houses, inhabited by the poorer sort of people. Here doors were open and a few persons were about. A filthy woman, whose skinny face was only partially concealed by a ragged veil, cursed them in shrill screams till they were out of sight. A fat and rosy cherub of perhaps five years, whose fresh cheeks and glorious black eyes made one want to kiss him, surveyed them with a curious mixture of fun and spite, and yelled at the top of his small voice, "Frangi! Frangi! Giaour!"

Next, a dozen small roughs, looking preposterously old in their turbans and loose garments, made an onset with handfuls of dust and lumps of earth, raising meanwhile an abominable vituperation.

"I say, DeVries, those chaps are dangerous," called Wormly, in a quavering voice. "They'll raise the neighborhood."

The Arnaut appeared to be of the same opinion. He rode into the group of evil-tongued urchins, and laid about him mercilessly with his long koorbash. There were some keen shrieks of anguish, followed by a swift dispersion. Then the cavalcade broke into a canter, and kept it up until the main street was regained.

"I like your Irishman," said Wingate to DeVries. "He handles his shillalah beautifully."

"I only hope he won't kill anybody and bring a crowd upon us," was the reply. "He keeps me in constant fear. I feel like a man who owns a bloodhound."

"I wish he would kill this whole city!" cried Miss Biffles, which was the first speech she had made since leaving the Mission House.

Mrs. Payson was so far amused that she looked up from her sad meditations about her husband and smiled at Irene.

Just then they heard a wild falsetto chanting in front of them, and at the next turn they came upon a party of men singing. Their dark, stern faces and short-sleeved frocks of white and black stripes showed that they were Druses. Stepping forward gayly, and brandishing their long muskets, they shrieked out the war-song which was then current in Lebanon and wherever else a Druse had a chance to shed blood,—
"How sweet, oh how sweet, to kill the Nazarenes!"

Nevertheless they passed the travellers civilly, two

or three of them indeed saluting with the usual touch of the fingers to the breast and forehead, and saying in their strong, deep tones, "Peace be with you." The salutations were returned by all with as much Oriental courtesy as could be mustered.

"Are those fellows going to help the Christians?" queried Mr. Wormly, meantime bowing backward to the Druses, and waving kisses to them.

"They are going to butcher them," replied DeVries, who had heard the war-song before, and knew its bloody purport.

"Good Heavens! You don't say so! Then why didn't they pitch into us?"

"Mr. Wormly, hold your tongue!" snapped Miss Biffles. "What if they should overhear you!"

"They probably take us for Englishmen and friends of their people," explained DeVries. "There is an idea current among the Druses that they and the English are brethren in belief, and that England will some day come to their help."

Here he stopped speaking to stare at Mr. Wormly's fellow-traveller. That there were two strangers in the company he had been aware all along; but hitherto he had not given them anything more than a cursory glance. Now for the first time he studied Miss Biffles's countenance, and caught a glimpse of something there which had once been familiar. The

lady accorded him a recognition, which, strange to say, had no sort of hatred or scorn in it, but rather a beseeching deference and wheedling. Irene, who saw this expression, was extremely surprised by it, but presently concluded that Miss Biffles was in terror for her life, and felt willing to be saved by anybody. DeVries raised his hat civilly, but with a puzzled expression, and rode on for a minute in silence. Then he leaned toward Miss Grant, and whispered, "What is that lady's name?"

"Biffles," murmured the girl, glad to see that his recollection was so indistinct, and arguing therefrom that the cemetery scandal might not amount to much.

"Exactly," he grumbled. "I remember her perfectly. How the dickens came the old goose here!"

Irene's hopes fell again. He seemed to be angry against Miss Biffles. It was to be feared that the cemetery scandal amounted to a great deal.

But they could not long think of subjects so far away from blazing and murdering Damascus.

"This part of the city is quiet enough to suit us," observed Wingate, who had been saying comfortable things from time to time, and who had a permanent cheering smile on his rosy, worldly face.

"I don't see why we need have left," complained Mrs. Payson. "I have the greatest mind to ride back to my husband."

"Of course he is perfectly safe," pronounced Wingate. "Still, as we set out by his advice, I think we had better go on."

"We are not through with the worst of it," said DeVries. "There is a large coffee-house to pass, and we shall find a rabble at the gate."

The coffee-house proved to be a trying ordeal. It was a long, bazaar-like affair, made up of a series of rude shanties, with wide-spreading, rubbishy awnings in front, which sheltered many low seats ranged along a runnel of water. In the shanties and under the awnings loitered at least fifty men and boys, most of them in the white turbans and raiment which mark the Moslem Damascene, while a few wore the striped frock of the Druse or the beggarly garments of the Metawileh. Everywhere were arms, long muskets, huge bludgeons of pistols, curved cimeters, and heavy daggers.

The boys were ragged and filthy youngers, with foul, lean, and fierce faces, — the swarthy and savage hoodlums of Damascus. They were the first to note the Frank attire, and to salute it with bawling insult. Then a haggard, yellow-eyed dervish leaped forward and seized the bridle of Irene's horse, meanwhile howling unintelligibly. The animal, a spirited and skittish beast, reared violently, and shook him off. De Vries at once rode in between the two, shouldering the fanatic into the runnel.

By this time the crowd was in an uproar, and had surrounded the travellers. Arms clattered on every side, and the devilish boys picked up stones. DeVries and Wingate cocked and presented their revolvers. The Arnaout cantered to the front with drawn cimeter, and, dashing to and fro recklessly, made a little clear space around the group. An old Damascene with a silver beard, standing behind a pillar of one of the booths, took aim at him with his long musket. It seemed as if blood would certainly flow, and the whole party would be massacred. But just at this moment a cavalier in a white burnouse galloped into the midst of the uproar, and addressed the rioters in a stern, deep shout, as startling as the roar of a lion. He was one of the Algerines of Abd el Kader, and apparently a man of known distinction and authority.

The crowd recoiled a few paces, and the fiendish youngsters dropped their stones. The parchment-faced, jaundice-eyed dervish alone stood his ground, and continued to bawl imprecations and menaces. The Algerine struck him furiously with his *koorbash*, and sent him howling into one of the shanties. Then there was a long parley. The guide was permitted to speak; and a wonderful story he told. Here was a party, O true believers — here was a party of infidel dogs, (may their name and faith be accursed!), whom the Arnaout there, a true son of Islam (may the bless-

ing of Allah be upon his fingers!) had been charged to deliver captive to the officer at the gate.

The rioters may not have believed the tale, but they at least seemed to believe it. There was a general cry of, "Let them go! Off, ye dogs!—ye infidels!"

The cavalcade moved on at a rapid amble. The Algerine curveted after it a hundred yards or so, and then turned back to koorbash a boy who had thrown a pebble.

"I wish we could do something for those burnoused fellows," said Wingate. "Our government ought to give Abd el Kader a pension."

"Were you really going to fire?" asked Irene of DeVries, looking at him wonderingly.

"Not if it could be helped. I wouldn't have suffered you to be seized."

She rode a little closer to him, letting her foot drag against his boot lightly, and found a pleasure as well as a sense of protection in the touch.

"I am on the wrong side of you," he smiled. "And yet I have always meant to keep on the right side."

Mrs. Payson overheard the speech, and, to her own surprise, giggled. Even in those circumstances the feminine soul could note the voice of compliment, and understand it as courtship.

Presently the arched and towered gateway rose before

them, gray and grim against the foliage of the gardens beyond. Three or four soldiers and a score or two of citizens and peasants could be seen lounging under the rugged mass of ash-colored stone. The Arnaut hurried to the front now, and requested the travellers to halt while he rode forward to find his countryman, the captain of the guard. In a few minutes he turned toward them, and beckoned them to advance.

The officer was a blond, sunburnt young man, neatly dressed in the blue Turkish uniform, handsome of figure, except that he was over-slender in the waist, but harsh in feature and cruel in expression, as an Arnaut usually is. He saluted DeVries courteously, and signalled him to pass on.

"Fine-looking fellows, those Epirots," said the young man to Irene.

"I think they are horrible," she replied, glancing quickly at the stony blue eyes of the captain, and then at the coal-black, burning eyes of the kawass. "They have exactly the expression of panthers and lynxes."

"That is just what I like,—that fighting look," said Hubertsen. "At any rate, we ought to praise the bridge that carries us over. Here we are, outside of this City of Destruction."

He rejoiced too soon; they were still in peril.

XXXIV.

THE pale citizens and swarthy peasants who lounged about the gateway were evidently not pleased to see a party of Giaours going forth from them unmolested.

With the friendly captain there were only three soldiers, — dull and listless-looking lads; while the fanatical roughs were thirty in number, nearly all well armed for close fighting. There were sullen murmurs among them, and then exclamations of "Infidels! Dogs! Accursed!"

Of a sudden, a gigantic negro sprang forward after the passing travellers. His eyes were wild, and he had a silly, brutish expression, as if he were half-witted, or possibly downright mad. But in the Orient a lunatic, and even an idiot, is considered inspired, and may often commit outrages, if not crimes, with impunity. Roaring "Ullah! Ullah!" this black monster bounded toward DeVries, and aimed a blow at him with a rusty khanjar, or large dagger.

The young man parried with the barrel of his revolver, and narrowly escaped a gash in the thigh. In

the next instant the Arnaout was behind the negro, and struck him over the head with his gunstock, fetching it down like a sledge-hammer. The bellowing brute dropped in a filthy heap, and lay still amid the feet of the prancing horses. The Arnaout looked at him steadily for an instant, and then glanced up with a smile at his friend the captain. The latter silently returned him the same cruel smile. The crowd, which had already begun to press forward after the negro, receded again; and the travellers, breaking into a gallop, were soon out of sight of the gateway.

Not until they reached the Kubbet en Nazr, one thousand feet above the plain of Damascus, did they make their first halt, and look back at leisure upon the fiery, the smoke-mantled, the cruel city, stained already with the blood of three thousand Christians, and in arms to butcher as many more. By this time DeVries and his original comrades, barring, perhaps, the iron-nerved fighter of Epirus, were worn out with fatigue and excitement. They had ridden the previous day and nearly the entire night, and on top of that had passed through something like a battle. The ladies, and that venerable knight-errant, Mr. Wormly, had seen less of journeying, but quite as much of watching and worry, and were equally exhausted. There was perforce an hour of slumber, or rather of drowsing, in the shadow of the prophet's vaulted

monument. Then rising with a sense of universally broken bones, they prepared to resume their long flight to Beirut.

"I feel as though our colored brother had pommelled me from head to foot," observed Wingate. "Miss Grant, we Americans do quite right in thrashing negroes. I wish an able South Carolina paddler had our misbelieving friend in hand."

"Do you think the Arnaout killed him?" asked Irene gravely, and with a glance of awe at the Albanian.

"I hope so," said DeVries, somewhat to her horror. "Wingate, I am ever so much obliged to you for coming on this trip," he added. "I ought to have told you so before."

"Don't mention it," smiled Wingate. "I am indebted to you for a most interesting adventure. Wouldn't have missed it for a good deal of money."

"How *can* you like it?" stared Irene. "I wish we were in Beirut."

"Wish you were in America!" exhorted Hubertsen. "Come, Miss Grant, just to please me, wish you were in America."

"I ought to do a great deal to please you, I know," confessed Miss Grant, her voice dropping, and perhaps faltering a little. "Did you really come to Damascus to fetch How *could* you do it!"

Wingate quietly turned his horse, and joined Mrs. Payson; the conversation, he delicately perceived, was not for him. He was a very sensible, gentlemanly fellow,—this wine-bibbing, poker-playing loungee, this minion of a wicked world. He need not, however, have stepped aside; there was no possibility of earnest love-making between our young lady and her deliverer; they were both too weary in body and anxious in mind to think much of tendernesses.

Miss Minnie Biffles, too, was frequently on hand, all alive at last to the presence of DeVries, and watching him with undisguisable interest. Irene could not help noting over and over again that she did not look at the young man with eyes of anger, but rather with an anxious, pathetic, almost beseeching expression.

In the end Hubertsen came to observe that the young maiden was studying the elder one indefatigably. He smiled to himself, and still continued to smile, clearly unable to drive away some farcical reminiscence.

"What are you laughing at?" Miss Grant finally demanded.

"I shall have to tell you," he said, spurring to one side, and beckoning her to follow him. "I was locked up once in a cemetery with that venerable belle."

"With her!"

Irene looked a great deal more amazed than to Hubertsen seemed natural.

"Yes, with her," he repeated. "I found her,—you must understand that she was an old college belle, and hung on to the students till she was well into the thirties,—I found her putting flowers on the grave of a classmate. Of course I stopped to say a word or two. She was clever in a sort of way,—a little bookish and a little flirtish,—talked pretty fairly, in short. Well, time passed, and when we got to the gate it was shut, and there we were. Actually, the police had to boost us out with a ladder."

"O—h!" said Irene. It was the same story,—only it was not a young girl; it was an old one.

"You can imagine what fun the fellows had out of me," continued Hubertsen. "I seriously thought of quitting college. I did change my boarding-house."

"What do you mean?" stared the young lady, beside herself with curiosity. "Did she —"

"Yes, she did," he laughed. "She made a great deal out of it. You see, a college widow—that's what we used to call them—is very persevering. I was the last of a long line of chances, and I was considered very precious. Yes, I had to quit my boarding-house, and the fellows made life a burden to me."

"It is too ridiculous," said Irene. "I do believe the woman isn't quite right about the head. She is a millenarian now."

"Oh, very likely. It's quite common for old belles to turn religionists."

The student of the Scriptures looked at the student of Balzac with an expression of trouble amounting to pain.

"What is the matter now?" he inquired, half amused and half penitent.

"Oh, well,—it's of no use. You haven't my opinions. I don't like to hear you allude lightly to some subjects. But I shan't argue the point."

"You may if you want to. I am quite willing to be brought over to your opinions, whatever they are."

"I wish I could fully believe you," said Irene; but really she did not just then care much. She was thinking mainly that Miss Biffles's story had been near akin to a fib, and that perhaps the tale about Saada was at least a little exaggerated.

This entertaining and cheering revelation turned out to be the only notable incident of the hegira. It was obvious that Miss Minnie Biffles longed for an interview with Huberteen DeVries; but all in vain she snubbed Mr. Wormly, and rode on in advance, and dropped in the rear; the young man's artfulness in evasion was too much for her. Notwithstanding some scowling of swarthy Metawileh, and a miragio trembling of Bedaween lances on far-away glares of hillsides, it was an uneventful flight. "Nothing has

happened," repined the jovial Wingate, "but the upsetting of my inkhorn," — by which he meant his flask of arrack.

On the second day of the sunburned, feverish push the travellers reached Beirut, and separated. The two missionary ladies were received into the house of "Brother" Pelton. The Biffles-Wormly innocents made a nest for themselves in the crowded hotel, and presently afterward vanished sweetly and softly away, no one knows whither. The young gentlemen bunked in at the consulate; but they did not resume a life of mere Cyprus wine and poker; gone for aye was Mr. Porter Brassey. He had departed, indeed, some weeks previous, and probably not long after the rejection of his second offer of marriage, which occurred, one dimly remembers, by letter. The post was already in the hands of a successor, — a gentleman specially fitted for it by character and linguistic acquirement, whose name will long be treasured by the American mission.

"I am sorry our old wheel-horse of politics has cantered off," was Wingate's comment. "He was four times as entertaining as a gentleman and a scholar. Beirut is a dull hole without him."

"A place often palls on a second visit," said DeVries. "I have noticed that a dozen times. It's like reopening a bottle of champagne."

But the two youngsters called at the Peltons, and there they got involved in a series of philanthropies, discovering therein a joy beyond revelry. They found Irene, Mrs. Payson, Mrs. Pelton, Rufka, and the queenly Mirta distributing rations and clothing to a pitiable host of refugees from the mountains. It was frightful to look upon the wounds, the filth, the rags, the haggardness, and the hunger. The young gentlemen took hold of the problem in such ways as they could; and I have reason to believe that it cost them smartly, both in toil and in piastres.

This huge labor of ameliorating the wretchedness of ten thousand (eventually twenty-seven thousand) cripples, widows, orphans, and beggared men so occupied time and thought that other matters remained for a while as if they had been forgotten. DeVries and Irene saw very little of each other except in the engrossing company of misery.

"Where is Saada?" he once inquired of Rufka.

"She is gone to Abeih," replied the shy girl, without looking at him. "She was not well, and they sent her to the mountain."

"Not well?" he asked, with much interest. "What was the matter with her?"

But Rufka would only tell him that Saada was feverish; and so the subject passed away. There were plenty of other sick people to think of, who

indeed would hardly let him think of anything else. Meantime he admired Irene beyond measure, and more and more from day to day. He had come to take a kind of ownership in her, and to be glad because she was useful and lovely to others.

"I think you are charming," he at last said to her, as she lay, one sultry afternoon, on a mukaad, worn out with her charitable industry.

"Oh, don't say such things," she smiled. "I don't deserve them. Besides, it seems as if you were not in earnest."

He sat still, looking at her tranquilly, and with much pleasure in the survey. He liked to gaze on her now by the five minutes together. She lay silent, her eyes frequently turning to his face, and once or twice she smiled confidingly in response to his steady regard.

What did she think of him? Well, his journey to Damascus on her account, and his courage and management in bringing her out of that frightful city, had produced a strong impression upon her. It seemed to her, to use a vague phrase which is widely expressive, that something had happened which "made a great difference." They two were not the same to each other that they had been previously. They were no longer acquaintance, — no longer even mere friends; they were different, if not more. It was of no use to

strive to put away this feeling; it was always present, and always drawing her near to him. Beyond this she believed, or hoped, that she had not gone.

After a long, long pause, — but not an embarrassing one to either of them, — the young man added, "But, Irene, I am quite in earnest."

The speech struck her with great power, mainly because he had called her Irene, and that for the first time. She was so moved that she made no reply, though she continued to look at him fixedly.

"I am entirely in earnest when I call you charming," he resumed gravely. "I believe, in truth I know, that I like you very much, — better than anybody else in the world."

Irene was really startled now, — thrilled in every nerve and artery, — shaken all at once to her very soul. Could it be that he would say anything more? Was she to be called on immediately to decide the great question between duty and feeling? How should she answer him? Oh, if he would wait, would only pause for a minute or two, and give her a chance to think! But he did not tarry; he pushed on like a conqueror; almost, she felt, like a tyrant.

"I think, Irene, that you ought to love me in return," he continued. "What do you think?"

It seemed to her in that instant that it was impossible for her to say anything but "Yes."

But just then there was a noise at the door, and then a masculine step strode across the stone flooring, and then Mr. Payson stood before them. Irene sprang up from the mukaad and flew to greet him, with a cry of gladness. She was never more rejoiced in her life than at that moment. Here was the implicitly trusted adviser who would tell her, with almost divine authority, whether she might accept or must reject the man whom she held dearest in all the world.

XXXV.

THERE was a swift gathering of the family; the Peltons and Mrs. Payson rushed into the hall; it was a very joyous greeting.

Mr. Payson, all dusty and sun-scorched as he was from his long ride through the Syrian summer, briefly and quietly narrated his adventures after he had been left in bloody Damascus. Of his own perils he made but few words, as was his modest custom. Of the scenes of slaughter and ravage in the cruel city he spoke more at length, and with tremulous feeling.

"I understand that Abd el Kader and his Algerines toiled nobly to check the massacre," said Mr. Pelton. "Is that true?"

Raising his hands, as if calling heaven to attest his sincerity, Payson replied solemnly, while a tear rolled down his thin cheek, "I believe that the true love of God and of man is in the hearts of many Moslems. I believe that many a Christian stands lower before the throne of mercy than does that unbeliever. If ever I, unworthy as I am, should enter the great city

of refuge, I shall expect to meet there Abd el Kader, justified by a Redeemer whom he knows not."

Then Mrs. Payson and Irene led him to his room, where he might wash away the grime of his journey, together with that sublime Christian tear of admiration for a most noble Moslem.

Mr. Pelton, who had been affected but not convinced, turned to DeVries, and shook his silver-gray head solemnly.

"That's just like dear Brother Payson," he murmured. "Altogether too clement, — altogether too hasty about opening the doors of the kingdom of heaven. Before you offer pardon to the sinner, you must bring him fairly on his knees, — *must* roll him in the dust, sir!"

Remembering, as we affectionately do, that the young man was anxiously waiting to know whether Irene would love him or not, we can perhaps pardon him for not taking interest enough in the subject to make reply.

Meantime the young lady had not only followed Mr. Payson into his room, but had sent Mrs. Payson out of it.

"I want to see him," she whispered, her face crimson with blushes. "I want to ask him a question."

The good lady divined the topic of the query, and without a word returned meekly into the hall, holding

up both her hands in spirit, and filled with joy unspeakable. Since she had fairly given up her doctor for DeVries she had longed with all her heart that the latter should be loved, as well as that he should love. The glance of sympathy and of tender well-wishing which she now bent upon him was so fervent that even he noted it, absorbed as he was. Excepting the saints, there was nothing in the world so beautiful to her eyes, so worthy of kindness and even of reverence, as a fine young man who wanted to marry. She sat down by Hubertsen; she talked with an unwonted facility and charm; she really kept his attention for the one minute that was necessary.

In the mean while Irene was putting her momentous question to her friend and counsellor.

"Mr. DeVries has spoken to me," she whispered, coming close to him, with a face which had abruptly turned white.

Then there was a short silence, while Payson kindly gazed upon her, and marvelled what this thing might be.

"About what, dear child?" he asked. But a sudden light fell upon his mind, and he instantly added, with grave tenderness, "Is it, perchance, about marriage?"

There was no gloom on his face: he would deeply regret, no doubt, to lose her from the mission; but he was far too sweet-hearted and sympathetic to dwell upon that now.

"I think so," hesitated Irene. "He has asked me to love him."

"And *do* you?"

"Yes, sir," whispered Irene, putting her handkerchief to her eyes.

"Why, then, my child — But something stands in the way. Are you thinking of duty?"

"I could give up my work here, if that must be," said Irene, removing her handkerchief, and looking appealingly in his face. "But there is another thought. There is that text, Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers. You know that Mr. DeVries is not one of us."

"Irene, it would be better if he were one of us," returned the clergyman gravely. "It would be better for you, and inexpressibly better for him. Yet it is not my duty to conceal from you the true meaning of that passage which has tormented so many sincere souls. The unbelievers whom the apostle there mentions were idolaters; the infidels were those who rejected Christianity and worshipped the gods of heathen Corinth. The whole context shows this. I am sure of it."

"Then" — gasped Irene, her whole countenance suddenly alight with joy, and with wonder also that joy should be found possible.

"Then go to him and answer him as your heart

dictates," he replied. "Answer him — whatever your decision may be — in all gratitude and kindliness. He deserves it."

There was no need of this adjuration. She was in the greatest possible haste to show all the lovingness that was in her heart. It did not occur to her that there was something childlike and perhaps laughable in the alertness with which she hastened back to the hall.

Mr. and Mrs. Pelton had already vanished, possibly through the power of some spell muttered by Mrs. Payson. That lady also rose, at sight of her young friend, and retired as if before a supernatural being. The two lovers were alone in the broad radiance and languid breath of the comandaloon. Irene came straight to DeVries, put out both her hands, looked imploringly in his face, as if she were begging him to be merciful, and said in a tremulous whisper, "Did you ask me to love you? I do. I have."

And then — we need not repeat the old, easily guessed dialogue — they were betrothed man and wife. The story of their Oriental acquaintance and wooings and winnings has been told and is done. It is permissible, however, to say a word about the marriage and the subsequent history of hero and heroine, as well as of the other personages. The wedding took place at the Payson house, after Mrs. Killian DeVries, of

Albany, had been duly informed of the engagement, and had replied with an outpouring of gladness and devout gratitude, saying among other things, "I am rejoiced beyond measure that you have taken a missionary girl; and now, if you will become a missionary yourself, I will go to Syria and live with you."

But Hubertsen could not do that; he was in the hands of the Philistines. There was further digging, this time at Gath and Ekron, with Irene always at hand, keeping house in a tent and very happy. I believe that nothing of importance was spaded up, and that the History of the Philistines remained unwritten. What finally turned DeVries from his excavations was the continued thunder of that great strife which for nearly four years desolated his native land. He came home, raised a regiment, commanded it wisely and valiantly, and gave his wife reason to glory in his fame and titles. But really this part of his life belongs to the history of his country.

Saada remained on the mountain until she had recovered her strength and bloom and gayety. Among the bridal presents there was a reticule of silk and gold embroidery, which was the work of her small, taper fingers. She never had an interview with DeVries until she had measurably buried all throbbing remembrance of him in the dark eyes of a handsome young doctor, one of the native graduates of the mis-

sion seminary. The man who had thrice kissed her sent her a wedding present which made Mr. Pelton fear lest the glory of the things of this world should interfere with her spiritual welfare. It was Mrs. Hubertsen DeVries who selected this extravagant gift, and who added to it one of the sweetest letters of congratulation imaginable. Mr. DeVries not only paid the bill cheerfully, but grumbled a little because it was not more.

Dr. Macklin went home on sick-leave of absence just before the marriage of his heroine. He seemed very much broken at the time; but in a year he returned, spliced and mended. Mrs. Payson never dared to mention to Mrs. Macklin (who was quite a young lady, just out of South Hadley School) that she bore a noticeable resemblance to a former teacher in the mission. But her interior light told her that the doctor had been captivated by a likeness.

It must not be forgotten that among the guests at the DeVries wedding was a large American family, the mother of which made herself memorable by the following remarks: "We are on the way back to Vermont, you see; and you won't wonder when you go to Jerusalem yourselves, for it's out of the question to lead a spiritual life where there are so many insects of one kind and another, and, as Mr. Brann says, no man can look up to God in a right spirit when he's bitten from head to foot."

Dr. Macklin, the Peltons, the Kirkwoods, and the Paysons remained in Syria. I believe that Mr. Pelton won the fame of being the greatest man, so far as fame can be dispensed by scholars and Oriental societies. But from Payson, all through his modest, holy life, there exhaled an odor of sweetness and love which made him dear to every one who knew him, no matter of what nature or pursuit, no matter of what creed.

Wingate disappeared, as travellers do. I presume that, wherever he went, he showed ability to take care of himself, and copiously enjoyed the gifts of Providence. With Mr. Porter Brassey DeVries chanced to meet during his career in the army.

"Glad to see you again," said the ex-consul, shaking hands with the grip of a knight in steel gauntlets. "We've both had something happen to us since the old Syrian times, haven't we? Here you are a general, and I'm in Congress."

General DeVries expressed satisfaction in the Honorable Brassey's success, and there was a brief conversation of a friendly and patriotic nature.

"Let's see — you married Miss Grant — didn't you?" the legislator finally inquired, his eye wandering.

"Yes," said DeVries. "My wife remembers you with kindness," he added, with that compassion which a man who has won a prize feels for a man who lost it.

"Does she?" answered Mr. Brassey, coloring with

pleasure. "Tell her that I am very much obliged to her. Give her my very best respects, General — Ah — well!"

There he stopped; it was more delicate not to say it; even Mr. Brassey could feel that. DeVries understood him all the same, and gave him a kindly pressure of the hand, and so they parted.

THE "NO NAME SERIES."

What is thought of the Initial Volume
of the Series,

"MERCY PHILBRICK'S CHOICE."

"'Mercy Philbrick's Choice' reads rather like a record than a story. Its personages are few in number; there is no 'sensation,' almost no plot, yet it is highly interesting. In saying this, we indicate a remarkable story. The stage properties of a novel—events, situations, surprises—are cheap, and easy to come by. It is the higher art which discards these, and trusts for effect to truth and subtlety of character drawing."—*Boston Transcript*.

"A novel wholly out of the common course, both in plot and style. . . . The moral of the book is wholesome, — that no good can come from deceit, and that the relations of life and innocent love should be frank and without concealment. Morbidity works only for misery, and it is the sane and sunny and sound people who get the best out of this life."—*Boston Daily Advertiser*.

"'Mercy Philbrick's Choice' is a story of great power, great depth of thought and feeling, great tenderness and reverence for the truthfulness of truth, and great insight into life. . . . We dare place it alongside George Eliot's latest in point of poetic insight, vigor, and knowledge of life, and to say that it is superior to 'Daniel Deronda' in style, and informed by a purer and deeper philosophy."—*Charles D. Warner, in the Hartford Courant*.

"It is a pleasure, in these days, to get hold of a new American novel which manifests both culture and literary skill. The author of 'Mercy Philbrick's Choice' is evidently a woman who looks upon authorship as something more than a pastime, — a woman of clear intelligent tastes and distinct aspirations. The refined quality of her intellect impresses itself upon the story from first to last."—*New York Tribune*.

"There are many things to be admired in this novel. The artistic delineation of character and the subtle rendering of the human atmosphere show a keen appreciation of the delicate shades which make personality and influence the life of ourselves and others."—*The Liberal Christian*.

"It is a striking and touching story, — this new one, — and will be greatly read and admired, as it deserves to be. There is even genius in some of its touches, which remind one of a feminine counterpart to Hawthorne."—*Springfield Republican*.

"The volume is interspersed with some of the sweetest poems to which these latter days have given birth, showing that the author is a master of poetry as well as of fascinating fiction."—*Hartford Post*.

"It is a story of the simplest motives, but as lovely and heart-holding as a sweet folk-song. Every page is endearingly true to the innermost part of humanity, and the author transcribes the workings of hearts and minds with no less faithfulness than she (we insist that it is a 'she') gives exquisite pictures of nature and the handiwork which 'fashions in silence.' The story is from the pen of a poet, and the inter-current verses are each and all gems of 'ray serene,' not too flashing, but very, very appreciable to eyes which have learned how to weep."—*Boston Traveller*.

"Read the book, which is fascinating. The author is certainly a woman. And she is a poet, too, of no mean powers, as is proved by the half dozen short poems in the book. The sonnet engraved on Mercy's tombstone is not surpassed by any of Wordsworth."—*Troy Whig*.

"This book is a novel only in the sense that George Eliot's books are novels. The story is subordinated to showing the inevitable working out of opposing moral forces. The characters, well drawn as some of them are, are hardly more than dial-pointers on the clock of fate. Of dramatic motive there is more than enough."—*The Unitarian Review*.

In one volume, 16mo. Cloth. Gilt and red-lettered. \$1.00.

Our publications are to be had of Booksellers. When not to be found, send directly to

S BROTHERS, Publishers, Boston.

THE "NO NAME SERIES"

"IS THAT ALL?"

"In some respects, this is the best of the three volumes yet put this series. For, though it does not go so deep as 'Mercy Phil' deal in poetic fancies like 'Deirdre,' it is better sustained on its own level than either of those romances. It is not a romance at all in a pleasing sketch, somewhat too warmly colored, of New England in the well-bred circle of a small city, — say Hartford. The plot is direct, and the story closes before it has time to become tiresome particular. . . . The book is all it professes to be, and something; will certainly be popular." — *Springfield Republican*.

"The new novel of the 'No Name Series' belongs of right to the stories which men and women take with them on vacation journeys little plot, and what little there is of the slightest kind. It is light and amusing, and is so in a high degree. The picture it gives of life in a provincial city is very fine, and a spirit of bantering which through it makes it extremely piquant. As to the authorship it is a guess. We leave the solution of the question to the reader's own reading riddles, and commend the anonymous book to his attention which will entertain him greatly, whether or not he can guess it." — *New York Evening Post*.

"'Is That All?' third in order of the conundrums at which the Roberts have set the world a-guessing, perplexes conjecture in a greater than its predecessors. Its style recalls none of our better-known writers in spite of the assurance of the publishers, we should be disposed down as the work of a fresh hand, were it not for the practice and fin it evinces. It is, to use its own words, a 'very *meringue* of a story, crisp, delicately flavored; but, for all this sketchiness, it is full of real and individuality. . . . There is a great deal of bright, natural, common-sense capital love-making, and both humor and good-humor in the picaresque touches which glance here and there on the page like a sin quizzical, friendly eyes." — *Boston Transcript*.

"It is cleverly constructed in plot, and has the rare merit of being short. The style is bright and animated, the characters are evident from life, and spiritedly drawn at that. The conversations are sparkling, witty, and the work is unmistakably from the hand of one thoroughly acquainted with the world and with good society. It is the best book in the series, thus far, though, as the author says, 'a very *meringue* of a story, naturalness is not the least of its charms. We have been thoroughly with it, and we assure our readers that they will derive equal pleasure from its perusal. The name of the author has not yet transpired; we hazard the guess that it is a woman, — not owing to any essential weakness in the style, but from the fact that no one but a woman would so saucily about the gentler sex. We advise everybody to read this story." — *Saturday Gazette*.

In one volume, 16mo. Cloth. Gilt and red-lettered. 8

Our publications are to be had of all Booksellers. When not found, send directly to

ROBERTS BROTHERS, Publishers.

THE "NO NAME SERIE

"IS THAT ALL?"

"In some respects, this is the best of the three volumes yet in this series. For, though it does not go so deep as 'Merry Phil' deal in poetic fancies like 'Deirdre,' it is better sustained on its level than either of those romances. It is not a romance at all, a pleasing sketch, somewhat too warmly colored, of New England in the well-bred circle of a small city,—say Hartford. The plot is direct, and the story closes before it has time to become tiresome particular. . . . The book is all it professes to be, and something will certainly be popular."—*Springfield Republican*.

"The new novel of the 'No Name Series' belongs of right to the stories which men and women take with them on vacation journey. Little plot, and what little there is of the slightest kind. It is light and amusing, and is so in a high degree. The picture it gives of life in a provincial city is very fine, and a spirit of bantering through it makes it extremely piquant. As to the authorship it goes. We leave the solution of the question to the reader's own reading riddle, and commend the anonymous book to his attention which will entertain him greatly, whether or not he can guess it."—*New York Evening Post*.

"'Is That All?' third in order of the comedies at which Mr. Roberts have set the world a-guessing, perplexes conjecture in a greater than its predecessors. Its style recalls none of our better-known wits in spite of the assurance of the publishers, we should be disposed down as the work of a fresh hand, were it not for the practice and its it evinces. It is, to use its own words, a 'very sublimed' of a st. crisp, delicately flavored; but, for all this shyness, it is full of wit and individuality. . . . There is a great deal of bright, natural and some capital love-making, and both humor and good-humor in the ; sarcastic touches which glance here and there on the page like a ca. quizzical, friendly eyes."—*Boston Transcript*.

"It is cleverly constructed in plot, and has the rare merit of so short. The style is bright and animated, the characters are vivid from life, and spiritedly drawn at that. The conversations are witty, and the work is unmistakably from the hand of one thus acquainted with the world and with good society. It is the best in series, thus far, though, as the author says, 'a very sublimed' of a naturalness is not the least of its charms. We have been thoroughly with it, and we assure our readers that they will derive equal pleasure from its perusal. The name of the author has not yet told we hazard the guess that it is a woman,—not owing to any weakness in the style, but from the fact that no one but a woman can so surely about the gentler sex. We advise everybody to read this story."—*Saturday Gazette*.

In one volume, 16mo. Cloth. Gilt and red-lettered. 1

Our publications are to be had of all Booksellers. What be found, send directly to

ROBERTS BROTHERS, Publishers.

Messrs. Roberts Brothers' Publications.

THE NO NAME (SECOND) SERIES.
SIGNOR MONALDINI'S NIECE.

Extracts from some Opinions by well-known Authors.

"We have read 'Signor Monaldini's Niece' with intensest interest and delight. The style is finished and elegant, the atmosphere of the book is enchanting. We seem to have lived in Italy while we were reading it. The author has delineated with a hand as steady as it is powerful and skilful some phases of human life and experience that authors rarely dare attempt, and with marvellous success. We think this volume by far the finest of the No Name Series."

"It is a delicious story. I feel as if I had been to Italy and knew all the people. . . . Miss Conroy is a strong character, and her tragedy is a fine background for the brightness of the other and higher natures. It is all so dramatic and full of color it goes on like a lovely play and leaves one out of breath when the curtain falls."

"I have re-read it with great interest, and think as highly of it as ever. . . . The characterization in it is capital, and the talk wonderfully well done from first to last."

"The new No Name is enchanting. It transcends the ordinary novel just as much as a true poem by a true poet transcends the thousand and one imitations. . . . It is the episode, however, of Miss Conroy and Mrs. Brandon that is really of most importance in this book. . . . I hope every woman who reads this will be tempted to read the book, and that she will in her turn bring it to the reading of other women, especially if she can find any Mrs. Brandon in her circle."

In one volume, 16mo, bound in green cloth, black and gilt lettered. Price \$1.00.

Our publications are to be had of all Booksellers. When not to be found, send directly to

ROBERTS BROTHERS, BOSTON.

THE "NO NAME SERIE

"IS THAT ALL?"

"In some respects, this is the best of the three volumes yet in the series. For, though it does not go so deep as 'Mercy Phil' deal in poetic fancies like 'Deirdre,' it is better sustained on its own level than either of those romances. It is not a romance at all, is a pleasing sketch, somewhat too warmly colored, of New England in the well-bred circle of a small city, — say Hartford. The plot is direct, and the story closes before it has time to become tiresome particular. . . . The book is all it professes to be, and something will certainly be popular." — *Springfield Republican*.

"The new novel of the 'No Name Series' belongs of right to the stories which men and women take with them on vacation journey little plot, and what little there is is of the slightest kind. It is light and amusing, and is so in a high degree. The picture it gives of life in a provincial city is very fine, and a spirit of bantering through it makes it extremely piquant. As to the authorship it goes. We leave the solution of the question to the reader's own reading riddles, and commend the anonymous book to his attention which will entertain him greatly, whether or not he can guess it — *New York Evening Post*.

"'Is That All?' third in order of the conundrums at which Mr. Roberts have set the world a-guessing, perplexes conjecture in a greater than its predecessors. Its style recalls none of our better-known writers in spite of the assurance of the publishers, we should be disposed down as the work of a fresh hand, were it not for the practice and its evinces. It is, to use its own words, a 'very *mirrored*' of a crisp, delicately flavored; but, for all this sketchiness, it is full of wit and individuality. . . . There is a great deal of bright, natural and some capital love-making, and both humor and good-humor in the sarcastic touches which glance here and there on the page like a quizzical, friendly eye." — *Boston Transcript*.

"It is cleverly constructed in plot, and has the rare merit of so short. The style is bright and animated, the characters are vivid from life, and spiritedly drawn at that. The conversations are quite witty, and the work is unmistakably from the hand of one then acquainted with the world and with good society. It is the best in series, thus far, though, as the author says, 'a very *mirrored*' of a naturalness is not the least of its charms. We have been thoroughly with it, and we assure our readers that they will derive equal pleasure from its perusal. The name of the author has not yet been we heard the guess that it is a woman, — not owing to any other weakness in the style, but from the fact that no one but a woman would so neatly about the gender con. We advise everybody to read this story." — *Saturday Graphic*.

In one volume, 16mo. Cloth. Gift and red-lettered. (

Our publications are to be had of all Booksellers. Who be found, send directly to

ROBERTS BROTHERS, Publishers,

THE "NO NAME SERIES."

A MODERN MEPHISTOPHELES.

"It is decidedly the best novel of the series, thus far. . . . The leading idea of 'A Modern Mephistopheles' is ingenious. The characters are skilfully chosen to represent it: the one secret in the story is beyond the guessing of most readers, and admirably concealed until the true moment for its disclosure; and the *denouement* is as satisfactory as we could expect. Helwys, like Goethe's Mephistopheles, wills the bad and works the good: the justice of Fate falls upon him, and not upon his victim. But this is the only point of resemblance. Gladys, although occupying the place of Margaret, is an entirely different creature, and it is the best success of the author's art that she is more real to us than the other three characters. The work belongs to the class of imaginative fiction which claims its right to dispense with probability or even strict dramatic consistency. It cannot be measured by the standard which we apply to novels of society or of ordinary human interests, but rather by that which belongs to poetry." — *New York Tribune*.

"The latest issue of the 'No Name' Series claims precedence not only because it is the freshest novelty, but through an excellence that places it readily first. Considered alike for its interest as a tale and for its elegance of literary art, it is a work that alone will give distinction to the series. The plot is peculiarly novel in its details if not in its general conception; and throughout the story the most pervading impression is that of the freshness — not crudeness, but the freshness of mature thought — which it everywhere carries. . . . The title is but a hint. It is no revamping of Goethe's story of Faust, nor a plagiarism of ideas in any form; unless the central thought, of the 'woman-soul that leads us upward and on,' which is common to romantic as to psychological fiction, may be considered such. The characters are drawn with a sharp outline, standing forth as distinctly individual as the etchings of Retzsch; and for symmetry and consistency, in every word and every action which the author makes them think, speak, or do, they are thoroughly admirable creations. Four figures only appear in the action on this little stage; and the story, when analyzed, shows a strange absence of what is usually considered the dramatic element. Yet such is the skill of the author that the reader is led on as by the most vivid material tragedy, compelled by the development of thought and feeling. . . . More than this, the book is a constant intellectual delight. The grace of the author's style is equalled by its finish. Description and conversation are like a fine mosaic, in which the delicate art of the workmanship passes unseen, and the eye catches only the perfect picture until a close examination reveals the method of its structure." — *Boston Post*.

"This series, so far, has brought us no prose work equal in depth and dramatic design to this one. . . . It is unquestionably the work of genius, powerful in conception, elegant in construction, lofty in tone, proving, as few books do, the power of one clean, white soul, to cope with evil in its most insidious forms, while preserving its own 'crystal clarity.' . . . But who wrote this story? Whose hand painted these marvellous pictures of the angel and the demon striving for the mastery in every human soul?" — *The New Age*.

Our publications are to be had of all booksellers. When not to be found, send directly to

ROBERTS BROTHERS, *Publishers,*
BOSTON.

Messrs. Roberts Brothers' Publications.

The Jo Jams (Second) Series.

THE COLONEL'S OPERA CLOAK.

"A jollier, brighter, breezier, more entertaining book than 'The Colonel's Opera Cloak' has not been published for many a day. We defy the coldest-blooded reader to lay it down before it is finished, or to read it through without feeling his time well spent. There is plenty of satire in its pages, but it is good-natured satire. The characters are sharply drawn—some of them from nature, we fancy—and there is spice enough in the way of incident to satisfy the most exacting palate. Of course, everybody will read it, and, in that presumption, we promise everybody two hours of thorough enjoyment."—*Boston Transcript*.

"The No Name Series abounds in contrasts, and that between 'Signor Maldini's Niece' and the present story is among the most decided it has offered. This we do not mention by way of disparagement. On the contrary, we can see a distinctive merit in a series which includes so much variety of aim and interest as this does, without any regard for the conventional demand that a succession of stories in the same binding should all be of one school and in something the same tone. We can see why an admirer of the last novel may at first be taken aback by the light tone of this, and in so far disappointed; but we shall expend no sympathy on that person. 'The Colonel's Opera Cloak' is a bright and thoroughly amusing little book, with which it would be foolish to find fault on any score. And, more than that, it is well written and brimming over with wit. The notion of a story in which there is avowedly no hero or heroine excepting an old opera cloak, is clever, and, so far as we know, quite new. . . . We can assure every one who wishes the double pleasure of laughter and literary enjoyment, that this is one of the books to carry to the country."—*Boston Courier*.

"The author's touch is always that of the artist; it always has the magic power of portraying individual men and women, never giving us shadowy outlines, however few or hurried the strokes of the pencil may be, and saying this we say that the author of 'The Colonel's Opera Cloak' has in large measure the best and most necessary qualification for doing really fine work in fiction. If he is still young, as certain things in his story indicate that he is, his future efforts may well be looked for hopefully."—*N. Y. Evening Post*.

In one volume. 16mo. Green cloth. Price \$1.00.

Our publications are to be had of all Booksellers. When not to be found, send directly to

ROBERTS BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS,
BOSTON.

THE "NO NAME SERIES."

KISMET. A Nile Novel.

Opinions, generous tributes to genius, by well-known authors whose names are withheld.

"Well, I have read 'Kismet,' and it is certainly very remarkable. The story is interesting, — any well-told love story is, you know, — but the book itself is a great deal more so. Descriptively and sentimentally, — I use the word with entire respect, — it is, in spots, fairly exquisite. It seems to me all glowing and overflowing with what the French call *beauté du diable*. . . . The conversations are very clever, and the wit is often astonishingly like the wit of an accomplished man of the world. One thing which seems to me to show promise — great promise, if you will — for the future is that the author can not only reproduce the conversation of one brilliant man, but can make two men talk together as if they were men, — not women in manly clothes."

"It is a charming book. I have read it twice, and looked it over again, and I wish I had it all new to sit up with to-night. It is so fresh and sweet and innocent and joyous, the dialogue is so natural and bright, the characters so keenly edged, and the descriptions so poetic. I don't know when I have enjoyed any thing more, — never since I went sailing up the Nile with Harriet Martineau. . . . You must give the author love and greeting from one of the fraternity. The hand that gives us *this* pleasure will give us plenty more of an improving quality every year, I think."

"'Kismet' is indeed a delightful story, the best of the series undoubtedly."

"If 'Kismet' is the first work of a young lady, as reported, it shows a great gift of language, and powers of description and of insight into character and life quite uncommon. . . . Of the whole series so far, I think 'Mercy Philbrick's Choice' is the best, because it has, beside literary merit, some moral tone and vigor. Still there are capabilities in the writer of 'Kismet' even higher than in that of the writer of 'Mercy Philbrick's Choice.'"

"I liked it extremely. It is the best in the series so far, except in construction, in which 'Is That All?' alight as it is, seems to me superior. 'Kismet' is winning golden opinions everywhere. I have nothing but praises for it, and have nothing but praises to give it."

"I have read 'Kismet' once, and mean to read it again. It is thoroughly charming, and will be a success."

One volume, bound in cardinal red and black. Price \$1.00.

Our publications are to be had of all booksellers. When not to be found, send directly to

BROTHERS, Publishers, Boston.

THE "NO NAME SERIES."

THE GREAT MATCH.

"The 'No Name Series,' in course of publication by Roberts Brothers, Boston, has been a success from the beginning. 'Kismet,' a Nile Novel, is not alone a charming love story, but one of the best-written travel-fictions in our language; and 'Dierdré,' the longest and best-sustained narrative poem that has been published for a long, long time, also has added greatly to the popularity of the 'No Name Series.' We now have 'The Great Match,' another volume, to be characterized rather as a thorough New England story than classed among American novels, very few of which are worth reading. The author has shown no small ingenuity in making a great match of base ball the foundation of this pleasant and effective narrative. Base ball (facetiously called 'Our National Game,' albeit only an adaptation of the English 'rounders') is elevated in this story into an active element of amusement, connected with which are the incidents which, adroitly worked up, complete the plot. If any one wishes to witness a well-foughten game of base ball, without the crushing, the dust, even the danger (for the ball sometimes hits the spectators and damages their features), let him read 'The Great Match,' and he will learn all about it. This is a hearty, lively, simply told story, another decided hit in the 'No Name Series.'" — *Philadelphia Press*.

"Is a satire on the small interests, great excitements, and petty jealousies of small towns, typified by Dornfield and Milltown, easily recognized by the reader as two of the pretty towns on the Connecticut River. The event of the book, the only event, is a base-ball match, but out of it grow several love affairs. Summer visitors, the affected youth spoiled by European travel, and the thin, learned Boston girl, come in for a share of the author's overflowing and good-natured satire. There are touches of real wit, of artistic taste, and of a genuine love for nature and all true and sweet things scattered through the story, which has strong internal evidence of being written by 'P. Thorne.'" — *Boston Daily Advertiser*.

"We have derived as much amusement from this novel as from any that has as yet appeared in the series. The humor is exceedingly clean-cut, and is, moreover, without exaggeration. The satire is keen, but good-natured, and the tone is healthy. If we are not mistaken, this book will enjoy as large a popularity and as wide an appreciation as have attended any of its 'No Name' predecessors." — *Boston Saturday Evening Gazette*.

One volume, bound in cardinal red and black.

Price \$1.00.

Our publications are to be had of all booksellers. When not to be found, send directly to

ROBERTS BROTHERS, Publishers, Boston.

THE "NO NAME SERIE

"IS THAT ALL?"

"In some respects, this is the best of the three volumes yet in this series. For, though it does not go so deep as 'Merry Phil' in poetic fancies like 'Deirdre,' it is better sustained on its own level than either of these romances. It is not a romance at all; it is a pleasing sketch, somewhat too warmly colored, of New England in the well-bred circle of a small city, — say Hartford. The plot is direct, and the story closes before it has time to become tiresome particular. . . . The book is all it professes to be, and something will certainly be popular." — *Springfield Republican*.

"The new novel of the 'No Name Series' belongs of right to those stories which men and women take with them on vacation journey. Little plot, and what little there is of the slightest kind. It is light and amusing, and is so in a high degree. The picture it gives of life in a provincial city is very fine, and a spirit of bantering which it makes it extremely piquant. As to the authorship it goes. We leave the solution of the question to the reader's own reading riddles, and commend the anonymous book to his attention which will entertain him greatly, whether or not he can guess it." — *New York Evening Post*.

"'Is That All?' third in order of the comedies at which the Roberts have set the world a-guessing, perplexes conjecture in a greater than its predecessors. Its style recalls none of our better-known wit in spite of the assurance of the publishers, we should be disposed to set it down as the work of a fresh hand, were it not for the practice and fit it evinces. It is, to use its own words, a 'very *marriage*' of a style crisp, delicately flavored; but, for all this sketchiness, it is full of fun and individuality. . . . There is a great deal of bright, natural and some capital love-making, and both humor and good-humor in the sarcastic touches which glance here and there on the page like a quizzical, friendly eye." — *Boston Transcript*.

"It is cleverly constructed in plot, and has the rare merit of so short. The style is bright and animated, the characters are evident from life, and spiritedly drawn at that. The conversations are open, witty, and the work is unmistakably from the hand of one thoroughly acquainted with the world and with good society. It is the best in the series, thus far, though, as the author says, 'a very *marriage*' of a naturalness is not the least of its charms. We have been thoroughly with it, and we assure our readers that they will derive equal pleasure from its perusal. The name of the author has not yet been we heard the guess that it is a woman, — not owing to any other weakness in the style, but from the fact that no one but a woman would so nicely about the gentler sex. We advise everybody to read this story." — *Saturday Gazette*.

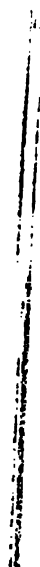
In one volume, 16mo. Cloth. Gilt and red-lettered. 6

Our publications are to be had of all Booksellers. When found, send directly to

ROBERTS BROTHERS, Publishers,



.







3 2044 014 331 482

IS
RETURNED
BEFORE TH

THE BORROWER WILL BE CHARGED
AN OVERDUE FEE IF THIS BOOK IS
NOT RETURNED TO THE LIBRARY ON
OR BEFORE THE LAST DATE STAMPED
BELOW. NON-RECEIPT OF OVERDUE
NOTICES DOES NOT EXEMPT THE
BORROWER FROM OVERDUE FEES.

CANCELLED
MAR 28 1992
MAR 28 1992
BOOK DUE

WIDENER
WIDENER
SEP 12 2002
SEP 19 2002
CANCELLED

